



IRISH - 1798 - COLLECTION #793

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I have mislaid your address
and for fear of mistakes with
and even ~~to~~ ^{to} Wells
St James's Place

Perman

Jan'y 16/47

My dear Richard -

Knowing how busy
you must be, I am not surprised
at not hearing in answer
to my last - I was glad you
may subscribe to hear of your
dispensary appointment - I
saw it paragraphed in the
Limerick Chronicle. Is the
dispensary in Bloomsbury -
in further west, and how
do you get ~~on~~ ^{on} it? I hope
it is not of a harassing
Richard Lutie Esq AD kind.

I heard that it would be
likely to bring you into
increased notice.

What about your book?
I have not seen it advertised.
I suppose it must be
completed by this time.
Does the great affair of
all continue to thrive
well. How soon will we
hear of you setting the
example of a Change of
condition?

I suppose you mean
so much the Hospital
now. Asperges how are
the boxes of books to be

get out of it? Will it
be necessary for you to
give an order for their
delivery to a carrier? I
do not suppose they will give
them on my order. I am
thinking of getting them
over - now that my health
is re-established, and I
cannot remain idle in
this awful year of beggary.

I have been getting on
very well - had no return of
the illness - but my digestion
is slow and weak.

I heard the other
day from James - one of

his usual odd and affectionate letters. Do you care write to him. What about Storring?

Friedricks apprenticeship was grand. How happy you must have felt upon it - he has been very fortunate. He will strike oil now at a great rate.

How is your friend Edward and the rest - do pray give me a line -

Ever faithfully

Yours
Dear Richard

Kinder regards from all here
D. M. Mayhew

REVELATIONS OF IRELAND.

REVELATIONS OF IRELAND

IN THE

PAST GENERATION.

BY

D. OWEN-MADDEN, ESQ.,

(OF THE INNER TEMPLE.)

AUTHOR OF "IRELAND AND ITS RULERS," "THE AGE OF PITT AND FOX,"
ETC. ETC.

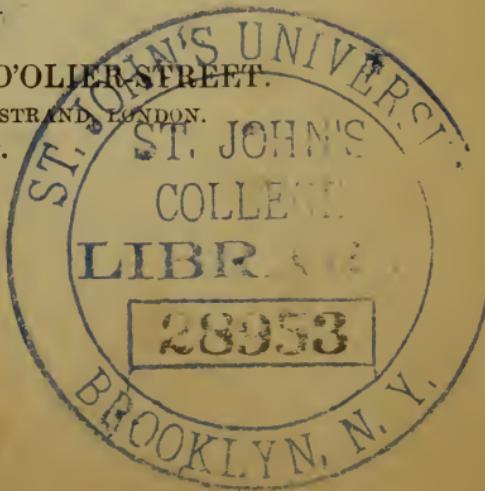


DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER STREET.

WILLIAM S. ORR AND CO., 147 STRAND, LONDON.

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TO THE

EARL OF ST. GERMANS,

A NOBLEMAN,

WHOSE PRIVATE CHARACTER SHOWS THAT

THE PURSUIT OF POLITICS

IS NOT HOSTILE TO PERSONAL AMIABILITY;

A STATESMAN,

WHOSE PUBLIC CONDUCT PROVES THAT FIDELITY TO PARTY

MAY BE COMBINED

WITH FAIRNESS TO OPPONENTS,

THIS VOLUME,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF SINCERE RESPECT, IS, BY THE AUTHOR,

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E.

HAVING been for some time occupied with the composition of a History of Ireland since the Union (for which I have been promised an abundance of interesting communications from influential quarters), a variety of very curious matter accumulated in my hands. Much of this was not suitable for the purposes of history, and would be out of place in a grave narration of political affairs. I have, therefore, determined to publish a selection of papers from my Irish portfolio, in a separate form ; and the present volume, if successful, will be followed by others, containing even more interesting details.

That works similar to the present have a literary utility, need not be proved. The gravest authors have acknowledged the value of books of memoirs. For want of reference to such works, the general historian often becomes dull. When censuring those dull compilers of our modern Irish history—the Plowdens, Musgraves, *et hoc genus omne*—Lord Dudley with much

truth says—"By a perverse fate, the annals of the lively Irish have been consigned to the dullest of writers."* Our Irish annalists would have been more entertaining and instructive, if they had thought less of the dignity of history.

Rousseau has some striking remarks on the value of anecdotes and memoirs. After recommending the study of biography, he continues : "Ajoutez a toutes ces reflexions que l'histoire montre bien plus les actions que les hommes parcequ' elle ne saisit ceux-ci que dans certains momens choisis, *dans leur vetemens de parade* ; elle n'expose que l'homme public, *qui s'est ar-rangé pour être vu* ; elle ne le suit point dans sa maison, dans son cabinet, dans sa famille au milieu de ses amis ; elle ne le peint que quand il représente ; c'est bien plus son habit, que sa personne qu'elle peint." After praising Plutarch, and expressing his regret that the writers of modern history had omitted "tous les details familiers et bas," he goes on—"Voila le véritable art de peindre. La physiognomie ne se montre pas dans les grands traits, ni le caractere dans les grandes actions ; c'est dans les bagatelles que le naturel se découvre."

"No period," observes Robertson, "in the history of one's own country, can be considered

* Review of "Hardy's Charlemont" (Quarterly Review, vol. vi., p. 125.)

as altogether uninteresting. Such transactions as tend to illustrate the progress of its constitutions, laws, or manners, merit the utmost attention. Even remote and *minute events* are objects of a curiosity, *which, being natural to the human mind*, the gratification of it is attended with pleasure.”*

Lord Mahon, whose own graceful performances in literature entitle his opinion to much respect, concludes the narrative of some anecdotes with the remark—“ Such details may appear beneath the dignity of history, *but let us never contemn what can best illustrate the temper and manners of the time.*”†

I have quoted these authorities to show the value assigned by distinguished literary artists to characteristic incidents and suggestive memoirs. Some of my readers may think that a portion of the matter in this volume is too slender for publication; but let them not hastily assume that facts and anecdotes, apparently trivial, are necessarily futile. Whatever is distinctive, suggestive, and peculiar, even though minute and unimportant in itself, becomes of value, when estimated by a moralist. The mind skilled in the detection of character, eagerly fastens upon traits, and observes the deep signi-

* Preface to “History of Charles the Fifth.”

† “History of England,” vol. iii., p. 168.

ficiency, which is unnoticed by the careless and unthinking. Works which illustrate national character and manners, must, from their very nature, be circumstantial and minute, unlike the more massive tomes which record national actions. “Manner,” as Sir James Mackintosh profoundly observes, “is a better mark of the state of a mind, than those large and deliberate actions which form what is called conduct. *It is the constant and insensible transpiration of character.* In serious acts, a man may display himself. In the thousand nameless acts which compose manner, the mind betrays its habitual bents.”* When an author describes the “constant and insensible transpiration of character,” he must have recourse to anecdotal details. There is no other mode of effecting his object, unless he takes up the pen of the novelist, and seeks to describe nature in artistic fiction. But in scarcely any other kind of art is there so great danger of exaggeration and caricature as in fiction. The French critic was right in his principles—“Rien n'est plus beau que le vrai.” Reality has charms of its own, transcending the inventions of a romantic fancy. And though it would be very easy to compose striking fictions from some of the details recorded in the fol-

* Critique on “Brown's Philosophy,” (Dissertation on Ethics, page 340, Whewell's edition.)

lowing chapters, are not the authentic details themselves more curious and instructive, than if dressed out and arranged in “fictions founded upon fact?”

So much in defence of the minuteness with which I have recorded some of the incidents narrated in this volume.

The propriety of publishing the facts of “A Romance in High Life,” may possibly be discussed. I have only to observe that the facts, in a false and garbled state, have been before put in print. My narrative states the case, I have good authority for believing, as it really occurred. Former statements that have appeared were very erroneous. The fact of a public trial in the House of Lords, makes the whole case a public one, and removes it from the list of private cases, with which (however curious) I would not feel authorised to deal. If I err in taking notice of the case, I do so not without a grave precedent.

Not long since, a living cabinet minister published his speeches, and, amongst others, printed at full length his very able defence of a noble client, in which a matter of the greatest delicacy, relating to *a living lady*, was again put before the public. My pleading the case in point, of a noble and learned cabinet minister, may be demurred to, as being more lawyer-like than gallant; but “A Romance in

High Life" relates an affair that took place half a century since, and the parties chiefly concerned are no more. The statement, besides, is calculated to remove injurious impressions, founded on former misrepresentations.

It is with some hesitation that I print the details relating to the gavelling of the Coppinger estate, as recorded in the chapter on "The Penal Days." The case in itself is remarkable, as being the last in which the old penal code was carried out. If I thought it would now produce feelings of irritation, I would not print it. I have been for many years acquainted with the particulars of that case, and I now publish it without the cognizance of any of the members of the Coppinger family.

Though it would be gratifying to myself to refer, by name, to many of those who have obliged me by communications, I shall refrain from doing so, as, for obvious reasons, such a course would be improper. The reader may be assured that much caution has been taken to insert no facts that the writer has not good grounds for believing to be authentic.

In the composition of this volume, as in my "Ireland and its Rulers since 1829," a frank, impartial spirit has been observed. I look upon Irish society *as a whole*, and am no partisan of any of the factions who make so much

noise, although I do not disclaim legitimate party feelings, which, however, have never interfered with my criticism on public characters. As I have done hitherto, so (if I live) will I continue, writing in the spirit of *independence* and *rational liberalism*, zealously advocating whatever can civilize our people, preserve them from anarchical passions, detach their intelligent classes from the pursuit of “splendid phantoms;” and enable my countrymen, Catholics and Protestants, Conservatives and Liberals, to exercise, with most freedom, those faculties bestowed by Him, whose all-wise justice has ordained such severe retribution for the waste of powers bountifully given, and the neglect of opportunities providently offered.

D. OWEN-MADDEN.

CORK, Feb. 2nd, 1848.

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THE OLD MUNSTER BAR.

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FROM a variety of causes, the bar in Ireland has enjoyed almost the monopoly of the talent of the country. The names of Ireland’s celebrated advocates are “multitudinous and bright;” and it is remarkable that they have been produced within a comparatively short period of time. The profession never obtained great social influence until the middle of the

last century. Yet from that period the Irish bar has produced more orators than the English body of lawyers. Of those, whom the most competent and unprejudiced judges have admitted to be “orators” in the true sense of that abused word, we have Curran, Hussey Burgh, Plunket, Bushe, and O’Connell. On the other hand, the English bar chiefly boasts of Murray, Erskine, and Brougham,* who, it may be remarked, were all Scotch by birth.

The fame of the profession in England depends rather on the illustrious judges whom it has given to the bench—its Cokes, Hales, Holts, Hardwickes, Grants, Sugdens, and Cottenhambs—men of vast science, of the greatest patience, and of elevated characters. These and their kindred minds constitute the order of whom the English bar ought to be justly proud. The opposite characters of the two countries may be seen reflected in the lawyers of each. Amongst the English the most famous men have been those endowed with unconquerable industry and solid talent; amongst the Irish the qualities most prized have been eloquence, enthusiasm, and the fire of genius.

* It is very certain that it is from the northern side of the border that Lord Brougham derives his great natural abilities.

The Munster Bar has always ranked the first in Ireland. Its circuit takes rank like the Northern in England. Many barristers without southern connexions have joined it, from the opportunities it presents of finding amusement, political connexions, or the means of professional advancement. In Ireland, one has said everything for its fame, when he reminds the listener that “it was Curran’s circuit!”

Of late, the bar has fallen off; but in former times the Munster Bar presented a galaxy of talent. There was a host of men of the most varied and delightful qualities in its body—Politicians and parliamentary debaters; forensic orators; black-letter lawyers; gay men of pleasure; wits with fewer briefs than *bon mots*; counsel, old and young, with more jollity than fees. Its predominant spirit was social, joyous, and unmercenary. A gay recklessness, a light playful vein of comic humour, ran through many of its members, giving relief to the sterner qualities, which the exigencies of disturbed times often called into action. Curran was its master-spirit, and left the impress of his vivid nature strongly stamped upon his companions.

In the earlier times of the Munster Bar, its leading men were, Fitzgibbon, afterwards Chan-

cellor and first Earl of Clare, and Yelverton, first Lord Avonmore. In later times Curran stood alone, without any one even to approach him. After him came O'Connell, who, in his day, was foremost, with all the disadvantages of his stuff gown and his Catholicism. O'Connell, however, had a large family connexion, and hosts of personal friends on the circuit, which helped his great talents into notice. He met with many competitors. In eloquence he was equalled by Waggett ; in law he was surpassed by Burton and by Pennefather (Baron) ; Harry Deane Grady could cross-examine an Irish rascal as skilfully ; and Serjeant Goold could browbeat and bluster with as much vehemence and simulated fury. But, in variety of resources, in genuine talent for business, and in that harmonious union of powers which gives ascendancy, none of his contemporaries came near him. Yet he found many amongst them who often tasked his powers—rivals worthy of a noble contest. But he was a host in himself. He was like a bundle of lawyers and advocates rolled into one.

About the year 1815, or thereabouts, the Munster Bar was probably the most brilliant, eloquent, and gifted body of barristers that any

circuit has ever assembled together. There were men amongst them of every kind of talent. Among others were Waggett, one of the most eloquent men I ever heard—a genuine orator, as distinguished from a disclaimer : Jerry Keller, the best boon-companion of the day, a black-letter lawyer, whose opinion settled many a doubtful point, and whose humour “set the table in a roar ;” whimsical, pleasant, and volatile, he laughed at the cares of his profession : little Serjeant Goold—lively and vivacious, fantastical, violent, and queer ; but, at the same time, effective, earnest, and spirited ; with immense volubility, and a large range of forensic talent. Of the same school was Deane Grady, who gloried in detecting a perjurer, or anatomizing some witness of decayed character. He blew a gale of wind upon the stupified witness, with the force of Boreas called to the bar ! His powers of bluster and low comic humour got him plenty of briefs. Then there was solemn, dramatic, melancholy Quin. He was a grave elocutionist, and delivered his speeches in the stately style of Kemble playing Cato. In some cases he was most imposing and effective ; but his style was too tragic for the every-day cases of the bar. In the case of a Higgins or a Murphy,

he was as grand in his manner as if the house of Atreus were his clients. He was probably more familiar with Corneille than with Coke. In stating a case in trover you were reminded of the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. I know not whether he was a distant relative or connexion of his namesake, the celebrated actor of the same name; but certainly the Queen's Counsel of the Munster Bar had all the air of a stage-taught and, perhaps, "stage-struck" lawyer. Like his namesake, the great actor, he was heavy and monotonous. The actor and the advocate both wanted variety.

"Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, still was Quin ;"

and Churchill's line was equally applicable to the barrister of the Munster circuit.

Poor Quin! I remember him when he presented a sad contrast to his earlier and more prosperous days. After having been for many years a leading man on the circuit, he almost suddenly lost all his business. At a Cork election, he gave a legal opinion which was very wrong, and the notoriety of the fact (from its connexion with a public matter) did him great professional injury, possibly with much injustice. For years he used to go the circuit with-

out getting briefs. He saw younger and less-gifted men, with plenty of employment, while he sat unoccupied. I remember being struck with his disconsolate aspect, the first time I saw him at the bar. He looked like a “light of other days,” and, doubtless, many a recollection of by-gone times used to come across his mind. He was probably not much at the wrong side of fifty when I first saw him ; but, with his silver hairs and sad aspect, he looked to be seventy. The crown employed him always as one of its leading counsel, and pick-pockets and sheep-stealers had the gratification of being publicly prosecuted in a style remarkable for its lofty though artificial dignity.

Jack Bannister used to amuse his friends by giving imitations of the queer effects produced by tragic actors speaking, on common subjects, in their stage voices. I remember being much amused one evening with an account which Leslie, the eminent painter, gave of these stories of Bannister. His mimicry of a living tragedian flinging his cloak over his shoulder, and shouting to a hackney-coach stand, “What ho ! a coach there !” was excellent in its way. Poor Quin used sometimes to produce this whimsical

discordance between a lofty style and a trivial subject.*

It must not be supposed that Quin lost his business from any want of capacity. By no means. He got out of fashion, and an unlucky accident helped to injure him. The bar is as subject to the caprices of fashion as the ball-room. To-day men are cried up as lawyers, whom you will hear to-morrow disparaged as not fit to draw a common declaration. Thus it is, reputations rise and fall, and fortunes are made and afterwards lost. The spectacle of a barrister, once in fashion, who has lost all his practice, is a sad and disheartening one. On the tide of success, he may have launched into expenditure and show; the current of prosperity ceases for a few terms, and he is left a stranded wreck—a thing of ruin and decay. There are a few still living who remember the melancholy case of Mr. —, now nearly

* In Lockhart's Life of Scott will be found some stories of the strange effect produced by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, in using theatrical style on common occasions. Some years since, an eminent tragedian entered a West End club-house. The day was bitterly cold, and the actor's face, always meagre, was more than usually stern. He called the waiter to him in a most solemn style, and said, with awe-inspiring tone, "Bring to me *a bowl*"—then a deep pause, threw up his eyes to the ceiling, and, with sepulchral whine, concluded the dread mandate with the words—"of gravy soup!"

half a century since. He had been once in the first rank of the bar, and lived in one of the squares in Dublin. Afterwards he was so reduced, that he was glad to accept a very humble situation under government, to keep himself from starvation !

Quin, however, made a great deal of money during the time that he was in fashion. He was wise enough to keep it, and when the rainy day came, he had stored up an ample competency. He had a fine voice ; he sung very delightfully ; his manners were those of a high-bred, though somewhat formal gentleman ; his declamation was too verbose, but it had merits peculiar to the style ; and when he had a case suited to his powers, it received ample rhetorical justice at his hands.

Jerry Keller was one of the best lawyers on the circuit. But he was still better known for his incomparable social powers. He was “the joyousest of once-embodied spirits”—

—————“A gay thirsty soul,
As e'er cracked a bottle, or fathomed a bowl.”

He was fit to have lived with that jolly old lawyer, Sir Toby Butler, the famed toper, who toasted away claret, and tossed repartees, after

a style which gained him a prodigious tavern reputation. Though not such a wit as Curran, his company was almost as much sought after by convivial spirits. Keller sacrificed his fame and fortune to the love of society. He joined a sound and capacious understanding, to a spirit whimsical, reckless, and droll. For legal depth and dinner-table drollery, no one man ever came near him. There were times, however, when Keller half repented of the way in which he had passed his time. He gave utterance to this feeling on the first day that the late Judge Mayne took his seat upon the bench. Mayne was a formal coxcomb—a thing of solemn, artificial, legal foppery, with a manner of intense gravity, and a well got up look of profundity. He had passed himself off on the public as a deep lawyer, and was never found out by the same discerning public until he was made a judge. “Ah! Mayne,” said Keller, in a voice half audible, “my levity keeps me down here, while your gravity has raised you up there!”

A little after the time when Lord Yelverton was raised to the Viscountcy of Avonmore—a promotion partly owing to the noble and learned lord’s support of the Union—he had asked Keller to dine with him. Curran was there, and so

also was the notorious Bully Egan. After dinner he showed the company the patent of his title of viscount. The honour was an Irish one, as he was never made an English peer; but one of the lawyers present had mooted a point, as to whether the same style of patent could be used by the Crown, now that the Parliaments were united. Curran and Egan read the patent of viscount, and both said that it was legally exact. Keller desired that it should be read aloud. He at once pronounced it to be faulty. The question was eagerly asked, “How so?” Taking up the patent, Keller read it aloud—“George, &c. &c., King of the *United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*”—and then, turning to Lord Avonmore, said, “Don’t you see, my lord, *the consideration* comes too soon?” Volumes might be filled with the shrewd and caustic sayings of old Keller.

The Munster circuit was always famous for its wits. One of the first of those was a contemporary of Curran—“pleasant Ned Lysagh.” If Ben Johnson had known him, he would have had a fine subject for “gathering humours.” Lysagh might have given the poet a stock subject for seizing all the points of Irish character in its essential features. A man of more varied

talents than Lysaght it was impossible to meet. In his personal character he was a thorough Irishman—brave, brilliant, witty, eloquent, and devil-may-care. He was a capital song-writer ; his poems are full of that indescribable animal buoyancy which is a chief essence of Irish genius. He had a flow of exuberant spirits ; his gaiety was like the laugh of matchless Mrs. Nisbett, an infallible cure for the blue devils, a potent destroyer of spleen. His famous and universally popular “ Sprig of Shillelagh,” his “ Kate of Garnavilla,” and other still popular songs, will always preserve his name. “ We have but one good Volunteer Song,” says Thomas Davis ; “ it was written by Lysaght, after that illustrious militia was dissolved.”—(*Essay on Irish Songs*). That song is in praise of Grattan, “ the man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.” It is spirited, and, what is not always true of complimentary poetry, its sentiments are true. The history of his times, and the private records of his nobly-spent life, confirm the truth of the following stanza :—

“ He sows no vile dissensions ; good-will to all he bears ;
He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or cares ;
To Erin’s and to Britain’s sons his name his worth endears,
They love the man who led the van of Irish volunteers.”

“The Anglo-Irish songs,” writes Davis, “through most of the last century, are generally indecent or factious. The cadets of the Munster Protestants, living like garrison soldiers—drinking, racing, and dancing—wrote the one class; the clergy of the Ulster Presbyterians wrote the other. ‘The Rakes of Mallow,’ and ‘The Protestant Boys,’ are choice specimens of the two classes—vigorous, and musical, and Irish, no doubt, but surely not fit for this generation.”

“The Rakes of Mallow” is published without a name in Mr. M. J. Barry’s collection of Irish songs. But the tradition in the gay and joyous town of Mallow runs that Lysaght was the author of that rollicking effusion. In disposition, he was not unlike one of the rakes celebrated in the song—

“Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus’s true-begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

“One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking,
To raise the falling funds when sinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.”

Lysaght was a very decided rake. I have heard more than one who knew him very well give testimony as to his delightful convivial powers. He was one of “the lions” of Dublin

society in his day, and to pass a jolly night in his company was esteemed a great privilege. He used only to skulk out at night ; he lived in Trinity College, in order to be out of the reach of bailiffs and duns.

Bonaparte said that every man had his “moment of fear.” Wits oftentimes have their days of dulness. One of the army agents in Dublin—a good fellow in his way—gave a social party, of which Lysaght was to be the lion. There were two young English militia-officers in the company, who rattled away their jokes and repartees, as if they were regular professed wits. Lysaght was astonished at them. He endeavoured to outshine them ; but for once he failed. Some of his jokes missed fire ; he got half sulky ; and for once was stupid for a night. He did not forget to render justice to the convivial powers of the young Englishmen :—“D—n it,” he cried, “such fellows I never met before. They won’t allow me to edge in a word.” Lysaght’s friends were greatly amused with his puzzled look, as he found his wit and high spirits suddenly desert him.

While he was living in college, there were two sprigs of nobility there, who made themselves ridiculous. These were the two sons

of Lord Norbury, the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Lord Norbury had married the heiress of the Norwood estates, and while he was serving the office of Attorney-General, he had influence enough to get his wife made Viscountess Norwood in her own right, with remainder to her second son. In the course of time, John Toler, the Attorney-General, was himself raised to the peerage as Lord Norbury, his eldest son, of course, succeeding him in the title. Many were the mistakes about the two Hon. Messrs. Toler; the future Norwood being often confounded with the future Norbury, and *vice versa*. The thing was more ridiculous, as the Toler family had no aristocratic pretensions. Lysaght, one day meeting the two young, conceited Tolers, in the square of the college, went up to them and said—“ Pray tell me which is which? Which of you is *Bogberry*, and which of you is *Bogwood*? ” The semi-plebeian *filii nobiles* by no means relished the allusion to *bogs*.

Lysaght was one of those wags of whom it is almost useless to record the good things, without being able to print his face. He was short in stature, with a clever, queer, comical expression of countenance, and a very long nose.

He was a native of the county of Clare. The name is an old Irish one, derived from *lae seact*—*i. e.*, seven days—for which space of time one of the O'Briens defended his post valorously, and was honoured with the surname in consequence. So say the Celtic genealogists.

Tom Grady was another of the Munster Bar wits, and no man had a better title to enrolment amongst them. He was not such an agreeable companion as “pleasant Ned Lysagh ;” but his wit was equally ready, and much more caustic and stinging. He was a disappointed man. Conscious of great intellect, he had hoped to find the road to fame and fortune. But he had many physical infirmities, which unfitted him for the successful prosecution of his forensic ambition. He was very near-sighted, and read with the greatest difficulty. He was called “Spectacle Grady.” He had some name as a lawyer ; was made an assistant-barrister, but, after a few circuits he gave up the profession, though he kept up his intercourse with the bar. He was a very clever, dissipated man. Like Ned Lysagh, Grady was a poet. He was a great reader of satire, and produced original compositions of a literary merit, that Pope

need not have blushed to own. Satire was his *forte*. He flayed his victims, and then hunted them down with an envenomed spirit.

The most celebrated civil record that the annals of the Munster Bar record, was the case of "—— against Grady," tried at the Limerick Assizes, in 1816. Grady had libelled the plaintiff in a poem called "The Nosegay," which produced an extraordinary sensation in society. A more tremendous libel, a more scorching piece of poetical vituperation, was never probably produced. The character assailed by Grady was not one of the most perfect. He had made himself obnoxious to the pen of the satirist, and Grady assailed his victim with the most ferocious spirit. Such a libel was never even conceived. The fable of the poem was a court of justice, investigating into the merits or demerits of the county of Limerick gentleman. The bill of indictment was short and simple.



"Come —, for tardy Justice takes her seat—
Convicted usurer—convicted cheat ;
In every mischief aider or abettor—
Self-vaunted infidel, and tampering traitor.
In daring prim, in principles unbuckled—
Reluctant subject—voluntary cuckold."

This is pretty strong writing. What follows, however, is equally fierce.

“ See round the court of youths debauched, a group,
Who sucked thy poisons, while they supped thy soup ;
Who haunt thy dinners, emulous to share
Thy half-digested extracts from Voltaire :
Whose finer taste thy sense could never hit,
Which caught th’ impiety, but not the wit.
Dinners, where mischief’s never at a stand,
Atheist and sharper joining hand in hand.
Blest firm combining to engulf the whole,
To sink the property and damn the soul !”

Grady having thus charged his victim with every sort of usury, proceeds—

“ See on one side some minors—ruined boys—
Whose lands you mortgaged to sustain their joys ;
Who pay for nights in these sad vigils spent,
A mild retributive of cent per cent.”

He then calls attention to the case of the unhappy women seduced and ruined by the accused.

Churchill has not passages of more savage and fierce sarcasm than are to be found in this poem of “ The Nosegay.”

But Grady’s muse was not entirely satirical. The episode of “ Nelly Cusack” is finely related, with much genuine humour, and with

picturesque beauty. Nelly Cusack was a very beautiful country lass, said to have been seduced by the monster depicted in Grady's poem. Her history was very extraordinary. Born in the lower classes, educated as a country wench in Ireland, she next became the mistress of a Limerick squire ; she was then promoted to be the wife of a county Clare gentleman ; and after his death, she married the late Sir — — —, a D——shire baronet of ancient family, by whom she had three daughters. In the poem Grady paints her beauty with graphic skill, and introduces some comic touches on her education, which would not bear reprinting.

“ But see aloft, and near the sheriff's box,
The black-browed spectre of poor Charles Fox ;
See with one hand his angry eyes he rubs,
And in the other holds a five of clubs.”

These lines allude to a gaming-house tale, in which the Limerick gentleman was represented as playing at *quinze* with Charles Fox. The latter suspected foul play, and watched his opponent narrowly. Suddenly snatching up a fork from the supper-table in the room, where they were gambling, he drove it, with all his

force, through the hand of Mr. ——, exclaiming, at the same time—“ For five thousand guineas, the five of clubs is under that hand,” which he had completely transfixed, and pinned to the table. The company were all astounded. On investigation, it was found that a five of clubs had been conveyed from the coat-sleeve of Mr. ——, and that he was caught in the act of gambling unfairly.

This, like many other of the charges in the libel, was false. No such circumstance ever occurred.* But it served Tom Grady with a point for his satire.

“ Some fools assert plurality of wives—
Thy doctrine was plurality of fives ;
And by this doctrine, heterodox and rank,
You built a palace, and you stocked a bank ;
But sold the palace, where no neighbour came,
Mark’d while you lived there mansion of ill-fame.”

* If Fox had driven a fork through the hand of Mr. ——, there would have been left a visible mark. I have been assured by one who repeatedly dined with Mr. ——, that there was no sign of a wound on his hand. It was said, however, very generally, that Charles Fox was of opinion that he had been tricked while gambling with Mr. ——, who left London, after having resided there. He then went to Paris, where he realized a sum of ninety thousand pounds, and then set up in Limerick as a banker, where he lost seventy thousand pounds. Though Mr. —— was not the miscreant represented by Grady in his satire, he was far from being a good man. His talents, however, were of the first order, and recommended him to the notice of the Earl of Clare.

Having imputed every species of crime to his victim, he thus proceeded :—

“ Yet in the dark and dreadful midnight hour,
Oh ! God, this caitiff owns thy sovereign power!
It happened once, by some unlucky doom,
I lay, not slept, in his adjoining room ;
'Twas then I witness'd of his soul the pangs,
The stripes of conscience, and of guilt the fangs ;
Scared by fierce visions from his feverish rest,
He saw ten thousand daggers at his breast.
'Murder, ye villains !—murder !' he exclaimed,
And of his many victims some he named.
Now seem'd the pistol's menace to evade,
And parried now the visionary blade ;
Now the most hellish imprecations uttered—
Now, half suppress'd, the litany he muttered !
And now confounding blessed spirits with evil,
Invoked by turns the Saviour and the devil.
Thus pass his nights, which fear and fury share,
A sad melange of blasphemy and prayer !”

For this terrific libel an action was brought against Grady. Several thousand pounds damages were given against him, and he was obliged to fly the country. The reports of the trial were suppressed. But, with unconquerable malice, Grady published a garbled report, which deceived many into a belief that all his charges were true. Some years since I saw

the poem of “The Nosegay,” a report of the trial, and several papers connected with it, priced for several pounds in the catalogue of a leading bibliopole in London. It is extremely difficult to get a perfect copy of “The Nosegay” in its unmutilated state. Several fraudulent copies have been passed off on the public. I once had a copy of the entire poem in MS.

Frank M‘Carthy, in more modern times, was one of the wits of the Munster Bar. He had not the talent for writing verse like Lysaght or Grady ; but he had a superior understanding to the former, and far more convivial qualities than the latter. He sacrificed his fame to social enjoyment. How often have I thought of Francis M‘Carthy, in witnessing some of his infinitely less-gifted companions ascending to the highest posts of the profession—some to the bench, others to parliament. He was a man of admirable intellect—clear, logical, and rapid. He was addicted to literary tastes, and his language was nervous, simple, and chaste. He had an eloquence peculiarly his own ; never affecting the orator, he happily disguised all the arts of one ; and adroitly biassed his hearers, by his specious and dextrous statement of a cause. I

have heard Francis M'Carthy exhibit some of the very rarest arts of an orator.*

At the time when the first Repeal agitation raged through Munster, the present Earl of Kingston (then Hon. Robert King) was a candidate for the representation of the county of Cork, in opposition to Feargus O'Connor. On behalf of Mr. King, Francis M'Carthy was retained as counsel. Formerly counsel were employed at elections to address the electors on behalf of those dummy candidates who could scarcely say a word in their own behalf. This practice, however, has now been given up. When a dummy Repealer stands as a candidate, if he be not able to speak on his own behalf, he can get numbers of briefless barristers, who are ready to spout *gratis*, for the sake of advertising their volubility; for agitation does not entirely trust to salaried and stipendiary demagogues; it has its volunteers. On the other hand, when a dummy Tory or Whig comes before a popular constituency, it is useless for

* His father was an eminent chamber counsel, and successfully practised his profession for many years, before Catholics were legally entitled to be called to the bar. He was the representative of a very old and respected branch of the M'Carthys, several of whom were eminent in foreign service, in days when their valour and talents were proscribed in Ireland.

him to have recourse to vicarious oratory. If Mr. Henn or Mr. Whiteside, two of the best speakers at the Irish Bar, were retained to address the electors, neither of them would be heard for five minutes by a mob of fanatical Repealers.

The only instance I know of, where an anti-popular speaker has been heard out fairly, was on the occasion I refer to. In the middle of the election, after the day's poll had closed, Feargus O'Connor made one of his high-flown, melodramatic speeches to the mob. M'Carthy came after him, on behalf of Mr. King. He artfully deferred to the hostile prejudices of his audience, and skilfully lauding the mob's favourite (O'Connor), he continued to steal imperceptibly into the good-will of his hearers. He then dwelt upon the cruelties that Ireland had suffered in former times, especially in the tyranny of the Penal Laws ; and then panegyrized those Protestant aristocrats who had taken an active part on behalf of the Catholics, taking care to remind the people that for three generations the house of King had voted for the measures proposed by Henry Grattan. He then appealed to the memory of by-gone services, and drew a very pretty picture (none the worse for the artist's

liberally indulging in fancy) of the close ties between the electors and the family of King. He was listened to with feelings of interest and respect, and his sentiments even elicited applause. Seldom was there a greater triumph of oratorical art. When one looked upon the half-frantic and vehement audience, charmed from their fanaticism into a state of rationality and decorum, by the art of a dextrous and pleasing speaker, he might have thought that the story of Orpheus and the beasts was not a fable.

M'Carthy's mind was subtle and acute; his understanding was also strong, and he was very rapid in perception. His wit and irony could, when he chose, be playful or otherwise. His powers of turning a person into ridicule were very great. I have been present at his cross-examination of a county Cork gentleman, whom he made so extremely ridiculous in the witness-box that the mortified and tortured witness could scarcely refrain from tears. There was generally a strong sense in the irony of M'Carthy, which made it like the intellectual ridicule of Voltaire, severe, logical, and poignant.

The late William Maginn and Frank M'Carthy were great friends, and were, in some respects, companions not a little suited to each

other. In literary acquirements, Maginn was far superior to M'Carthy; but upon a given question, the latter would probably have excelled the other. Both of them misspent their lives—the one in desultory literary pursuits—the other burying himself as a local practitioner in the city of Cork, where he had nothing to draw forth his ambition. The whole Munster Bar, however, had the highest respect for his talents, and regard for himself. His defence of Hodnett, a notorious anti-tithe agitator, in 1832, was of such striking forensic ability, that both the bench and bar gave unequivocal testimony to its merits.

His great social powers, and amiability of character, made him a general favorite. He was always full of fun, lively, and frolicsome. He was very fond of practical jokes, and played some excellent ones in his time. There was nothing he enjoyed more than in playing off a *quiz* upon some testy person, full of dignity and self-importance. He seemed to keep a sharp look out after such persons, and often gave them specimens of his ingenuity, which they by no means relished. Some practical jokes were attributed to him, in which he had no share. There was one, in which it was

thought he was concerned, which produced great mirth.

A cousin of M'Carthy's was coroner for the county of Cork—the late Mr. James O'Brien—a gentleman who piqued himself on being a very dignified specimen of an Irish attorney. His manners were elaborate, and rather formal ; and though I do not believe he was connected with the House of Thomond, there was an air of aristocratic polish about him that would have become one of the real O'Briens. Next to a good supper, he liked an inquest. He was fond of his quiet rubber, but he was still fonder of winning his three guineas for presiding at a “*Crowner's 'quest.*” Now at the same time there was a very worthy clergyman of the Established Church, whose parish lay in the barony of Carberry. This excellent parson was a man of great humour, and various excellent points.* He could well afford to have an infirmity, for surely we are all frail. The infirmity of this vessel shewed itself in a remarkable fondness for good living. Ho ! ho ! how he did relish the haunch ! With what a knowing leer he ogled the still untasted pullet ! What languishing glances he cast upon the smoking

* He died a few years since.

sirloin ! It was enough to create a laugh under the ribs of death, to witness the jolly parson surveying the groaning board at Christmas times. To men of nimble apprehension, the sight of his face was as good as roast beef and plum-pudding. Those who invented the Irish dish of potato-and-point, had they seen him, would have added parson-and-pudding to the national bill-of-fare. I repeat that he was a most excellent man, not a bit the worse because at times he reminded one of Sir Toby Belch in holy orders.

He was particularly fond of good mutton. He despised kickshaws, and French dishes “ate in France, and spewed-up in England.” He liked home manufacture, though by no means bigoted against improvement, even when attended with positive innovation—quite a rationalist in his epicurism.

Now this excellent gentleman was once dining in company with Frank M‘Carthy, who knew the parson’s weak point. He was much pleased with the lively wit and convivial powers of M‘Carthy, whom he had not met before ; he liked him still more, when the learned counsel affected to have similar tastes with his own. M‘Carthy dwelt with raptures on the exquisite relish of a shoulder of mutton which had been

buried in the ground for a fortnight. He said that he had recently partaken of mutton that had been subjected to that process. The parson was incredulous as to the fact of burial improving the flavour of a leg of mutton ; M'Carthy, however, was positive, quoted a fragment of Latin, calling it a passage from Pliny the Younger, to the effect that the ancients buried their meat at times. Worked upon by the eloquence of M'Carthy, the incredulity of the parson gave way, and the master of the feast proposed that the experiment should be tried. M'Carthy having said that the spot for burying the mutton should be dry, and of a gravelly character, the parson eagerly exclaimed, “I have the place suited for it—the corner of my garden.”

The experiment was made—the mutton was buried. A dinner-party was arranged for the purpose of partaking of the exquisite dish ! Meantime, intelligence was conveyed in a private manner to Mr. James O'Brien, the county coroner before-mentioned, that a very mysterious circumstance had occurred in the parish of —, in the barony of Carberry—to wit, that the body of a full-grown infant had been privately buried in the garden of Parson —. The hoax was well managed. O'Brien was made positively

certain that a particular part of the garden was disturbed, and that something had been buried there. Advantage was taken of the reverend epicure's absence for a couple of days from the glebe. Suspecting nothing, the coroner of the county fell into the snare. He left Cork without delay, and soon arrived at the scene of guilt. He asked for the reverend clergyman, and was told that he was from home. He gave his name, and said that he was coroner for the county. He thought that one of the servant-maids appeared very much confused when he looked at her. Without ceremony, he summoned a jury from the neighbouring villages and townlands. Some of the simple rustics were quite aghast on the occasion. The servants of the glebe were astounded, as the officer of the law proceeded to make his inquisition. A crowd clustered round the grave—the spade was stuck into the earth—soon something was struck against—a discoloured cloth was next apparent; a deep groan of horror came from the standers-by—terrible revelations were expected. “Take care, my good man, of the little unfortunate body,” said the coroner to the irreverent rustic, who was going to pitch the body on the ground. Gravity was on every countenance—all were ex-

cited, as the napkin was slowly unfolded—when, instead of the corse of an unhappy child, was beheld a half-rotten shoulder of mutton !

The coroner retained for a long time the recollection of that hoax. Nor did the parson relish it a bit more.

It is with feelings of melancholy that one recalls the images of wits who have lost the opportunities for advancing in the world, and who have wasted time in the transient and unsubstantial pleasures of convivial society. It is too often the case, that men of wit sacrifice their fortunes to a love of that sparkling and delusive reputation which attends the *diseur des mots*, the teller of good stories, and singer of funny songs. Too often one sees such men with grey hairs and wan faces, still striving to be young; hoping, by keeping up the levity, to preserve the spirits of their youth. But soon, too soon, the night comes upon them, which is to cloud them for ever. Soon, too soon, their health is smitten, and their limbs are palsied with premature age; and these tongues, which once uttered so many pungent epigrams, and merry quips, now stutter forth the inanities and querulous remarks of the moping invalid. Alas ! the world has not a sorrier sight to show, than

your broken-down wit. The contrast between former gaiety and present wretchedness is strikingly painful. Nor has such a being a greater source of pain than the indifference with which he is regarded by those who once eagerly sought his company. Those “good fellows,” who once so courted his society, and caressed him, he now finds to be very selfish fellows. It is bad enough to feel the slow approach of death—but far more agonizing is it to witness, while approaching the grave, the decay of friendship, and the breaking of those ties which once connected joyous and youthful spirits.

The philosopher has immensely the advantage over the gay and light-hearted wit. Even to the last, life and nature present objects of strong interest to him. Compare the death-beds of Sir James Mackintosh and of Sheridan. There was much to cloud the latter days of Mackintosh. The Whigs had forgotten his long services, and the rejection of the advancement tendered him by the Tories. He had not been able to realise the literary hopes he had once entertained. Various circumstances had contributed to thwart his progress, and impede him. He saw the world flitting from his view, while he was still in hopes of reaping fruit from his hoarded science

and varied attainments. But life to him was ever new. And even on his death-bed, the dying metaphysician was wrapt in contemplation of those mysteries of the mind which had engaged the studies of his life. On the other hand, Sheridan—the wit and orator—when company had been removed, and when occasions of excitement were not at hand to stimulate, had little to support and cheer his sinking spirits. The reflective pursuits have a decided moral superiority over the merely demonstrative, and purely artistic employments. The thinker has more lasting pleasure, than either painter, orator, actor, or politician.

William Waggett was for many years a leading man on the Munster circuit. He was an eccentric genius, very enthusiastic and imaginative, with extraordinary powers of eloquence. Totally devoid of vanity, and without any ambition, he gave up attending the courts in Dublin, and practised in the city of Cork as a chamber-lawyer. He always attended the Limerick and Cork assizes, and in any cases where the passions were to be addressed, he was sure to be retained. He had a powerful imagination, and his rhetoric was masculine. There was a spirit of originality about his style, which was quite

refreshing, after the hackneyed oratory of some of his contemporaries. Waggett was a man who could be put up to reply to O'Connell. Without any of O'Connell's coarseness, and with little of his humour, he had more imagination, and a far purer and loftier style of eloquence. He was conversant with all the great classics in the language ; the old dramatists and divines of the seventeenth century were his favorite reading ; and imbued with their ideas, his mind, when roused, poured forth a flowing current of deep, strong thoughts.

He was a man subject to strong antipathies, and had a great hatred of all base, vulgar spirits. Amongst others whom he abhorred, was an attorney who practised in Limerick, and who had obtained an unenviable reputation for dragging people into lawsuits.* Waggett lost no opportunity of denouncing this attorney in invectives of withering force. On one occasion, a very bad case was brought into court, in which this attorney was agent for the plaintiff, and Waggett was lead-

* Some years since, a country gentleman, in West Corkshire, complained of being very *blasé*! He could find no excitement either in drinking, or gaming, or fox-hunting. He grew tired of keeping an open house, and a pack of hounds. In order to procure excitement, a friend of mine recommended him to *keep an attorney*!

ing counsel for the defendant. The case was one which was likely to call forth all Waggett's fine powers, and the court was crowded with persons waiting to hear him address the jury. When his turn came to speak for the defendant, he rose, labouring under emotion, and remained silent for a time. But instead of commencing with, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," he thus began, in his deep and solemn voice, "Long live the Sultan Haroun, said the owl in the Arabian Tale." At this singular beginning of a lawyer's speech, the audience was much surprised. The judge looked amazed, and the bar were all eager to hear what would come after so strange a preface. Amid dead silence, Waggett continued—"Long live the Sultan Haroun, said the owl in the Arabian tale. While he lives, we'll have ruined palaces and roofless cottages to roost in. Widows shall bewail their husbands, and orphans weep for their murdered parents. While he lives, there shall be gloom upon the land, and the light of day shall shine upon desolation. Long live the Sultan Haroun, continued the owl, in order that the birds of ill omen may brood over congenial gloom, and long live Charley Carrol,"* cried Waggett, turning to the

* A pseudonyme.

plaintiff's attorney, at whom he pointed his finger derisively. “ Long live Charley Carrol, says the professor of the law ; while he lives, clients shall be ruined, and litigation shall fill the courts with half-ruined suitors ; while he lives, the lawyer's purse shall be increased, and the trader's wealth diminished ; while he lives, there shall be endless contention amongst neighbours, and friends shall be made to hate each other. The father shall quarrel with the son, and brother shall turn against sister.” He then went on pursuing the metaphor, and denounced the attorney, who cowered, with downcast head, under the vehement and eloquent invective.

Waggett had been called to the bar in the year of the rebellion. He had been, at an early period, elected recorder of the city of Cork, the duties of which he discharged by deputy. In 1815, his deputy, Mr. Wilmot, died, and Waggett retired to Cork to live, giving up his large practice in the superior courts. He had become a dreamer and a hypochondriac, and was quite disgusted with the prose of life. The narrow politics of Ireland presented no objects to rouse him to exertion, nor did he care for literary composition. He was a skilled musician, and was enraptured with melody. He

led a very strange kind of life in a lonesome house, seated in a romantic spot on the banks of the Lee; his favourite amusement was fishing, and day after day he was to be seen whipping the river with his rod and line. He suffered his powers to rust in solitude; and every one who knew his great talents, and had listened to his powerful and commanding eloquence, lamented to see a man of genius wasting his life in a retirement so inglorious.

He was a most generous man, and had a great scorn for money. When he retired to live at Cork, the corporation voted him a salary of five hundred pounds a-year, as recorder; but he refused it, in the following letter, which was publicly circulated at the desire of the corporation: it would be vain to look in the annals of the Irish Corporations for such another instance of contempt for money:—

“At a Court of D’Oyer Hundred, held at the Guildhall of the City of Cork, the 24th day of June, 1816,

“It was unanimously resolved—That in consequence of our respectable and worthy recorder, William Waggett, Esq., having given up his attendance at the superior courts for the last twelve months, and entirely devoted his valuable time to the laborious discharge of his duty as recorder, personally, it is particularly incum-

bent on the court to make some adequate remuneration for such a sacrifice to the public good, and that the council should be requested to make an order that the recorder should be paid the sum of £500 out of the corporation revenues, to be annually continued whilst he shall so devote his time in discharging the duties of that important office.

“The following letter was, in consequence, received by the Mayor from the Recorder:—

“Cork, June 25th, 1816.

“MY DEAR SIR—I beg leave to trouble you on the subject of the resolution passed at the Court of D’Oyer Hundred, on Monday, by which a large sum of money was voted to me. When I sought for the honour of being elected recorder of this city, I formed a determination not to accept of any remuneration for performing the duty of the office, beyond the salary and ordinary emoluments enjoyed by my predecessors. Many reasons combine to prevent me from departing from such a resolution. You will, therefore, much oblige me by communicating to the freemen, at the opening of the court on Thursday, that I feel the deepest gratitude for their good opinion and wishes to serve me; but that I must, most respectfully, yet firmly, decline the boon which their kind but excessive liberality would bestow.

“I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous in requesting, that the resolution be rescinded, and not sent up to the council.

“I have the honour to be, my dear sir, your obedient servant,

“WM. WAGGETT, *Recorder.*

“To the Right Worshipful the Mayor.”

“At the Court of D’Oyer Hundred, held the 27th day of June,

“The foregoing letter having been read to the court, it was unanimously resolved—That so disinterested and honourable a letter should be entered on the records of the court, and that the above proceedings should be published in the Cork and Dublin papers.

“By the Court,

“W. JONES, *Town Clerk.*”

He continued for twenty years to discharge the duties of recorder, on a mere nominal salary. Never was there such another instance of a man deliberately consigning great talents to obscurity. His forensic fame was established in the profession, but all attempts to draw him back to Dublin and public life proved vain. I may cite an instance of the esteem in which his great eloquence was held by the profession.

An action for slander was brought against Mr. Gerard Callaghan, once member for Cork. The party slandered was the daughter of the ruling Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the case naturally excited much interest. The case came on for trial at the Cork assizes, nearly twenty years since. A powerful bar was retained at each side. The lady’s friends determined that

the case should be sustained with all the resources of whatever eloquence and ability could be commanded at the Irish bar. They resolved that Mr. Doherty, at that time solicitor-general for Ireland, should be taken special to Cork, for the express purpose of laying before the jury the wrongs of the injured lady in the most imposing style; and doubtless there could not have been made a better choice. For the final speech to evidence, it was resolved to retain Waggett, and O'Connell was engaged for the purpose of breaking down the witnesses for the defendant. O'Connell abominated Gerard Callaghan, who in many ways had made himself personally and politically obnoxious to the agitator. "I would," cried he, "give one hundred guineas to get Waggett's place in this case, and be allowed to address the jury in reply to Callaghan's counsel." But though the forensic abilities of Daniel O'Connell were duly estimated by the plaintiff's friends, they thought that Waggett would make a still more powerful speech than O'Connell; and in that particular instance they were right, as the case was peculiarly fitted for the eloquence of Waggett.

The following lines were once found pinned to Waggett's wig; they were attributed to the

late Henry Bennett, Esq., of Cork, a gentleman of varied talents :—

“ Sometimes beneath this legal sign,
Is placed a head of curious mould ;
With noble thought and genius fine,
Oft sway'd by passion uncontrolled.

“ A brain with law and justice filled,
Estranged from every selfish view ;
And in that tempered mercy skilled,
Which gives the guilty wretch his due.

“ For with a true Shandean start,
It flings all gravity aside,
And bids the feeling of the heart,
O'er law's harsh quibbling to preside.

“ Still ne'er beneath a judge's wig,
Did fate intend that such a brain,
Should through law's rubbish daily dig,
Its mouldy precepts to explain.

“ For better purposes designed—
With lofty soul and prouder aim ;
The bent of such a noble mind
Should be the highest point of fame.

“ But here 'tis useless to repine—
Of such the instance is not rare ;
With flowers which should with splendour shine,
To 'waste their sweets on desert air.' ”

Within the last twenty years the bar in Ireland has undergone a gradual revolution. It

has become less brilliant but more learned ; with fewer orators, but with deeper lawyers. A business-like spirit has taken the place of that adventurous turn which once prevailed within its ranks. The Irish barrister of former times was like an actor ; seriousness and reality were rarely present to his mind ; his life was external, artificial, and adventurous. A few, of course, preserved their self-respect and dignity, but the Irish barrister was in former days too often an adventurer, trying to live upon society, by ministering either to its political passions, or the love of amusement. In our time, the profession has become tame, decorous, and conventional. There is nothing now in the life of the bar to dazzle with its glare. The profession has passed from one extreme to another ; as formerly there was not sufficient attention paid to law, and the mental powers were chiefly employed in the pursuit of eloquence, so now law alone too much engrosses the leading minds of the Irish bar. Literature and philosophy are sparingly cultivated in the profession.

It is said, indeed, that there is no time for attending to such pursuits, but look at the host of Scotch lawyers, who, besides attending to their profession, have made literary reputations.

Lord Kames was a philosopher and author, as well as a learned lawyer; Lord Jeffrey, edited the "Edinburgh Review," while engaged in heavy legal business. The English barristers find time to attend the House of Commons, and take an active part in its proceedings. The Dublin lawyers, forsooth, have no time for attending to anything except their profession! Sir Samuel Romilly had a larger practice than any one amongst them, and he found time to rouse the public mind, and reform the criminal laws. Mr. Brougham was in heavy practice while leader of the opposition. Sergeant Copley was famous in parliamentary debates, while he pursued his profession. Sir William Jones and Sir James Mackintosh obtained legal eminence, without relinquishing philosophic pursuits. The Dublin barristers, forsooth, have no leisure! Yet Daniel O'Connell, in the height of his professional practice, when he was making at least five thousand a-year, found time to organise a great association, carry on its political affairs, address the people of Ireland in speeches and letters, and make his name heard of through the world. Where did Kames, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Romilly, Brougham, and O'Connell, find their "time?" I will tell.

Those men wished to find spare time for pursuits beyond the narrow circle of their professional calling, and as they wished for it, so they found it. But the modern school of Irish barristers have no such extended views ; they are either plodders or idlers. There are few men amongst them of a high moral ambition. Of general history they are ignorant, and of the annals of their own country they have no special knowledge ; in that respect differing so much from their legal brethren in Edinburgh, many of whom are profoundly conversant with Scottish history.

One class amongst them is that of the mere lawyer—narrow, pedantic, and vulgar in his ideas ; the other is that of the gentleman-lawyer, careless, sauntering, and very pleasant at a dinner-table. Neither amongst the one class or the other can you find a body of men intent on doing anything for their country, anything for fame. When the plodders become rich, they go into parliament, and fail, making their limited acquirements a matter of public notoriety. The legal prodigy of the Four Courts becomes what an American would call “a parvity” in parliament. The saunterer, after leading the useless, showy, vulgar life of a Dublin dandy,

a miserable, second-hand copy of the lounger of Pall-mall, marries a prolific wife for her small fortune, and becomes the needy father of a large family. Money and pleasure are the main objects of ambition at the Irish bar.

The bar lives too much upon its former fame. Its Malones, Burghs, Currans, Plunkets, and Bushes, were doubtless men of extraordinary brilliancy and eloquence ; but in our generation something better might be done than to ring the changes on their celebrity. The past history of the bar, and a present review of it, show that our barristers are wanting in distinct moral purpose. Familiarity with Irish life, in all its variety, enables me to state that its defects are in no respects so prominent as in its want of calm moral purpose.*

* Having made these strictures, I must add, that in point of professional talent the Irish bar maintains its character. There is a great amount of legal talent and learning at the bar of Ireland. The leader of the Munster Circuit, Mr. Henn, has no superior, either as an advocate or a lawyer, at the bar of England. A great ornament of the junior bar, Mr. Deasy, sufficiently proves that a man may be most learned in the law, and yet at the same time deservedly obtain a reputation for profound acquirements in literature.

CHAPTER II.

DEAN KIRWAN—IRISH PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Pulpit and Forensic Oratory—Superiority of Political Eloquence in the British Islands—Its Causes—Dean Kirwan—Effects of his Eloquence—His Fine Delivery—Remark of Colley Cibber—Sermons of Kirwan—His Sentiments on Religion—Affecting Death-bed—*Coup de Theatre* in the Pulpit—President Kirwan's Sermon for an Orphan Asylum—Ludlow Tonson—Preaching to the Nerves—Singular Passage in the Life of Bishop and Baron Dunboyne—“Apostasy”—Reflections on Conformists—“Tom St. Lawrence”—His Versatile Genius—His Eloquence—Tale of the Widow and her Child—Muskerry Squire Silenced—Preparing for a Charity Sermon—Philosophy too much neglected in Ireland—Bishop Berkeley.

CRITICS have often discussed the question, why the eloquence of the pulpit is so inferior to that of the senate or the bar. They seem to have taken for granted, that the world has agreed on the inferiority of the eloquence of the divine. But I doubt whether, on a dispassionate survey of European literature, it could be decidedly pronounced that the advocates of religion have been inferior in eloquence to the apologists for faction, the accusers of cabinets, or the defenders of criminals. What names in the history of the French bar, or of the parliaments, surpass, or are equal to, those of Bourdaloue and Flechier,

of the gracefully copious and impassioned Massillon, or the soaring Bossuet? For any names in Italian history, famous for professional or political eloquence, it would be easy, in the proportion of four to one, to cite ecclesiastical orators of equal, if not surpassing powers. In despotic states, it would be vain to look for political eloquence, so that no comparison can be instituted between their politicians and divines.

It must, however, be admitted, that in the British Empire the eloquence of the senate and the bar has far excelled that of the church. Scotland may point to its Blair, its Alison, and Chalmers, but, as mere *orators*, as vigorous and effective masters of speech, surely they are not comparable to its Murrays, Erskines, and Broughams. So in England, where are we to look for divines, in the history of the last hundred-and-fifty years, who rival in oratory Bolingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and Canning?

The history of the Empire and the Church account for this superiority in eloquence of the laymen over the divines. The genius of the Presbyterian religion, and the cautious character of the Scotch, are not favorable to eloquence of

speech. The national religion is austere, and not favorable to sentimental emotion. Human nature, under its influence, does not exhibit that susceptibility which results from a religious training, where the feelings are more cultivated. In England, the Protestant religion is grave, decorous, and dignified. It is opposed to all wild enthusiasm; it dislikes the high-flown, and is averse to the impassioned. Fits of ecstasy, raptures, and holy fervours; taking heaven by storm; ardent aspirations, romantic vows—these are a class of feelings and ideas that English Protestantism does not either excite or encourage. Enthusiasm finds more congenial climes in the Dissenting creeds, or in Roman Catholicism. The illustrious divines of the seventeenth century—Taylor, Barrow, South, and others—do not properly come under the classification of orators. They were philosophers, moralists, controversial writers, profound thinkers, admirable scholars. They were giants in divinity; and while England has a Church and a literature, their names will stand, vying in fame with the very greatest of her sons. But, in the popular acceptance, they were not orators. In truth, they were better. Their discourses would not be of such value, if they had been composed

to catch the transient applause of excited congregations.

But in Ireland, the land famous for its eloquence, which has produced such a host of masters of speech who have won permanent applause, where are its pulpit orators? In answer to that question, we must look to the history of the country. Its civilization, in modern times, dates from 1688. The Catholic Church, during the eighteenth century, was oppressed, and it would be vain to have expected that it could have produced divines of celebrity. On the other hand it must be admitted, with feelings of pain, that the Establishment was not favorable to the growth of genius. There never was a Church with less of spirituality, than that of Ireland in the last century. There was no religious feeling abroad amongst Protestants. Political fanaticism, however, often usurped the sacred name of religion.

At the close of the last century, however, Ireland produced one pulpit orator, probably the greatest that this empire has ever seen. I allude to Dean Kirwan, the credit of whose reputation may be divided between the Catholic and Protestant Churches, for he belonged to each at different periods of his life. Reared in the reli-

gion of the first, he was educated for its ministry, to which he actually belonged for some years, and then conformed to the Establishment. All the accounts of this celebrated person agree as to the effects of his eloquence. "He came," says Grattan, "to break the repose of the pulpit." Many went to hear him, who on no other occasion ever visited a church. Guards were obliged to be stationed outside to keep off the eager crowds that thronged to hear him. The sums which he collected for charitable institutions were enormous.

The fame of this extraordinary orator is wholly traditional. If we turn to the sermons published in his name, we feel surprise at such discourses having produced strong sensations. The language and the sentiments are not remarkable for strength or pathos; and there is an absence of that varied richness of illustration one would expect to meet with in the discourses of a popular preacher. Yet it is very certain, that in modern times no pulpit orator ever approached him in power. He swayed the feelings, not merely of the crowd, but of the gifted and the intellectual. The first minds of the island owned the supremacy of his eloquence.

The truth is, that Kirwan was an incompara-

ble actor. He had all the physical qualities requisite for declaiming in public with effect. He had carefully studied the art of elocution, and was a perfect master of gesture. He should have been seen and heard, to obtain appreciation. He was a man of warm feelings, and had a nice discernment of moral beauty. When his heart was engaged in a cause, he felt strongly, and exhibited the workings of his emotion, so as to infect his auditors with similar feelings. What Colley Cibber gracefully says of Betterton, might be applied to Kirwan :

“Pity it is that the beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record—that the animated graces of the player (*or the preacher*), can live no longer than the instant breath or motion that presents them ; or, at best, can but faintly glimmer through the memory of a few surviving spectators.”

The late Lord Holland once asked Mr. Windham, what was the greatest speech he ever heard, and was answered by the orator, “ Sheridan’s Begum Speech.” On examining the printed remains of that oration, one can scarcely conceive how Mr. Windham could have assigned it such high excellence ; but the effects of She-

ridan's eloquence in Westminster Hall were too decisive, for any sceptic to doubt of the oratorical genius he displayed. In the same way, the fame of Kirwan can be estimated only by the effects he produced over those who heard him. As his reputation is now traditional, like that of Lord Chatham, some original anecdotes of him may be of value. I have known those who were intimately acquainted with him.

Kirwan preached what may be called the sentiments of natural religion. He appealed to the innate generosity of the heart, while dwelling on the miseries of the wretched, and the sadness of the orphan. He lived in times when Rousseau was universally read, and when there was abroad through the world a strong feeling of vague philanthropy. Universal charity—brotherly love—tenderness of sentiment—were the chief topics of his ardent and impassioned discourses. His views of theology might have been comprised in the lines of the poet :

‘ For modes of Faith let zealous bigots fight,
His can’t be wrong, whose life is in the right.’

Those who listened to him were moved, as by a Garrick in *King Lear*, or a Siddons in *Isabella*.

He acted Pity before their eyes, and congregations were seized with sentiments of compassion. Under feelings of excitement, numbers contributed watches, rings, and articles of jewellery. On one occasion in Dublin he collected the sum of twelve hundred pounds.

It is difficult to ascertain whether, during the greater part of his life, he had any decided conviction of the truth of the doctrinal part of the religion of the Church. He changed from one creed to another with indifference, and always avoided controversial topics in his discourses. I have it on good authority, that, in the latter part of his life, he was a firm believer in the truth of revelation, and that he adopted strictly scriptural views of religion. He was low in spirits as he drew near his death, and suffered much from general depression. A brother clergyman—a minister of the Established Church—tried to comfort him, reminding him of all the good he had done, by preaching so often and so powerfully in the cause of charity. “Ah! said the dying dean, those sermons were inspired only by human feelings—they were merely the blossoms of religious sentiment; but if I have now the least wish that my life should be prolonged, and that I should be allowed to return again into the world, it is

that I may be enabled to put forth, not merely the blossom or the flower, but to manifest the ripe and solid fruit of mature and deeply-felt conviction." These words he uttered with the most affecting solemnity, and no one could doubt but that they came from his heart.

On one occasion he had to preach for the Dublin Orphan Asylum. A vast crowd assembled to hear him. Great expectations were excited, and numbers eagerly desired to listen to the flow of his pathetic sentences, and watch his features, glowing with impassioned feeling. Amid the deepest silence he entered into the pulpit, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He remained seated for a considerable time. At last he rose, labouring under emotion, and essayed to speak, in vain. He buried his face in his handkerchief for a minute, and again appeared on the point of commencing his discourse. Turning towards the gallery where the orphan boys were seated, he pointed silently towards them, and looking imploringly to the assembled crowd, retired from the pulpit convulsed with tears. The effect was electric. The suddenness and novelty of such a *coup-de-theatre* powerfully excited the audience. Not one of his sermons was more effective.

“ He must,” said I to the reverend gentleman who told me these particulars—“ he must have been a consummate actor.”

“ Ay, sir !” was the reply, “ but he died a still more consummate Christian.”

An old English writer,* who has treated of pulpit eloquence, seems to have conceived strongly of what such a man as Kirwan might do in the pulpit :—

“ I see not,” says this old writer, “ but that divinity, put into apt significants, might ravish as well as poetry. We complain of drowsiness at a sermon, when a play of double length leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all with ourselves. *If we saw divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate* ; but it is too high to be personated by humanity. Things acted, too, possess us more, and are more attainable, than the passable tones of the tongue. At a sermon well dressed, what understanding can have a motive to sleep ? Divinity well ordered casts forth a bait which angles the soul into the ear ; and how can that close when such a guest sits in it. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that action was the chiefest part of an orator. He should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. I grieve that anything so excellent as divinity is, should fall into a sluttish handling. I will honour her in her plain trim ; but I will wish to meet her in her graceful jewels ; not that they give addition to her

* Owen Feltham.

goodness, but that she is more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with."

About eleven years since, I remember I was present at a sermon delivered in the city of Cork, when I beheld a rare instance of "divinity acted," to use the words of the writer just quoted.* The sermon was preached by Dr. Kirwan, then parish priest of Outerarde, in Galway, since then chosen by Sir Robert Peel, as Head of the New College for Connaught. President Kirwan is a kinsman of the late celebrated Dean of Killala. He is also related to him by intellectual ties, being probably the best popular preacher his Church possesses. On the occasion to which I refer, the sermon was for the Cork Orphan Asylum, and several Protestants were present. The discourse was vivid, and varied in matter; the delivery was admi-

* The present Bishop of Killaloe is a perfect master of the art of elocution. No living preacher or public speaker of these days approaches his artistic delivery. His talents for declaiming with effect, is said to be the result of the lessons of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. With his fine person and sonorous voice, a sermon comes from this worthy prelate with remarkable effect. To listen to his charity sermons, is an æsthetical enjoyment of a very high kind. His character is as great an ornament to society, as his eloquence is to the church. Sir Robert Peel publicly complimented the Melbourne Whigs, when they raised the Hon. Ludlow Tonson to the see of Killaloe.

rably effective—all the resources of the elocutionary art being skilfully used. I can never forget the effect produced on the congregation, by the following story, which was told with exquisite pathos. While dwelling on the advantages of a religious education, and the wretched lot of the forlorn orphan, he thus alluded to the fate of a motherless girl whom he had seen at Galway :—

“It was in the winter of a year more dreary and disastrous than this, that I was one night roused from my slumbers, to attend the bed of a dying Christian. My memory does not preserve the recollection of a night like that. A gloomy darkness was upon the earth, brightened at intervals by the lightning, and I heard nought, as I pursued my lonely way in that drear and ruinous old city, save the roll of the thunder, or theplash of the rain, which fell in torrents, as if Heaven, in its justice, had deemed fit for a second time to immerse in a deluge an impenitent world. With difficulty I reached my destination, and there I had the melancholy pleasure of soothing the last hour of one, who, having lived in self-denying virtue, found such a death-bed as the righteous alone can know. On my return home the storm raged with ten-fold violence, and one blast of wind, sweeping like a hurricane, compelled me to take temporary refuge in one of the covered ways in which that town abounds. And there, looking forth, with a subdued heart, I admired the awful sublimity of that Being who had unloosed the tempest, and who could still it by a word, when, as I stood buried in contemplation, *I thought I heard a cry!*

Here the preacher paused for a moment, and then resumed, speaking with slow and measured emphasis :—

“At first I thought it was that of a dog, whom some unfeeling master had turned from his door; and I said to myself, ‘Cold, indeed, must be that heart which would turn even a dog from shelter on a night like this! But I listened again, and I heard sounds like those of anguish!

“With difficulty I procured light and assistance, and, advancing up the alley, I beheld—oh, God! that sight will haunt me to the grave! I beheld a human being—that being a woman; her limbs, covered with scant rags, shivered in the night-blast, as her body lay in the channel, and dammed up the foul and fetid waters that then were swollen with the rain!

“A glance at her face, and I saw that she was dying. I hastened to perform for her the duties of a clergyman. I spoke to her of religion and its mysteries, and she answered with a smile—oh! such a smile of scorn, mingled with despair. I spoke to her of a merciful Saviour dying for the sins of man, suffering even for her; and drawing from my bosom the symbol of our salvation, I held before her eyes the image of Christ upon the cross; but she pushed it from her with rude and savage violence. I spoke to her of Magdalen—the abandoned, but penitent and forgiven Magdalen—and one single tear, issuing from that stony heart, trickled down her furrowed cheek! I spoke to her of forgiveness; and I told her that as she hoped for mercy, so that she must forgive *him* who had practised on her innocence—*him* who had led her into the ways of shame—*him* who had led her there to die an outcast and forlorn! With

all the zeal I could muster, I urged upon her to perform this act of virtue from her heart ; but collecting her failing strength, with a convulsive effort raising herself up, she shrieked aloud, in tones that rose above the storm—‘ Forgive him ! Never !—never ! May God’s eternal vengeance blast him into hell !’ and with curses on her lips she fell back dead.”

A dramatic anecdote of the kind, pathetically narrated, always moves a congregation. I seldom saw an assembly more moved than on the occasion when the above story was told, with pathos of manner, and with all the variety of gesture and tone requisite for oratorical effect. The story in itself was well calculated to move a popular audience. The preface, describing the storm, and the clergyman going to the death-bed of a Christian, whose end was peace. Then the tempest arresting the return homewards—the human moaning mistaken for a dog’s howl—the poor child of shame seen in her last agony ; her mockery of religion—her heart softened at the idea of Magdalen—her hatred, strong in death, of her heartless seducer : here is a singular variety of affecting ideas brought together in a small compass. It may, indeed, be questioned by some persons, whether such preaching to the nerves can be permanently useful ; but let it be considered that a vast number who visit churches

and chapels are not readers of religious works, or, indeed, of literature in any shape. Upon all such persons, who still constitute the majority, whether Protestants or Catholics, the eloquence of Barrow and of Bourdaloue, of Jeremy Taylor, Fenelon, Hall, and Bossuet, is of no avail. The Church and the Constitution should alike have their living advocates, to quicken and diffuse the sentiments of religion and liberty. It would fare ill with the Constitution, if it were trusting only to its dead Hampdens and defunct Chathams. No!—a host of men endowed with public zeal, and ambitious of historic fame—Russell, and Peel, and Stanley, continue the noble order of the great public men of England. So it should be with our Churchmen. They should not point to bound Barrows in their library, or the voluminous tomes of Bossuet on their shelves: they should rather furnish the world with zealous and ardent utterers of sacred truth—men moved by holy zeal, and inspired by “the love of that which is old, yet ever new.”

But to return to Dean Kirwan. In the year 1784, Dr. Nihill was consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilfenora. There were present at the ceremony the Roman Catholic Bishop of

Cork, Dr. Butler, and Father Walter Kirwan, as he was then called, a Franciscan friar. Bishop Butler was a man of noble descent, a scion of the family of Dunboyne, a branch of the great House of Ormonde. By the unexpected death of some relations, the peerage of Dunboyne came to Dr. Butler. Thus he was Catholic Bishop of Cork and Baron Dunboyne. He saw himself nearly the last of his family : in case of his dying without issue, the peerage was to descend on those who were remotely connected with him, the next successor being separated in the genealogical line by no less an interval than that of a hundred-and-forty years. Lord Dunboyne had all the feelings of an aristocrat ; he did not like to see his branch of the family expire, and the honours descend in the collateral line. He applied to the Court of Rome for permission to marry ; his request was scouted with contempt. Then ensued a struggle in his mind. After much hesitation he resolved to conform to the Established Church. He married, but was disappointed in the hope of having children. He then resolved to return to his old Church. The last years of his life he spent at Maynooth, to which he bequeathed the sum of £10,000. His will was contested by

his heirs, who contended that it was rendered null and void by his relapse to Catholicism. The suit was long pursued, but though there was no doubt about the fact, the legal proofs could not be obtained. His confessor, by name Gahan, an Augustinian friar, defied all the threats of Lord Clare, and refused to answer in what faith Lord Dunboyne had died. “I am ready to bear all,” said he, “but I will declare nothing.” A compromise subsequently took place between the President of Maynooth and the next of kin.

At the consecration of the Catholic Bishop, Dr. Nihill, the sermon was preached by Walter Kirwan, afterwards Protestant Dean of Killala. The preacher chose for his topic, “Apostacy!” Dr. Butler, then Bishop of Cork, was present. The sermon was eloquent and striking ; it pleased the assembled clergy. It was delivered in 1784, and in 1787, the preacher himself conformed to the Established Church, and about the same period Bishop Butler entered into the bonds of matrimony. But the conformists were of a very different character. Butler was a stupid man, blind of an eye, with a sinister countenance. Kirwan was commanding and intellectual in appearance. It is said that his

object was to obtain a greater range for his talents, and to obtain a more splendid theatre for his eloquence ; but it is very easy to assign causes after an event. No stain rests on the character of Kirwan ; and it is altogether unfair to impute his conformity to selfish motives.

The world, in most cases, judges too harshly those who change their religious creed. The mass of the vulgar, whether Catholic or Protestant, brand as apostates those who desert their favourite creeds. I can easily conceive a vulgar and grovelling person replying, on being asked to define an apostate—“ The man who changes from my religion to yours, is a base renegade, and a malignant apostate ; but the man who changes from your religion to mine, is a sincere convert.” In a country like Ireland, where there has been so much religious bitterness, people are too prone to impute unworthy motives to those who change their forms of faith. The readiness of men to impute bad motives is the bitterest of satires on themselves. When I hear a man railing in a vulgar strain against some conformist, whether to Catholicity or to Protestantism, I generally determine within my mind that the railer is himself influenced by all the

mean and paltry motives he so readily imputes to others. Mankind will differ to the end of time about religion and politics ; and he who supposes that his fellow-man cannot honestly choose one form of faith or government in preference to another, must either have a heart malignant and mean, or an intellect despicably small. The barren formalist, callous and consistent, too often censures the changes of minds whose vigorous impulses or intellectual aspirations he has neither the power to appreciate, nor the heart to sympathise with.

In times more recent, the Protestant Church in Ireland possessed a pulpit-orator of very great powers, whose fame only “glimmers through the memory of his surviving hearers.” I allude to the late Thomas St. Lawrence, Rector of Moviddy, in the diocese of Cork—a man of eccentric habits and character, but of very remarkable genius. He was the son of Bishop St. Lawrence, and grandson of the late Earl of Howth. Ill-suited by character for a clergyman, he implored his father to give him any profession in preference to the Church ; but his father unwisely refused. St. Lawrence reluctantly received holy orders, and, careless in his habits, entered upon the life of a clergyman. He

soon distinguished himself by the singular ability of his mind; and in social intercourse, as well as in the pulpit, attracted much observation.

He was a fine specimen of Irish genius of the higher kind. With all the vivacity and brilliancy peculiar to most Irishmen of talent, he possessed a metaphysical subtlety, and capacity for severe thinking, not often to be found in conjunction with an ardent and impulsive nature. His mental powers were large in their separate faculties, and very varied. Wit and humour—eloquence, alternately pathetic, persuasive, and commanding—reasoning capacity for detecting sophistry, or demonstrating obscure truths—language racy and vigorous—and an unlaboured style, emphatically masculine,—by all these was the gifted St. Lawrence made conspicuous amongst the clergy. But those great qualities were marred by blemishes, which disfigured the otherwise noble picture he presented to the observing mind; for his temperament vibrated with the impulses of passion, and all the wild fervors of genius swept without control over his susceptible nature. Devoid of vulgar prudence, he often presented the spectacle of a lofty mind, tortured and wearied by those

difficulties which have too often crushed men of genius. He would, then, like a genuine Irishman, seek refuge from his worldly plagues and vexations, by plunging into courses which supplied a vent for his love of amusement, or gave relief to his jaded spirits. Then he would repent of his laxity and worldly mind, and return to study and reflection, into which he would plunge with ardour, until an impulse to the gaieties of life overmastered him.

“ Oft when his spirit would spread its golden wings,
 In mind to mount up to the purer sky ;
It was weighed down with thought of earthly things,
 And clogged with burden of mortality !”

Thus it was through his wayward existence—a willing spirit in weak flesh !

His style, subtle and spontaneous, argumentative, yet popular, was peculiar and original. Without resorting to the vulgar terrorism of the pulpit, he overawed his hearers with the awful ideas of religion. With his close and pressing argument, he confuted the scepticism of the understanding ; and with the vivid flashes of his imaginative mind, he dazzled and delighted the mixed assembly, who hung upon his words. Soaring to the heights of specula-

tion, he astonished by the vigour of his intellect ; and now sinking to the sympathies of the feeble, he would bring tears by the simplicity of his pathos. Modern monotony, and conventional regularity, did not weigh down his elastic nature. There was a freshness of spirit, a freedom from routine, and a bold contempt for the cant of criticism, which stamped on the effusions of St. Lawrence the marks of genuine power. Nor was his manner regulated by any adherence to a favourite standard ; he varied his style with his mood, and one day unravelled the maze of a learned controversy, and on the next electrified the feelings with the magic force of his appeals.

On one occasion, he rode in from his country parish, to preach a sermon at Christ Church in Cork. Many went to hear him, expecting a display. He had chanced, while riding in, to have met with a poor widow, who was begging for a wretched child. The case was one of real distress, and at once enlisted the sympathies of St. Lawrence, who was sensitive to a fault ; for he was a man who would at any time have taken the coat from his back, if he had no other means of relieving the wretched. St. Lawrence was struck with the details of the widow's story,

and resolved to introduce it into the sermon which he was to preach on that day. The poor woman had so delayed his progress, that he was nearly late for the service, and he had to gallop to be in time. Long after prayers had commenced, he entered church, spattered up to his shoulders, his boots encrusted with mud. Hastily casting off his riding-coat, he put on the clerical gown, and ascended the pulpit. He looked around the church, and beheld a crowded congregation ; he recognised many provincial fashionables, and saw that several of “the great vulgar” had come to hear him, as to a play-house. The galleries around rustled with silk and satin, and his quick eye at once discerned many flaunting flirts and scandal-loving dowagers, and over-dressed old maids, addicted to finery, small-talk, and card-playing. Nor were there wanting blooming maidens—the flower of the far-famed beauties of Cork—blushing, as they by chance met the gaze of admirers, who came to church for other purposes than prayer. In truth, a fashionable charity-preacher collects a congregation of a very motley kind, animated with a singular variety of ideas. Seated in his pulpit, St. Lawrence glanced around the crowd ; his sense of the ridiculous strove with his feel-

ings of religion, and he arose to preach, half uncertain whether he should pursue the topics he had intended to descant on. He began with a part of what he had originally intended to say, but soon breaking from his notes, he launched into a commentary on the crowd before him, and dissected the aggregate character of the congregation with searching minuteness. From a picture powerfully drawn of the vanities of life, he turned to the case of the widow and orphan, whom he had met that day, and told their story with the pathos of a Sterne. Few were the dry eyes, as St. Lawrence harrowed the hearts of his hearers with the tale of suffering. In the gallery, close to the pulpit, several ladies sobbed audibly, and many sought in vain to stifle the signs of their emotions. The fashionables lost their well-bred *retenue*, and were surprised into feeling. St. Lawrence suddenly turned round, and addressing himself directly to the gallery, into which the fine ladies were crowded, burst forth—“Ah! you weep; give me but one item of that frippery *with which you disfigure yourselves into the fashion*, and I will hush the wail of that widow, and dry up the tears of that orphan!”

In society, and in the pulpit, he was remarkable for the concentrated force of his language. On one occasion he found himself in company with a violent Orangeman, who, to the hereditary prejudice of a Muskerry squire, added a fanatical bitterness entirely his own. Now, St. Lawrence was a very liberal politician—a Whig of Grattan's school. The conversation turning upon politics, a warm argument took place. The squire lost his temper; he was a very bloated and highly-fed specimen of a Muskerry fox-hunter; when in a passion, he spluttered forth his sentences with a fury that alarmed weak nerves, and with an absence of thought that amused persons of education. Turning upon St. Lawrence, he told him that he was no better than a Papist, and attacked his character with a coarse virulence, and with a rancorous ferocity, that alarmed the company lest he should proceed to blows. “And now,” cried he, bellowing, “what have you to say in reply?” The company turned to St. Lawrence—“Gentlemen,” said St. Lawrence, “to the speech which you have heard, I will say nothing. Who could reply to such an *abortion of a thunder-storm!*”

He was once appointed to preach a charity

sermon, at a well-known church in Dublin, on behalf of a popular institution. It was the first time he had ever preached in the metropolis, and amongst the clergy generally there was considerable anxiety to hear him. His friends were most anxious that he should appear to advantage, and that he should justify the reports which had preceded him from the south of Ireland. He was himself desirous to sustain his reputation, but took no uncommon pains about the matter, leaving it to the last to prepare his sermon. He arrived in Dublin two days before the time appointed for the sermon, and intended to spend the interval in preparation ; but St. Lawrence's practice very often differed from his resolutions. Instead of passing the intervening days in study, he spent them in company ; and joined a gay party—a *very* gay one—on the Saturday evening before the appointed day. It was precisely such a party as St. Lawrence rejoiced in. Gentlemen of “the old school” were there, with droll tales of other times ; wits were there, with buoyant spirits ; jolly old college companions, and jovial blades. The mirth was great, and the jest passed with the wine-cup, and several of the small hours had chimed before the revellers

broke up. One of the company really felt for St. Lawrence, and feared, not unreasonably, that he would belie all the hopes entertained of him in the pulpit. He called upon St. Lawrence the next day, and found him at a late breakfast. The visitor told St. Lawrence how the rest of the company had concluded the night, after he had left them. It seems that they had adjourned to a gambling-house, and that one of the parties, Major —, had been fleeced ! At this St. Lawrence was much distressed, and he expressed real compunction for the way he had spent the night. He then begged to be left alone ; and at the appointed hour St. Lawrence entered the pulpit, sad, weary, and depressed. He saw that the congregation expected a good sermon, and he recognised many a distinguished member of Trinity College, and many an old friend amongst the crowd. But what was his amazement at beholding four of his fellow-revellers of the previous night, seated side by side in a pew near the pulpit ! The sight at once aroused his mind, and supplied him with a topic. St. Lawrence on that day preached from his heart, and gave eloquent utterance to the feelings of compunction and sorrow, which he felt to the core. He painted,

in the most striking colours, the ruin and misery occasioned by loss of time, by opportunities wasted, and by great talents misapplied to trifles. He struck at the vice of gaming—a vice which at all times has been prevalent in Dublin ; he then described the very scene which he had witnessed the previous night, and adding the fact of the withdrawal to the gaming-table (of which he had been informed previously), asked how could such persons expect to meet the judgment of the living God ? Roused by the subject, he continued to speak with earnest force ; and the picture of the ruined gambler, led to ruin by idleness and the craving for excitement, moved the major even to tears. “ Ah ! ” said St. Lawrence, afterwards, when some of his friends were congratulating him on the eloquence he had displayed, “ I was at first very nervous ; the sight of so many of the big-wigs of the university dispirited me, but when I saw old Jack —— shed tears, I knew that I had done well.” In truth, the presence of his fellow-revellers had saved him from failure. He confessed afterwards that he should have utterly failed, but for the train of ideas suggested by their presence.

St. Lawrence had no ambition ; he cared not

to labour for fame, and with every requisite for shining as an intellectual divine, he passed his life in deliberate obscurity. His private character was that of a man amiable to a fault. With the peasantry of his neighbourhood he was a great favourite ; whenever he went fishing, many of “the boys” would seek his society, for the privilege of conversing with “Master Tom,” as he was called. He was a man of great humour and drollery, and the dialogues which on these occasions took place between St. Lawrence and his rustic companions, were incomparable in their way. He was idolized by many of his poor Catholic neighbours ; and what greater tribute could be paid to the character of this amiable man, than the fact that he was paid all his tithes during the anti-tithe movement ?

It is a pity that the leading men of the Establishment have not more of a distinct moral purpose in their lives. They should not allow their ambition to be provincialised, and they should not sink to a level with the driftless and irresolute society around them. The mind of Ireland wants expansion ; it ought to aspire nobly, and gloriously vindicate the country’s moral character. The Irish Church should put forth

more candidates for fame in general literature, in moral philosophy and history. The study of ethics was greatly neglected in former times at Trinity College ; mathematics and classics were the principal objects of study ; and it was not until the time of the late excellent Provost Lloyd that ethics obtained a prominent place in the collegiate course. Irish genius, in its abundant manifestation, has been obnoxious to the charge of being external, and merely illustrative. I am inclined to think that it would have shown far more depth, and produced more works of utility, if moral philosophy had been properly cultivated at Trinity College. In recent years, the study of ethics has formed a chief branch of study there, and the effects on the students are already discernible in increased love of reading and reflection, in the study of foreign literature, and in the incipient taste for the study of Ireland's history. It is thus to be hoped that in future times there will be few instances to record like that of St. Lawrence—a man gifted with splendid powers, and deliberately permitting them to rust, because at the early period of his life he had not been moulded by judicious education to live for a moral purpose.

I may add, that a Protestant clergyman in Ireland ought more strenuously to keep a moral purpose constantly before his eyes, because in many instances his time is not half occupied. The duties devolving on the Catholic clergymen are so onerous, from the number of their congregations, and from the nature of their ecclesiastical ordinances, that a Catholic pastor has quite enough to think of, in discharging his parochial duties. A greater model could not be furnished by any church than the illustrious Berkeley. History assigns him the justly-earned honours due to a true patriot, a profound philosopher, and an admirable Christian. He was the Irish Plato; and cold must be the heart, and muddy the understanding, of that Irish scholar, whose feelings are not warmed, and whose intellect is not exalted, by the perusal of the beautiful works of that ornament to the literature of Ireland. His “*Minute Philosopher*” is the very best antidote against the effect of infidel literature. Burke evidently had every page of it familiar to his mind. Professor Smith* points out how deeply Burke was indebted to the moral philosophers of the last

* “*Lectures on the French Revolution.*”

century, especially to Adam Smith, but, in my opinion, to none of them was he more indebted than to Berkeley. His strictures on the French philosophy are, in some respects, continuations of ideas started by the Bishop of Cloyne. But I will treat of this topic elsewhere.

CHAPTER III.

ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

“—— Truth is strange—
Stranger than fiction.”—BYRON.

Want of a Walpole for Irish History—Lord Dover and the Earl of Rosse—Destruction of Family Papers—Lord — and his Kite—History of the Seventeenth Century—The Family of King—Mary Wolstonecroft—Colonel Fitzgerald—Disappearance of Miss King—Search for Her—Singular Clue to Her Discovery—Surprise of Colonel Fitzgerald—Extraordinary Duel—Scene at it in Hyde Park—Mitchelstown Castle—The Disguise—The Pursuit of the Stranger—A Tragic Result—Remarks—Trial in the House of Lords—The Irish Peers—Curious Ceremony—Lord Clare’s Speech—Romantic and Happy Termination of Miss King’s Adventures.

It is a pity, for the sake of history, that our Irish aristocracy never numbered in its order any Horace Walpoles, or Lady Wortley Montagues. From the want of lively memoirs and entertaining letters, our annals are uninteresting, and the political histories of Ireland are notoriously the dullest of books. Yet the private histories of many of our leading families abound in curious and romantic incidents. An Irish Walpole would have composed a fascinating volume out of memoirs of the Irish peerage. There have been bold and grand characters unappreciated;

spirited actors in society left unnoticed, and generous patriots unlamented. There has been abundance of literary talent to record some of the prominent events in our annals ; but our writers have been chiefly of a professional kind. They have been authors by profession, admitted only by courtesy to know what was passing in the higher circles. Few Irishmen of fashion have soiled their fingers with printers' ink. Always ready to talk, the Irish gentleman does not show an equal propensity to write.

The late Lord Dover might have executed some interesting works, illustrating the social history of our nobility and leading commoners. He was a man of fine taste and accomplishments, and possessed some Irish feelings. The late Earl of Rosse—the “Sir Lawrence Parsons” of the Irish Parliament—could have still more ably executed a historical work on our great families. More than any of his contemporaries, he was informed upon the political history of the country. His knowledge of persons was most extensive, and his supply of curious original anecdotes was exhaustless. His mind was of a very high order. The mental and moral powers were blended in that excellent nobleman ; his

intellect was to be respected ; his character to be admired.

Not to speak of the Fitzgeralds, De Burghs, O'Briens, and others of the chief houses, the family histories of the Moores, the Parsons, the Caulfields, the Rochfords (Earls of Belvedere, *extinct*), the St. Lawrences, and many other of the Anglo-Irish houses, would afford abundant matter worthy of record. But the special knowledge required for such a task is wanted. Our great families dislike opening their papers to inspection, and it is very remarkable that few of our Irish nobles possess any family papers of importance. There has never existed a taste in Ireland for preserving papers. In this respect, our Anglo-Irish nobility differ very much from the peers of England and Scotland. I was once told by a living distinguished peer, the representative of an Elizabethan family, that he remembered a room full of family papers at his grandfather's seat. Amongst them were the correspondence and letters of a celebrated Irish lawyer of the seventeenth century, one of the ancestors of the family, and very eminent in history. "But," said Lord —, "my brother and I made kites of them. I perfectly well remember that, when

we were schoolboys, we tore up the judge's letters." Similar instances of destruction could be told. This paucity of family papers is a great loss to the historian. The spirit of Irish society at different periods has not been preserved in any literary works. And it is vain to seek for it in acts of parliament, political essays, and declamatory speeches.*

For example, the history of the seventeenth century in Ireland presents a fertile field of incident, and a remarkable course of events, diversified with striking episodes. Great characters are not absent from the time. Cromwell

* The Roche MSS. have been recently deposited in the British Museum, and will repay examination. The eminent family of Crosbie, of Ardfert, possesses very valuable papers; and the representative of that branch of the Fitzgeralds, known as "The Seneschals of Imokilly," has preserved some very curious papers of his far-descended house. The families of Coppinger of Barryscourt; of Coppinger of Carhue, and of Ronayne Sarsfield, have interesting documents concerning their forefathers. I was recently shewn, by a learned genealogist, curious extracts which he had himself made from some of the above-named collections; and on my suggesting their publication, he put the significant question, "Pray who would buy them?" It is too true that we have no large class in Ireland, who can afford to buy works of an antiquarian character, and the English public cannot be much interested in works of a purely local nature. The brother of a lamented Irish patriot has an invaluable collection of the genealogies of nearly all the eminent families in Munster, calculated to throw light on Irish history. It is to be hoped that they will be given to the public.

and Ormonde, King William, Owen O'Niel, and Roger Moore, were actors of no ordinary political power. The events which took place were pregnant with great consequences ; and yet the histories of that century are not pleasing or life-like. They all want personal details. The civil wars in Ireland have had no Clarendon or May. The stirring struggles that took place in Munster, in the war of 1641, have had no worthy chronicler. We see the families still surviving on the soil, whose founders played such prominent parts. At Doneraile, we see the family of President St. Leger still represented by the viscount who takes his title from the town. At Mallow Castle, we find the heirs of Sir Thomas Norreys. The Boyles still dwell at Castle Martyr, the domains of the house of Inchiquin have not yet been alienated from the hands of the O'Bryens. Beneath the Galtees, the proud castle of the Kings rises over the lands won by the sword of their Cromwellian ancestor. The elder branch of the family of Clarendon are still represented by the Hydes of Castle Hyde, descended from that Sir Arthur Hyde who had obtained a share of the broad lands of the Earl of Desmond.

The representatives of the race of the con-

querors still survive in power ; but there is no history of them. How strikingly different from the case of England and Scotland ! The private annals of those great Irish families, from the time of the Revolution, would be the best possible picture of the country during the time. Their memoirs, if faithfully recorded, would be no less entertaining than instructive.

A most romantic piece of true private history may be found in the family of King.

The house of King, as may be seen by any one who consults “*Lodge’s Peerage*,” is very widely connected. Its members had, at various periods, made fortunate marriages, and towards the end of the last century the family occupied a very high place in English as well as Irish aristocratic society. The first Earl of Kingston [1768] resided at Mitchelstown, close to the towering Galtees, dwelling upon the demesne-lands obtained by his ancestor, on marriage with the daughter of Sir William Fenton.

The eldest son of the first earl was Robert, Viscount Kingsborough,* who was born in 1754. He represented the county of Cork in parliament. In 1769, he married Caroline, only

* The present earl is his grandson.

daughter and heiress of Richard Fitzgerald, of Mount Ophaly, in Kildare. Miss Fitzgerald was cousin to Lord Kingsborough, her mother being daughter and heiress of James Lord Baron Kingston. By their marriage the family estates were re-united. It will be observed, that the age of the noble bridegroom was fifteen, and the bride was some years younger.

Lady Kingsborough had a brother, who died without legitimate issue. He left, however, an illegitimate son, Henry Gerard Fitzgerald, who was reared up by Lady Kingsborough with the greatest kindness. She brought him up with her own family. Young Fitzgerald was handsome, and distinguished in appearance, tall in stature, and endowed with courage and vigour. His passions were strong, and his temper arrogant and haughty. He was sent into the army, in which, aided by influence, he rapidly rose to the rank of Colonel.

Lord and Lady Kingsborough had a very numerous family. More for the education of her daughter than for the pleasures of fashionable life, Lady Kingsborough lived the greater part of the year in the neighbourhood of London. She employed various masters and governesses in the education of her daughter.

Amongst her governesses was no less celebrated a person than Mary Wolstonecroft, afterwards Mrs. Godwin. And amongst the daughters entrusted to her care was one of the younger, the Hon. Mary King.*

This young lady possessed a graceful figure, with a soft and pleasing air. Her features, without being beautiful, were striking ; her countenance was artless ; her appearance was rendered more remarkable by the extreme length and great beauty of her hair, of which she had an extraordinary profusion. In fact, she was not ill qualified, by personal appearance, for the part of a heroine—and her's is a singular tale.

Colonel Fitzgerald resided with his wife, a very beautiful woman, at Bishopsgate, up the Thames. He was constantly in the company of Miss King, whose affections he succeeded in completely gaining, without exciting any suspicion in the minds of her family. Strangers, however, noticed the attention which he paid her. It was said that his designs upon Miss King were talked of amongst the musical per-

* Another governess in this family was the learned Miss Elizabeth Smith.—See her Life, and extracts from her correspondence in “Memoirs of Literary Women.”

formers hired for the balls and parties frequented by the family. But the fact of Colonel Fitzgerald being a married man, and his connexion with their family, blinded the household of Lord and Lady Kingsborough, and lulled all suspicions.

In the summer of 1797, Miss King suddenly disappeared. The family were struck with consternation, when the contents of a note left upon her dressing-table were made known. It was there stated, in her own handwriting, that she was about to throw herself into the Thames ! A search was made. For two or three days the servants of Lord Kingsborough dragged the river near the house. Her bonnet and shawl were found upon the bank. The worst fears of the family respecting the suicide, as they conceived, seemed realized.

But there were some private circumstances which made her father alone, of all the family, disbelieve the notion that she had committed suicide. Vague suspicions of the nature of the case passed through his mind. The result of personal inquiries confirmed him in his idea, that his daughter was still alive. A postboy informed him of a curious fact. While taking a gentleman in a post-chaise to London, he saw

a young lady walking by herself upon the road. Her manner and appearance attracted his notice. The gentleman desired him to stop. A seat was offered to the young lady, who accepted it without any hesitation. When they arrived in town, the lady went away in company with the gentleman.

On comparing facts and dates, Lord Kingsborough felt certain that the young lady seen by the postboy was his own daughter. He easily divined that she had eloped. But in company with whom? That question now became the subject of inquiry. He resolved to endeavour to gain tidings of her. Advertisements and placards were posted all over London, offering a reward for any intelligence respecting her.

It was suggested by some, that Colonel Fitzgerald was accessory to her elopement; but the Colonel denied the charge indignantly. He counterfeited the part of an innocent man with the greatest skill. No one could divine by his manner that he knew aught concerning the mysterious disappearance of Miss King. He affected to know nothing whatever of her, and even went so far as to pretend to assist the family in their researches. Day after day he

used to go to Lord Kingsborough, and inquire with eagerness whether any intelligence had been received. And he would then sit in consultation with the family and friends, listening to the vain regrets of the afflicted parents, and the fruitless suggestions of their grieved relatives.

The case attracted great attention. Though at that period public events occupied more attention than at present, and though the French Revolution and its horrors had satiated the lovers of the wonderful with the romance of life, still the fact of a nobleman's daughter suddenly disappearing, and the variety of strange reports in circulation respecting her, arrested the public notice. The subject was discussed at every dinner-table in the metropolis.

The way in which news was first received of Miss King was very strange. One day a servant-girl waited upon Lady Kingsborough, and said that she thought she could give some information. It seemed that she was servant at a lodging-house in Clayton-street, Kennington. About the time of Miss King's disappearance, a young lady had been brought by a gentleman to the lodging-house. He visited her constantly ; the servant described her as being very hand-

some, and as having had a great profusion of hair. The girl had read the advertisements offering a reward for intelligence, and the statement of Miss King having remarkably long hair, caught her notice ; her suspicions were immediately excited, when, on going into the fair lodger's room one day, she found the young lady in the act of cutting off her hair. The servant remarked what handsome hair it was, and resolved to give information.

While she was in the act of detailing her intelligence to the Kingsborough family, the door of the apartment opened, and in walked Colonel Fitzgerald, to pay his usual visit of affected sympathy ! He suspected nothing, not noticing the servant. The girl, however, suddenly exclaimed, “ Why, there's the very gentleman who visits the young lady ! ” pointing to the colonel. The bystanders were amazed ; Fitzgerald himself was confounded at the suddenness of his detection ; his habitual presence of mind deserting him, he literally *ran* from the apartment.

When his villainy was thus discovered, the indignation of the King family knew no bounds. The hypocrisy he had displayed added to the atrocity of his conduct in the seduction of Miss

King. To have seized upon a young and inexperienced girl, would have been bad conduct in any man, but the conduct of Colonel Fitzgerald was indelibly blackened by the perfidy he had exhibited towards a noble family that had always treated him with the utmost liberality. He, to have decoyed Miss King ; he, who had been brought up at her father's table—who had lived on terms of equality in the house—whose unhappy birth had been generously overlooked by Lady Kingsborough—he, the creature of the bounty and munificence of Lord and Lady Kingsborough—to have been guilty of such fiendish ingratitude, was wickedness both enormous and revolting !

Colonel King (now Lord Lorton) sought Fitzgerald, to have a hostile meeting with him. The colonel chose for his second Major Wood, of Ashford ; but Fitzgerald frankly told Major Wood, that in consequence of the odium thrown upon his character, it was probable that he could find no second. On Sunday morning, the 1st of October, 1797, according to an arranged plan, the parties met near the Magazine in Hyde Park. Colonel Fitzgerald was previously met near Grosvenor-gate, unaccompanied by any friend. He said on the previous

day, that he was so sensible of Major Wood's honour, that he was perfectly ready to meet Colonel King without a second. On meeting him again the next morning, in the Park, Major Wood asked him where was his second, and Fitzgerald replied that he could not find one, professing at the same time his readiness to meet Colonel King. The surgeon, brought to the ground by Fitzgerald, was then applied to, but he refused, saying, however, that he would remain in view. Colonel King was, in the meanwhile, most anxious that nothing should stop the business. Major Wood determined that everything should be conducted as fairly as possible. The parties were placed at ten short paces distant from each other ; this distance was thought too short by Major Wood, but he himself stated* that he hoped, after the first fire, Fitzgerald would throw himself on Colonel King's humanity. His conduct was the reverse ; the parties exchanged no fewer than six shots with each other ! The fact of their having repeatedly missed each other, can only be accounted for by their excitement ; for Major Wood has recorded his opinion, that Fitzgerald "seemed bent on blood." After the

* "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1797, p. 1121.

fourth shot, Fitzgerald said something about Major Wood's giving him advice "as a friend." The major replied that though he was no friend to Fitzgerald, he was a friend to humanity; and that, if after what passed, Fitzgerald had firmness enough to acknowledge to Colonel King that he was the vilest of human beings, and bear without reply any language from Colonel King, however harsh, that then the affair might come to a conclusion. He consented to acknowledge that he had acted wrong, but not going further in his condemnation, it was resolved that the duel should proceed. He then attempted to address Colonel King, who peremptorily prevented him, saying, "that he (Fitzgerald) was a d—d villain, and that he would not listen to anything he had to offer." Thus, after the fourth shot, they proceeded to fire twice again at each other! Colonel Fitzgerald's powder and ball were then expended, and he requested to be allowed one of Colonel King's pistols. Major Wood, however, refused to allow this request to be granted, though Colonel King eagerly pressed the major to allow it. The parties, therefore, separated, Colonel Fitzgerald having first agreed to meet Colonel King at the same hour and place upon the fol-

lowing morning. Both the colonels, however, were put under arrest ~~that~~ day.

Meantime Miss King had been removed to Ireland ; she was taken to the family residence at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. In our days a noble castle has been erected there, often visited by travellers, forming, in itself, one of the ornaments of the South of Ireland. The demesne, through which the river Funcheon winds, runs at the foot of the Galtees ; its surface is diversified, and the scenery is romantic. The chain of the Galtees rises very precipitately from the base, and the towering hills add much to the beauty of the landscape. Fifty years since, the Mitchelstown demesne was extremely well wooded, but within recent times the old timber has been cut down. In this secluded scene, her friends hoped that Miss King might rest secure ; but their hopes were to be disappointed.

Colonel Fitzgerald, stung by mortification, and infatuated with passion, followed Miss King to Ireland, determined to get her again into his power. When Miss King had been removed to Ireland, she was accompanied by a servant-maid, who was in the colonel's interest. The maid's real character was discovered, and

she was immediately dismissed from the service of Lord Kingsborough ; but she managed, before leaving, to place herself in communication with Colonel Fitzgerald.

At that time, the inn at Mitchelstown was kept by a person named Barry, an old retainer of the Kings. Fitzgerald, in disguise, came to Barry's house, and staid there for a day or two ; he did not go out by day, but prowled about at night. His motions were watched by Barry, whose suspicions were awakened, and who conjectured that the stranger, as he believed him to be, had no good intentions. Lord Kingsborough was not at that time at Mitchelstown Castle ; he was absent from home on public business, but his presence was expected at an inspection of yeomanry and militia, which was to take place at Fermoy. Thither, accordingly, Barry repaired, and met with Lord Kingsborough, as he expected. He gave his intelligence ; and Lord Kingsborough's notion was, that the mysterious stranger must have been an emissary of Colonel Fitzgerald. Supposing that some new plot was hatching, he lost no time in going to Mitchelstown, and drove eagerly to the inn, where he learned that the stranger had departed that morning in a

post-chaise. He learned from the post-boy who drove him, that the strange gentleman had stopped at the Kilworth hotel.

Lord Kingsborough, burning with anxiety, retraced his course, and, accompanied by Colonel King, arrived at the Kilworth hotel in the evening. He immediately asked whether a strange guest had come there that day, and he learned that the person of whom he was in pursuit was then in the house. Believing firmly that the person was a stranger, never supposing that Colonel Fitzgerald would have the audacity to approach the neighbourhood of Mitchelstown, Lord Kingsborough sent up his compliments by the waiter, with the expression of a desire to see the gentleman on business. The waiter took the message to Colonel Fitzgerald's bedroom ; the door was locked ; Fitzgerald would not open it, but roughly told the waiter not to disturb him at that unseasonable hour, as he could not attend to any business that evening. His voice was immediately recognized by Lord Kingsborough and his party ; they hastened up stairs without any delay ; they eagerly and vehemently demanded admittance. Their request was of course in vain, and it did not require very much effort to burst open the door.

Fitzgerald at the moment was in the act of grasping a case of pistols. Colonel King rushed towards him, in violent excitement, in order to seize him. Colonel Fitzgerald at once grappled with him, when Lord Kingsborough, who was in a state of horrid excitement, immediately shot Fitzgerald upon the spot.

Such were the real facts of this extraordinary case, which have been erroneously told by various persons. The common story of the country, that Lord Kingsborough found Fitzgerald in bed, that the colonel cried out for mercy until he repeated one prayer, and that Lord Kingsborough cried, “No mercy, you dog”—all that and many other of the commonly told particulars, are absolutely false. Lord Kingsborough shot Colonel Fitzgerald in a paroxysm of mental excitement. When he entered the room, he never contemplated his death; what his intentions actually were, it is now utterly impossible to say, but what he did not intend to do can be affirmed, for after the event, Lord Kingsborough, though retaining a natural antipathy to Fitzgerald’s memory, expressed the strongest regret at the occurrence. There is every reason to believe that the ac-

count of the transaction by Lord Kingsborough himself is the simple truth. He saw the struggle between his son and Fitzgerald ; he remembered the audacious character before him, and influenced, as he stated, by apprehension for his son, he shot the colonel. The whole affair was scarcely the work of a minute. In telling the circumstance to his own relatives upon that very night, Lord Kingsborough exclaimed, “God ! I don’t know how I did it ; but I most sincerely wish it had been by some other hand than mine.” *

The fate of Colonel Fitzgerald caused great talk at the time. Bills were sent before the grand jury of the county of Cork, of which the late Earl of Shannon (then Viscount Boyle) was foreman, and the bills were found against Lord Kingsborough, his son, the Honourable Robert King, Colonel of the Roscommon militia, (now Viscount Lorton), and a man of the name of John Hartney, who had formerly been a private

* From private information supplied by one of the few surviving persons, cognizant of all the circumstances. My respected informant was roused from his bed within four hours after the occurrence, and the facts stated to him by one of the King family exactly as in the above statement. That Lord Kingsborough did not enter the hotel with the intention of taking the life of Fitzgerald, can be affirmed with certainty.

in the militia. The grand jury consisted of the first commoners in the county—Uniacke Fitzgerald, Deane Freeman, the Longfields, Aldworths, Boyle Townsends, &c. The assizes were held in the month of April, 1798, and a petty jury was empanelled to try the honourable Robert King (the present Lord Lorton), and Robert Hartney. The jury found them not guilty. In fact there was no prosecution.

Not long after the shooting of Colonel Fitzgerald had taken place, the first Earl of Kingston died (November 13, 1797), consequently Lord Kingsborough, on succeeding to the title, demanded to be tried by his peers. The indictment, therefore, against Robert Earl of Kingston, found at the spring assizes for 1798, in Cork, was moved by writ of *certiorari* into the high court of parliament; and on the 18th of May, 1798, the trial came on in the House of Lords.

The circumstances which led to the death of Colonel Fitzgerald, made people at the time look to the trial of Lord Kingston with some interest. Since the case of Lord Byron in England, there had been no trial of a peer, and the novelty of the proceedings imparted additional interest to the case. On the appointed day, there was a nu-

merous assembly of the resident peers of Ireland. In general the meetings of the House of Peers were very thinly attended. Several peers specially attended on that day, for the first time in their lives. Amongst them were—Lords Kinsale and Muskerry, connected with the south of Ireland, and Lawrence Parsons, Lord Oxmantown (late Earl of Rosse). The Marquesses of Waterford and Drogheda, supported by the Earl of Ormonde, and some of the principal earls in the Irish peerage, attended. In addition to the two marquesses, there were twenty-seven earls, fourteen viscounts, three archbishops (Armagh, Cashel, Tuam), thirteen bishops, and fourteen barons, assembled. These, it may be observed, constituted a majority of the *resident* peers of Ireland.

The proceedings commenced by the Ulster King of Arms calling over the roll, beginning with the junior baron. There were found to be absent no fewer than forty-five barons, five bishops, forty-three viscounts, forty-seven earls, two marquesses (Donegal and Downshire), one duke (Leinster), and the Archbishop of Dublin. Thus the absent Irish peers far exceeded the number of those in attendance. The fact might cause surprise to those unacquainted with the

history and constitution of the Irish peers. George the Third created a vast number of English and Scotch gentlemen peers of Ireland. Not wishing to swamp the House of Lords in England, and anxious, at the same time, to satisfy the clamorous vanity of the political supporters of his favourite ministers, he adopted the plan of making Irish peers by wholesale. Thus it happens that so many families have titles in the peerage of Ireland, without possessing an acre of property in the country.

A good many spectators, led by curiosity, attended the trial of the Earl of Kingston. The lords adjourned their proceedings to the lower chamber of parliament, the place appointed for the trial, as being more suitable than their own handsome, but confined apartment. Their procession on that occasion was, probably, the last handsome piece of pageantry which the Irish House of Peers exhibited. They marched two by two into the House of Commons, the masters in chancery and the robed judges of the courts of law preceding them. Immediately before the lords, walked in procession the minors of their order, not entitled to vote, and the eldest sons of the peers. Last of all came the most remarkable, and least noble man of the

order, John Fitzgibbon, first Earl of Clare, walking by himself, as it was fit that he should walk; for where amongst the body could *his* peer be found!

Then began the fantastic spectacle which the crowd had come to see. Reverences and salaams were duly made by serjeants-at-arms, and clerks in chancery, and clerks of the Queen's Bench. There were crossings to the right and left, and reverences to his Grace the Lord High Steward on the woolsack. The king's commission, appointing the Earl of Clare Lord High Steward, was read aloud, all the peers standing up uncovered; the writ of *certiorari*, and the return to it; after that the indictment before the grand jury of the county of Cork, and the finding “a true bill” by “Boyle and Fellows,” were severally read at length. Then the clerk of the crown directed the serjeant-at-arms to make proclamation to the Constable of Dublin Castle, to bring his prisoner, Robert Earl of Kingston, to the bar.

“ *Oyez—oyez—oyez*—Constable of Dublin Castle, bring forth Robert Earl of Kingston, your prisoner, to the bar, pursuant to the order of the House of Lords. God save the King.”

Then, amid dead silence, the Earl of Kingston

was ushered in by the Constable and Deputy Constable of Dublin Castle, the latter of whom carried the axe, standing with it on the left hand of Lord Kingston, the edge being turned from him. The noble prisoner then made a low reverence to the High Steward, and one to the peers at either side of him. He then fell upon his knees at the bar. Upon being told to rise, he again bowed to Lord Clare and all the peers, the compliment this time being returned him by the High Steward and all the lords. Lord Clare, from the woolsack, addressed him as follows:—

“ Robert Earl of Kingston, you are brought here to answer one of the most serious charges that can be made against any man—the murder of a fellow-subject. The solemnity and awful appearance of this judicature must naturally discompose and embarrass your lordship. It may, therefore, not be improper for me to remind your lordship, that you are to be tried by the laws of a free country, framed for the protection, and the punishment of guilt alone; and it must be a great consolation to you, to reflect, that you are to receive a trial before the supreme judicature of the nation—that you are to be tried by your peers, upon whose unbiassed judgment and candour you can have the firmest reliance, more particularly as they are to pass judgment upon you under the solemn and inviolate obligation of their honour. It will also be a consolation to you to know, that the benignity of our law has distinguished the crime of homicide into different

classes. If it arise from accident, from inevitable necessity, or without malice, it does not fall within the crime of murder; and of these distinctions, warranted by evidence, you will be at liberty to take advantage. Before I conclude, I am commanded by the house to inform your lordship, and all others who may have occasion to address the court during the trial, that the address must be to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular."

Lord Clare was, probably, obliged to make the last remark, owing to the course of proceedings being rare and novel. The indictment was then read, Lord Clare having directed the accused to pay particular attention to it. The clerk of the crown then said, "How say you, Robert Earl of Kingston, are you guilty or not guilty of this murder and felony for which you stand arraigned?"

The Earl of Kingston replying "Not guilty," the clerk of the crown further interrogated him thus—"Culprit, how will your lordship be tried?" The earl replied, "By God and my peers." To which the clerk made rejoinder, "God send you a good deliverance." The sergeant-at-arms then made proclamation:—

"Oyez—oyez—oyez—All manner of persons who will give evidence upon oath before our sovereign lord the king, against Robert Earl of Kingston, the prisoner at

the bar, let them come forth, and they shall be heard, for he now stands at the bar upon his deliverance."

A delay of some time then took place. No witnesses appearing, Lord Clare asked the counsel for Lord Kingston, whether they had served notices of the removal of the indictment into the high court of parliament? It was seldom that Lord Clare had to address any remark to the counsel who attended for the accused. It was no other than Curran, the sturdy enemy of Lord Clare.

Witnesses were then produced on the part of the accused, to prove that notice had been duly served on the widow and children of the deceased Colonel Fitzgerald. Proclamation was again made for witnesses for the crown to come forward; but none appeared. Then after some matters of form had been gone through, the Lord High Steward called over every peer by his name, beginning with the junior baron, and asked him, "Is Robert Earl of Kingston, guilty of the murder and felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?"

And thereupon every peer present severally, standing up uncovered, answered. "Not guilty, upon my honour," laying his right hand upon his heart. The Lord High Steward then sum-

moned the Earl of Kingston again to the bar, and briefly informed the accused of his acquittal without a dissenting voice. Lord Kingston then made three reverences to the peers, and retired.

The white staff was then delivered to Lord Clare, who, holding it in both his hands, broke it in two, and declared the commission to be dissolved.

Miss King was removed to England, and was domesticated there under a feigned name. She was at last settled in the family of a respectable clergyman of the Established Church in Wales. Her manners were engaging; in character, as well as person, she is described as having been very attractive. The clergyman did not know the real name, or the history of the interesting individual domiciled under his roof. For obvious reasons, he was kept in error by the friends of the young lady. The termination of her adventures was not the least remarkable fact in her romantic story. She was very much liked by the clergyman's family, and her conversational powers are described as being of a high order. She possessed one of the most fascinating of all accomplishments—*l'art de bien narrer*. Her own extraordinary adventures were on one day the

theme of her narrative powers. She told the clergyman, using feigned names, the entire history of her life, and described, as belonging to the history of another person, the feelings which she had herself experienced, and the incidents which had occurred to her. The delineation, as might easily be supposed, was highly wrought and spirited. It moved the clergyman exceedingly, and he expressed the deepest pity for the victim painted by Miss King. While he was so expressing his feelings, Miss King suddenly revealed to him who she was. “I am that very person for whom you have expressed so much interest.” The clergyman was astonished at the intelligence, and showed at first more surprise than pleasure at the information. Miss King at once repented of her frankness, as she thought it likely that she would be removed to another abode. She told the clergyman that she supposed, after that information, he would not permit her any longer to be an inmate of his household. He disclaimed such an intention—he saw that the young lady was “more sinned against than sinning”—and he felt sincere compassion for her sufferings, and sympathy with her misfortunes. In many cases, especially where the sex is concerned, “Pity is akin to love.” It

was so in the present instance, and the adventures of Miss King were finally closed more happily than might have been augured from their commencement. She was not long after married to this clergyman, and lived with him a very happy and exemplary life. She died several years ago in Wales.*

* I have drawn up the above narrative chiefly from private information, upon which reliance could be placed. The allusions to this singular history, in the chronicles of the time, are cursory and meagre.—See *Annual Register* for 1797, p. 147; *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1797, p. 1121; and *Journal of the Irish House of Lords*, vol. viii. p.p. 83–92.

CHAPTER IV.

O'CONNELLIANA.

“Quiescit qui nunquam quievit!”

O'Connell on Circuit—His Powers of Satire Contrasted with those of Grattan and Others—Cobbett—O'Connell and the Pugnacious Attorney—His Grand Encounter with a Dublin Virago—Her Formidable Powers—Ingenious Plan Laid by O'Connell—Account of the Dialogue between them—His Victory—A Garland of Billingsgate—His Attack on Cobbett—His High Spirits—Counsellor K— and the Bilking Client—Sow-West and the Wigs—O'Connell and the Phrenologists—His Large Appetite—An Election Dinner—Concise Reply—The Dandy, Melted Butter, and a Fast Day—Vicarious Suffering—Scene at Killiney.

IT was in an Irish court of justice that O'Connell could be seen to greatest advantage. Every quality of the lawyer and the advocate he displayed. He showed research and perfect mastery of his profession, and he exhibited his own great and innate qualities. Who that ever beheld him on the Munster circuit, when he was in the height of his fame, but must have admired his prodigious versatility of formidable powers. His pathos was often admirable ; his humour flowed without effort or art. What jokes he uttered !—what sarcasms ! How well he

worked his case through, never throwing away a chance, never relaxing his untiring energies.

Pity that a man of such splendid talents and commanding eloquence should have addicted himself so much to abuse.

From his earliest days, O'Connell had the reputation of being a proficient in the art of vituperation. No public man in any country ever stooped so much to abuse—he enjoyed throwing dirt. In classical severity, and in genuine satiric power, he never could be compared either to Curran, Grattan, or Plunket. The invectives against Flood and Corry could never have been spoken by O'Connell; he had no pretensions to the masterly talent for wielding the weapons of poignant scorn and polished satire possessed by Grattan. There was more of the genius for invective in Curran's famous dissection of Lord Clare's character (in his own presence), than in all the coarse tirades which fell from O'Connell's lips. Nor was he comparable to Lord Plunket, as a master of invective. The withering denunciation of Lord Castlereagh, in the Irish House of Commons; the chastisement of the late Master Ellis, in the English House of Com-

mons;* and the ludicrous castigation of the present Marquess of Londonderry in the House of Lords, in 1832; these were specimens of oratorical satire which O'Connell could never equal. When, indeed, he attempted a regular invective, he was sure to shock by the foulness of his language; or, by some gross unfairness, he would probably suggest feelings of sympathy for the object of his attack. Even in his favorite eloquence of Billingsgate, he was matched, if not surpassed by Cobbett.

Much, indeed, of O'Connell's tirades were not in talent beyond the ordinary leaders of a scurilous newspaper. His abuse derived its force from his personal station, from his rank at the bar, and from his prominence as the acknowledged leader of the Catholics of Ireland.

But, for a round volley of abusive epithets, nobody could surpass him. One of his droll comic sentences was often worth a speech of an hour, in putting down an opponent, or in gaining supporters to his side. At *Nisi Prius*, he turned his mingled talent for abuse and drollery to great effect. He covered a witness with ridi-

* On the occasion of that gentleman's making a most bitter and offensive speech against the Roman Catholics, when Lord Plunket burst forth in reply, in a style of matchless personal severity.

cule, or made a cause so ludicrous, that the real grounds of complaint became invested with absurdity. One of the best things he ever said, was in an assize-town on the Munster circuit: The attorney of the side opposite to that on which Mr. O'Connell was retained, was a gentleman remarkable for his combative qualities—he delighted in being in a fight, and was foremost in many of the political scenes of excitement in his native town. His person was indicative of his disposition. His face was bold, menacing, and scornful in its expression. He had stamped on him the defiance and resolution of a pugilist. Upon either temple there stood erect a lock of hair, which no brush could smooth down. These locks looked like horns, and added to the combative expression of his countenance. He was fiery in his nature, excessively spirited, and ejaculated, rather than spoke to an audience, his speeches consisting of a series of short, hissing, spluttering sentences, by no means devoid of talent of a certain kind. Add to all this, that the gentleman was an Irish attorney, and an Orangeman, and the reader may easily suppose that he was “a character!”

Upon the occasion referred to, this gentleman gave repeated annoyance to O'Connell—by in-

terrupting him in the progress of the cause—by speaking to the witnesses—and by interfering in a manner altogether improper, and unwarranted by legal custom. But it was no easy matter to make the combative attorney hold his peace—he, too, was an agitator in his own fashion. In vain did the counsel engaged with O'Connell in the cause sternly rebuke him ; in vain did the judge admonish him to remain quiet ; up he would jump, interrupting the proceedings, hissing out his angry remarks and vociferations with vehemence. While O'Connell was in the act of pressing a most important question, he jumped up again, undismayed, solely for the purpose of interruption. O'Connell, losing all patience, suddenly turned round, and, scowling at the disturber, shouted in a voice of thunder—“ Sit down, you audacious, snarling, pugnacious ram-cat.” Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips, when roars of laughter rang through the court. The judge himself laughed outright at the happy and humorous description of the combative attorney, who, pale with passion, gasped in inarticulate rage. The name of *ram-cat* stuck to him through all his life.

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in, took place in the early

part of his life. Not long after he was called to the bar, his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who were even casually acquainted with him. His talent for vituperative language was perceived, and by some he was, even in those days, considered matchless as a scold. There was, however, at that time in Dublin, a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huxter's-stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virago of the first order, very able with her fist, and still more formidable with her tongue. From one end of Dublin to the other, she was notorious for her powers of abuse, and even in the provinces Mrs. Moriarty's language had passed into currency. The dictionary of Dublin slang had been considerably enlarged by her, and her voluble impudence had almost become proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own weapons. Of this, however, he had some doubts himself, when he had listened once or twice to some minor specimens of her Billingsgate. It was mooted once, whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her, and some one of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather too freely ridiculed the idea of his being

able to meet the famous Madam Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and he professed his readiness to encounter her, and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken—it was decided that the matter should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huxter's-stall, and there was the owner herself, superintending the sale of her small wares—a few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall—for Biddy, was “a character,” and, in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party, and the loungers about the place, formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack :—

“What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-Name ?”

“Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is ; and what have you to say agen it ? and one-and-sixpence's

the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt—so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick ; whew ! why, you are no better than an impostor, to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence."

"Two pence, your grandmother," replied Miss Biddy ; "do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am ? impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor ; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'd tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub ; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcase."

"Whew ! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in ; I protest, as I'm a gentleman ——"

"Jintleman ! jintleman ! the likes of you a jintleman ! Wisha, by gor, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue ?"

"Easy, now—easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humour, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old, whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain ?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram ;

and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so!"

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypotheneuse* in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you b—y robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure all your neighborrs know very well that you keep not only a *hypotheneuse*, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the devil fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and make celery-sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of guts."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *sub-multiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering intersection of a st—ng superficies!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll —" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

“ While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent*, and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex*!”

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

“ You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet,” cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in the vituperation, and having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overcome her in volubility, by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in Euclid. With these, and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, impudent demeanour, he had for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

During his scurrilous encounter, in 1828, with the notorious Henry Hunt, the latter made a garland of the flowers of Billingsgate

which occurred in a single letter of O'Connell's attacking the English demagogue :

1. "Your trade."
2. "A proper lot of blacking."
3. "The polishing-brush."
4. "Vender of exquisite blackball."
5. "You had neither taste nor tact."
6. "Nor common sense."
7. "You, Cobbett and Ronayne, created a riot."
8. "I take you to be a blockhead."
9. "You imagine that you and Cobbett have some influence in Ireland."
10. "My most sapient vender of the best possible blacking."
11. "You are a political fanatic."
12. "You may ask why I did not substitute radical for constitutional."
13. "Potent vender of roasted corn."
14. "You have an entire contempt for veracity."
15. "Man of morals."
16. "To gratify the gratuitous malignity of your disposition."
17. "Traffic in your teeth, old Blackball."
18. "What a doltish head you must have."
19. "You accuse me of bribery."
20. "Man of corn."
21. "Blackball."
22. "Man of blacking."
23. "You totally misrepresent my evidence before the Houses of Lords and Commons."
24. "Wash your hands."
25. "Put on your best frock."
26. "Listen to me, sweet Henry Hunt."

27. "Now, Henry Hunt, Esq., I shall close this long epistle."

28. "Most sublime vender of blackball, adieu."

In the same year, O'Connell attacked Cobbet at the Catholic Association, in the following language. Addressing the chairman, he said:—

"I do, Sir Francis M'Donnell, deeply regret that the ears of the meeting have been shocked and insulted by the name of that savage, Cobbett. After all the outrages that that miscreant has been guilty of, upon public and private feeling—upon public and private reputation—the fell monster has again returned, to strike at and lacerate the feelings of all those persons who claimed, by friendship or by relationship, to be interested in the fate of the late lamented John Bric. This monster, whose very home-inmates groan under the most afflicting domestic tyranny, has been threatened as an infliction upon the Catholic Association. The Catholic Association despises the miscreant. The man whose name was without a blot—whose life was as pure, and his character as untarnished, as that of any other man in society, has been brought again before the public eye, as a subject for the ferocious and ribald jests of one of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced any age or nation. Sir, when this assembly is told that it should regard the censures of such a practised and incorrigible liar—of such a living libel on the human species—I have not patience to listen to the gentleman who gives his warning. Let not the name of this beast (for man I will not call him, after his atrocious merriment over the grave of my friend) be ever again mentioned in this Association, if it be possible to avoid it. I shall observe, in conclusion, that I hope in this assembly

never again shall any member utter the name of Cobbett above his breath. He is, as he should be, an outcast from all that is respectable and dignified in society, and a disgrace to the literature of the age. I regret, Sir Francis, that my name has not been placed last on the list, for I should then take my revenge by redoubling my exertions on behalf of my country."

There are various schools of statesmen. Napoleon was a great soldier-statesman, and Burke was a philosopher acting as statesman. O'Connell was the great exemplar of the *scold-school* of statesmanship !

Of his hilarity and jocoseness, numerous instances might be given.

He used to lodge, when at Cork, at a stationer's of the name of O'Hara, in Patrick-street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. There, during the assizes, there was always a crowd before his door, lounging under his windows, anxious to get a peep at the Counsellor. Whenever he made his appearance, there was always a hearty cheer. On one occasion, an old friend of his, who had once belonged to the bar, Mr. K——, a member of a most respectable family, called on O'Connell during the assizes, to pay him a friendly visit. He found O'Connell engaged with a shrewd-looking farmer, who was consulting him on a knotty case. Heartily glad

to see his old friend, O'Connell sprang forward, saying, " My dear K——, I'm delighted to see you." The farmer, seeing the visitor come in, cunningly took the opportunity of sneaking away. He had got what he wanted—the opinion ; but O'Connell had not got what *he* wanted—the fee. O'Connell at once followed the farmer, who had got the start by a flight of stairs. The rustic quickened his pace when he found that the Counsellor was in chase. O'Connell saw that he could not catch the runaway client, who was now on the flight leading into the hall. He leant over the banister, and made a grasp at the farmer's collar, but, instead of the collar, he caught what he first thought his hair, but which proved to be the rustic's wig, which came away in his hand. O'Connell gave a shout of laughter, and, quick as thought, jumped in high spirits back to his room. " Hurrah ! see, K——, I've got the rascal's wig." Up went the window—" Three cheers for the Counsellor!—Long life to your honour. Arrah ! isn't he the man of the people." " Ah ! boys," said O'Connell, with glee, " look here what I've got for you ! Here's the wig of a rascal that has just bilked me of a fee." Shouts of laughter rent the air, as the wig was pitched out, to undergo a rapid process of radi-

cal reform at the hands of the mob. As the wigless farmer made his appearance, he was received with groans of derision, and was glad enough to escape with unbroken bones.

He had always high spirits, and enjoyed jokes of all kinds. Some years since the city of Dublin was contested by a Conservative barrister of great political zeal, and no ordinary talents—Mr. John Beatty West, whose early end caused much regret. That gentleman was very heavy and clumsy in appearance, and moved very awkwardly. Lord Plunket humorously called him “Sow-West,” a name which adhered to him most tenaciously. O’Connell was opposed to West on three or four different occasions. I may remark, that the opening scenes at the Dublin elections are conducted with far more decorum, than similar scenes in other parts of Ireland. All the masses are not admitted indiscriminately to the court where the hustings are placed—the people are admitted by tickets, half of which are allotted to each rival party. It is the interest of both parties to keep order, and the candidates and their friends are therefore heard with tolerable fairness. On the first day of a Dublin election, the most eloquent members

of either party come forward to uphold their favourite principles.

On the occasion referred to, O'Connell, in addressing the people, referred to the appearance of "Sow-West," whom he humorously quizzed upon the beauty of his appearance. In reply, Mr. West said—"Ah, my friends! it's all very well for Mr. O'Connell to attack me upon my appearance; but I can tell you, if you saw Mr. O'Connell without his wig, that he does not present a face which has much to boast of." To the surprise of the spectators, no less than of Mr. West himself, O'Connell walked across, pulled off his wig, stood close by West, and cried out—"There, now, which of us is the better-looking—my wig is off." This sally of practical humour was received with bursts of laughter and cheering. O'Connell looked admirably, exhibiting a skull which, for volume and development, was not to be surpassed.*

* Some years since, I attended a meeting of the London Phrenological Society, on a night of the reading of an essay by Mr. Hudson Lowe. The president, Dr. Elliotson, filled the chair. In the course of the evening, there was a desultory conversation on the size of the heads of various public men. Mr. Lowe lauded Sir Robert Peel's head—"Admirable head—great development—vast size!" The president, however, peremptorily assured the young essayist "that there was no head in the British empire comparable to O'Connell's. It had all the organs, and was matchless for size."

O'Connell's enormous appetite often excited surprise. He ate a prodigious quantity, even for a man of such large frame. At one of the Irish elections, he was greatly annoyed at his candidate being unseated, for a few months, by the blundering decision of the assessor. On the day when the election terminated, O'Connell was engaged to dine with a Roman Catholic priest, who piqued himself not a little on the honour of entertaining the "Liberator." The company assembled at the appointed hour, much dis-spirited at the adverse turn which the election had taken, at the last moment. O'Connell himself was particularly angry, and chafed with ill-temper at the blunder of the assessor, who would not even listen to his arguments. Dinner came on, and a turkey-pout smoked before the hospitable clergyman. "Mr. O'Connell, what part of the fowl shall I help you to," cried the reve-

The phrenologists present agreed with him. They differed about Lord Brougham's head, and development, but were all agreed "that the knowing organs were large." About the time that the latter Sir Francis Burdett was ratting, I recollect visiting the Colosseum in company with a Radical phrenologist, very eminent among the faculty. Passing the bust of Sir Francis, he stopped, frowned, and said, turning to me, "There it is, you see, he wants conscientiousness and firmness, and self-esteem is large. He could scarcely help being *a rat!*"

rend host, with an air of *empressement*. His ears were electrified by O'Connell's rejoinder—“Oh! d——n it, cut it through the middle, and give me half the bird!”

For an orator of a style so copious and diffuse, it was singular how admirably laconic he could become when he chose. During dinner, while occupied with the viands, he would express himself with the terseness and condensation of Tacitus. A railway company once gave a complimentary dinner at Kingstown, and O'Connell, who had supported the Bill in the House of Commons, was invited. The sea-breeze on the Kingstown pier sharpened his appetite. He had already partaken heartily of the second-course, when one of the directors, seeing O'Connell's plate nearly empty, asked him—“Pray, sir, what will you be helped to *next*?” Hastily glancing at the dishes still untasted, O'Connell, with a full mouth, answered—“Mutton—well-done—and much of it.”

He was not only a heavy feeder, but he was also a very coarse one, and often forgetful of the petty proprieties, though, when he liked, or wished to please others, he could be as well-bred as possible. It would not, however, have been any punishment to O'Connell to have eaten

his dinner with his fingers. At the Bar-mess, his frequent oblivion of petty proprieties was the cause of amusement to some, and anger to others. Once, going circuit, he was dining with the Bar-mess at Ennis, during a summer assizes. The day was Friday, and O'Connell was restricted to fish and vegetables. There was a dish placed before him, to which the company were to be helped as they pleased—an Irish dish, called *slounchaun*, or *laver*, a species of marine vegetable, the smell of which afflicts some persons with violent nausea, and the taste of which excessively pleases others, for *slounchaun* is one of those things which you must either like or loathe. O'Connell had on his own plate a vast quantity of hake-fish, and had mashed up besides a mess of potatoes and *slounchaun*, over all of which he poured half a ewer of melted butter. He was voraciously hungry, and, catching at a table-spoon, pitched down his mess with great rapidity. While he was thus engaged, and *totus in illis*, a certain fashionable young barrister came into the room. This gentleman was, by birth and politics an aristocrat and a Tory—by taste a dandy, who never felt so proud as when 'squiring young ladies round the squares in Dublin, with a pair of enormous brass spurs in his

boots. By dint of forensic fluency, and a pair of lungs which enabled him, by bellowing, to terrify a witness, he had got into criminal business on the circuit, and O'Connell had patronized him, and affected to think highly of his professional talents. On this occasion, he asked to be helped to some of the *slounchaun* before O'Connell, sending round his plate by the waiter. O'Connell very coolly took his own table-spoon, which had paid such frequent visits to his mouth, darted it into the dish before him, and helped the young dandy with it. The fine gentleman was ready to burst with fury at such a thing being done to *him!* He got into a towering rage, and blustered at the waiter as if he was a witness whom he was feed to bully and break down. "How dare you do such a thing? How dare you bring a plate that way before any gentleman?" pouring out a volley of epithets. The bar present were half-suffocated with ill-suppressed laughter. O'Connell looked on quite unconcerned at the noise at the bottom of the table. The dandy, however, did not say a word to the real wrong-doer. As in some other cases, O'Connell suffered vicariously on that occasion.

O'Connell was a capital actor, and his drama-

tic delivery of a common remark was often highly impressive. A few years since, he went down to Kingstown, near Dublin, with a party, to visit a queen's ship-of-war, which was then riding in the bay. After having seen it, O'Connell proposed a walk to the top of Killiney Hill. Breaking from the rest of his party, he ascended to the highest point of the hill, in company with a young and real Irish patriot, whose character was brimful of national enthusiasm. The day was fine, and the view from the summit of the hill burst gloriously upon the sight. The beautiful bay of Dublin, like a vast sheet of crystal, was at their feet. The old city of Dublin stretched away to the west, and to the north was the bold promontory of Howth, jutting forth into the sea. To the south were the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, enclosing the lovely vale of Shanganah, rising picturesquely against the horizon. The scene was beautiful, with all the varieties of sunlight and shadow. O'Connell enjoyed it with nearly as much rapture as his youthful and ardent companion, who broke forth: "It is all Ireland—oh! how beautiful! Thank God, we see nothing English here. Everything we see is Irish!" His rapture was interrupted by O'Connell, gently laying his hand on his

shoulder, and pointing to the ship-of-war at anchor, as he exclaimed—“*A speck of the British power!*” The thought was electric. That speck, significantly pointed out by O’Connell, suggested the whole painful history of his fatherland to the memory of the ardent young Irishman.

CHAPTER V.

THE POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD—ENDOWMENT.

Meath Militia in 1798—Sergeant Beatty—Plot of a Conspiracy—The Cooper going to Confession—A Loyal Priest—Information given—Sir Eyre Coote—The Deserters—Skirmishing—Fatigues—A Case of Fratricide—End of Beatty—Services of the Parish Priest of Mallow—Pensioned by Government—Remarks on the Real Rulers of Ireland—Speech of Mr. Grattan canvassed—An Interesting Subject for Reflection—Burke and Pitt's Views—Political Alternatives—Absence of a Catholic Gentry—Liberal Ecclesiastics—Precedents for Endowment—Eminent Conservative Authorities on the subject—Present Feelings of the Priesthood—Advice of Lord Chesterfield.

I WOULD wish to record a remarkable instance of the power which the Roman Catholic priesthood can exercise in Ireland.

Not long after the rebellion of 1798 was crushed, the Royal Meath Militia were quartered in the town of Mallow, at that time a place of fashionable resort, on account of its spa. In this militia regiment was a very violent character, one Serjeant Beatty, who was at heart a rebel, having imbibed the revolutionary notions of these times. He was courageous, resolute, and energetic, and was very anxious to signalize his animosity to the ruling powers. The result of the rebellion had deeply disappointed him, and he resolved to try what could be effected by a bold effort to rekindle the insurrection.

He found that he had several friends and comrades who shared his feelings, as a large portion of the corps were disaffected. Consulting with these, a very formidable plot was hatched for exciting the country to make another rebellious effort. Numbers of the peasantry around Mallow were sworn in, and it was arranged that on a Sunday morning, while the military were at religious service, the peasantry were to enter the town. They were then to be joined by the rebellious militia-men, and to seize upon the cannon, over which a slight guard was kept at that hour of prayer. The cannon was then to be wheeled to the church, and the garrison attacked without mercy. Such was the plot, as devised, and it was kept most carefully concealed.

Among those who were sworn-in was a cooper, one Michael M'Carthy, who lived in Bridge-street, not far from Mallow Castle, the beautiful residence of the Jephson-Norreys family. M'Carthy was a political enthusiast, and a very religious man, punctually discharging all the devotional duties imposed by the Catholic Church. He entered into this rebellious plot without any scruples of conscience, believing it to be a most patriotic design. He felt, however, that it was attended with personal danger to himself, and

resolved to be prepared for death. With this view, on the very day previous to the appointed time, he went to confession to the parish priest of Mallow, the Rev. Thomas Barry.*

Whether from qualms of conscience, or from the knowledge that Mr. Barry could not divulge what was communicated to him under the secrecy of confession, M'Carthy told the whole design to the clergyman. Mr. Barry was horror-struck at the intelligence conveyed to him. The reverend gentlemen was well-affected towards the government, and had no sympathy with the anarchists and incendiaries. He addressed himself to M'Carthy's feelings, and pointed out to him the horrible consequences which would follow from the conspiracy. He roused M'Carthy's fears, and told him that he would be responsible to God for all the consequences, if he would not prevent the intended outbreak, by giving timely notice to the authorities. His arguments were not without avail : the cooper consented to disclose the plot to General Sir Eyre Coote, who then commanded the troops quartered at Mallow.

The first thing done by the general was to disarm the Meath Militia, which was executed

* He was a member of the family of Barry of Kilbolane, and grand-uncle of the present Countess Rivarola.

suddenly, and he then ordered them to be marched out of town, under a strong escort, to the mountain of Knockarowra. The next thing done was to plant cannon upon every avenue leading into Mallow.

The news of the conspiracy had struck the inhabitants with dismay. They were greatly alarmed at the prospect of their town being made the scene of a bloody and doubtful struggle, and they awaited the issue with much anxiety. In the morning, numbers of the peasantry flocked into Mallow, dressed in their frieze-coats, under which they had concealed weapons of various kinds. Sir Eyre Coote acted with great caution ; he issued orders that no man should be arrested, except in case of actual outrage, reflecting that the peasantry would quietly disperse, as soon as they saw themselves unsupported by their expected military allies. The result justified the general's view. The peasantry, on surmising the truth, returned quietly to their homes.

When the Meath Militia was marched out to the mountain of Knockarowra, the roll was called, and it was perceived that fifteen men were missing. Serjeant Beatty had discovered that the secret had been betrayed, and he had induced fourteen of the militia to desert with

him, taking away, each of them, sixty rounds of ball-cartridge.

The Doneraile Yeomanry went at once in pursuit of the deserters, who took refuge in a large bog. With their muskets they were able to give great annoyance to the yeomanry, whose short carbines could not carry so far. The yeomanry were obliged to shelter themselves, as well as they could, behind hedges and trees ; and Beatty, with his comrades, escaped through the bog, and took the road to Kilfinnan. Having arrived there, they stopped at the inn to refresh themselves after their fatiguing march. But the innkeeper soon found out the nature of his guests, and he hastened to give information to the proper authorities. Beatty, however, was too wary to be surprised. He had placed a sentinel upon guard at the door of the inn. This sentinel was before long greatly alarmed at the sight of several Highlanders coming double quick in the direction of the inn. Trembling and pale, the sentinel rushed with the news into the presence of Beatty and his gang. “ If,” said Beatty to him, “ I thought you were such a coward as you now appear to be, I would have shot you before this ! ” Beatty then drew out his party, and as the Highlanders approached he gave

them a volley, which killed five of them, and the rest of their little party beat a retreat as fast as possible. Beatty then set off in the direction of Dublin, hotly pursued by various detachments of yeomanry and militia.

While upon a harassing retreat, an incident took place which strikingly exhibited the desperate nature of the gang. There were two brothers amongst Beatty's party, and one of them became so tired as to be incapable of further progress. It was in vain to urge him forward. His powers were completely exhausted. He besought his comrades not to let him fall into the hands of the yeomanry, but to shoot him on the spot. His brother urged him to advance, but on finding that he could not move another step, his horrible request was complied with, and he was actually shot by his own brother !

In skirmishes with the royal troops, the deserters lost some of their party, and finding the pursuit very hot, they dispersed, and several of them succeeded in escaping to the Wicklow mountains. Beatty himself got unharmed into Dublin, where he set about a fresh conspiracy. He was detected by government, and ended his career at the gallows.

Other important services were rendered to

the government by the Rev. Mr. Barry, on whom a pension of three hundred a-year was conferred. An annuity of fifty pounds was allowed to M'Carthy, for the service which he has rendered in giving information.

The foregoing instance is enough to show the immense advantages which would result to Irish society, if the Catholic clergy were enabled to act with independence, and if they were interested in the cause of order. The modern system of a tribunitian clergy, though its evils may, perhaps, be exaggerated, has not worked well for the country. “Depend upon it,” said Mr. Grattan, “that the original source of a people’s vices is the vice of its government; and that in every instance since the creation of the world, the people have been what their *rulers* have made them. A good government makes a good people. Moralize your laws, and you will moralize your people.”* But, for the last quarter of a century, who have been the “rulers” of the Irish people? Surely there have been potent authorities directing and controlling the popular will in Ireland, beside the viceregal governors or the cabinets in Downing-street? Mr. Grattan, who was not only a brilliant orator, but an acute philosopher of no

* Speech on Catholic Question. (1817.)

ordinary profundity, would be the first to recognize the truth, that “government” includes popular influences as well as administrative “rulers.” He would (if alive) admit that the priesthood of the Irish people have had, for the last quarter of a century, as vast an influence over the public mind and popular habits as the British power. His words, as before quoted, suggest very different ideas from the interpretation commonly put upon them. The political moralist who blames “the rulers of Ireland” must (if he have common candour) censure not only the ministers in office, but the demagogues and the priesthood, as well as the landed interest.

Zealous and distinguished Catholics, earnest for the honour of their ancient and wide-spread church, have lamented the evils produced by the Maynoothian clergy. The disadvantages resulting from a priesthood selected only from one class, have been often dwelt upon. But there is a curious point worthy of reflection, in connexion with this subject. *If Maynooth had never been founded, what would have been the fate of the Irish population, which has so rapidly increased within the last fifty years?* It is plain, that during the rage of the French Revolution, and the long war against Napoleon, the Catholics of Ireland could not have obtained a

clergy from the continent. If left to themselves, would the Catholics have founded colleges equal to the emergencies of their case? I rather think that an enormous amount of total spiritual destitution would have taken place in many populous districts, and that vast hordes of our peasantry would have grown up wild, ferocious, and desperately irreclaimable. It is easy to say flippantly, that in the absence of a Catholic priesthood, they would have become Protestants. There is no ground for such a presumption, and there was very faint zeal and much worldliness amongst our established clergy thirty years ago. I do not think it too much to say that Maynooth went far to save a large part of the Irish people from the barbarism consequent on a total want of religious instructors, which, from the state of affairs, would have resulted, if no Irish Catholic college had been founded.

It will be wise, therefore, not to censure the Maynoothian system recklessly. It would be better to improve, purify, and ennable its operations. Maynooth was established by two of the most illustrious statesmen our empire has produced—by Burke, “the greatest philosopher in action whom the world ever saw,” and by that comprehensive and imperialising genius,

the younger and greatest of the Pitts. Their efforts were sanctioned by a real Irish patriot, and an illustrious ornament of his country, Henry Grattan. If this trio of great men were now alive, there can be little doubt that they would be the first to admit the evils of a tribunitian clergy, uninterested in civilisation, divided between politics and religion. But they would doubtless seek to remedy the evil. To secure the empire, and to advance civilisation in Ireland, their attention would be directed towards the improvement of the Catholic clergy, by elevating them in the social scale, and enlisting in that powerful order men of birth, of refined manners, and legitimate ambition. Maynooth has only provided a clergy for the multitude. To expand the views of the Catholic population, to diffuse education widely through its various ranks, and raise it, by moral means, clerical intelligence, purified from demagogueism, and exalted above vulgar influences, must be employed.

Only three courses can be followed with respect to the Irish Catholic clergy—First, to leave them as they are; secondly, to legislate on retrograde principles, and re-enact a disenabling code; thirdly, that the state should treat them with the liberality to which they are entitled,

by the numbers of their flocks, the importance of their sacred vocation, and their vast political influence. Visionary bigots would advocate the second course. Faint-hearted statesmen, worshippers of expediency, guiding their course by the weathercock index of the last state of the poll, would support the first alternative. Men prepared to carry out their statesmanship upon Burke's grand ideas of imperial rule, resolved "to act with presiding principle and prolific energy," would prepare the way for civilizing Catholic Ireland, by the improvement of its spiritual rulers. Such men would not act upon cramped views, or cringe to the prejudices of their countrymen. They would not fear the braying of the *ignorant*in Protestantism of Exeter Hall.

It is worthy of special observation, that the ground on which the Catholic clergy claim to take so constant a part in political affairs, is the absence of a great Catholic gentry. The claim thus made is very plausible, and it is not very easy to demur to such a plea, when one remembers the manner in which property is allocated in Ireland, and that the ownership in fee of fifteen-seventeenths of the Irish soil is in Protestant hands. But if the clergy interfere on such a claim, let them justify that interfe-

rence by acting in the spirit, and with the manners peculiar to a gentry. A long time must elapse before a great Catholic gentry can be raised by the effects of industry and enterprise. I think that the want of such a gentry would be largely compensated for by the possession of a body of ecclesiastics, possessing large views, extensive attainments, scholarly tastes, and civilizing manners. Does any man suppose that such a clergy can be produced under the present beggarly system of church government, when (contrary to what prevails in all other Catholic countries) the sons of the Catholic gentry and upper classes abstain from entering the church ?

The Catholic laity are deeply interested in the endowment of their clergy. It is admitted, amongst all men of liberal mind, that it is desirable to establish social equality in Ireland amongst the Catholics and Protestants ; and there can be no more practical way of elevating the Catholics, than by elevating the character of their clergy. The Catholics should be raised to the same height with the Protestants, and not the Protestants dragged down to the level of the Catholics. Taking away the revenues from the Established Church, would not produce equality between the divisions of the

Irish people. An equality of privation between Catholics and Protestants, is the vulgar expedient of a shallow understanding; but an equality of rights, a community of enjoyment, and a participation in state protection, is the true means of removing the evils of Protestant ascendancy, without violating sacred political engagements, or hazarding the connexion of the islands. It cannot be denied that any meddling with the revenues of the Established Church, while there is a Repeal agitation in Ireland, is attended with much danger, especially when we recollect the many grounds for political discontent prevailing amongst the Protestants. All that would be wanted to create a Protestant agitation for Repeal, after having cast the myriads of paupers upon the mortgaged property of the island, would be to throw the clergy of the Establishment upon voluntary support.

In an economical point of view, a generous endowment of the Catholic clergy in Ireland would be a thrifty policy. Civilization is cheaper than barbarism, and an improved state of Irish society, with good feelings promoted between rival parties, generous sentiments awakened in a neglected and ill-treated body of ecclesiastics, would abundantly repay the

imperial treasury for the cost of endowment. In the Canadian rebellion, who were more zealous friends of the British power than the Catholic clergy, an endowed class? Suppose that they had been lukewarm loyalists, or positively disaffected, how great would have been the evil, and how fatally prolonged would have been the strife? Can any one, conversant with Irish society, have a doubt, but that if Mr. Pitt's wise and beneficent intentions concerning Catholic endowment had been carried, our island would have progressed rapidly in civilisation? The muse of Canning was perhaps premature in praise of "the pilot who weathered the storm;" but if the vessel of the state had been guided by the course indicated by Mr. Pitt, never would it have been exposed to the Repeal hurricane of recent years.

Far be it from me to underrate the benefits which the Catholic clergy, even in their present crippled state, have conferred upon society. They have been a powerful bulwark against popular anarchy, and, if they were treated generously by the British power, they would civilize the island more rapidly than any other institution whatsoever. During the terrible calamity of our time, their conduct has been admirable. Characters of exalted moral worth and truly Christian

spirit are very numerous amongst them. And if some of their dignitaries have disgraced themselves by their literary escapades, let the many admirable bishops in the hierarchy interpose their virtues, and save their order from reckless censure. The venerable Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin would reflect honour upon any church. Where could ecclesiastics more faithful to their high duties be found than Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Kennedy, Bishop of Killaloe, and Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down? These distinguished Catholic prelates have supported the system of National Education against its inveterate enemies, and are entitled to the respect and esteem of the whole British public.

And where, through Christendom, can be found a nobler specimen of a true Christian shepherd than is presented in the amiable simplicity and pious heart of the unwearied philanthropist, **FATHER MATHEW**? These and many other admirable characters prove what the Catholic clergy of Ireland might become, if treated with the simple justice due to a body of men holding such power in Ireland.

It can be easily shown that a State provision for the Irish Catholic clergy can be justified by strictly constitutional arguments.

1. Such a measure should be the consequence

of the Union, since it was held forth by Mr. Pitt as a main inducement to the Catholic hierarchy to support the Union. On this point, the evidence of the Knight of Kerry cannot be forgotten: "I hold in my hands," says that venerable gentleman, "a confidential communication from Lord Castlereagh, dated 22nd June, 1802, recognizing the pledges given at the Union to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, for which they gave valuable consideration in support of that measure, and instructing me to endeavour to reconcile the heads of their hierarchy to a delay in the performance of *the engagement made to them by Mr. Pitt's ministry, for the endowment of their church.*"*

2. The Roman Catholic religion has been recognized and established by the British power in Canada, Malta, and the Mauritius. If it be wise in distant places, to make available Catholic agencies for supporting the cause of authority, can it be foolish to employ the same means at home amongst the swarming population of Ireland, with their excessive sufferings, and painfully keen recollections of political wrongs inflicted on their country?

3. Nothing contributed more to the passing

* Vide his "Letter to Sir R. Peel." (London, 1845.)

of Emancipation, than the fact that all the great names in statesmanship, from Chatham down to Canning, were in favor of liberating the Catholics. There was only one exception—that of ROBERT PEEL—and the tardiness of his conversion was nobly atoned for by the courage, and sacrifices of political advantages and personal pride made in the eventful year of 1829. In the same way, on the question of endowing the Irish priesthood, there is the same concurrence of authorities. Mr. Pitt propounded it, and the pen of Burke zealously advocated it.

4. But there are Protestant scruples against such a measure. The man must be a raving fanatic—the hopeless victim of what Dugald Stewart calls “political religionism”—who proposes in a STATE composed of three nations—English, Scotch, and Irish—to regulate the internal affairs of each by reference to one religious principle alone. In England, said Mr. Burke, “the Catholics are a sect—in Ireland they are a nation;” and in that distinction is to be found a convincing reason, and legitimate ground for the State supporting the clergy who minister to the spiritual wants of the Irish people.*

* On this question of Catholic endowment in Ireland, there has been some admirable writing in the *Quarterly Review*, espe-

To all that has been hitherto urged on this most important question, there was one answer—"The priests will not accept it." But the famine has caused a prodigious revolution of opinions in Ireland upon many questions, and in this present time a measure of endowment would be received with great favour by the most influential and intelligent portion of the Catholic clergy. No time ought to be lost in introducing such a measure, for opportunities similar to the present will not, perhaps, recur. Let the mischiefs which resulted from the delay of Catholic emancipation be recollected only as arguments for the speedy settlement of this question of endowment, which, after all, is only now a question of time, and must eventually be granted. Let the rant of Exeter Hall, and the grovelling prejudices of "The Three Denominations," be disregarded. What English statesman would listen to the platform effusions of a Bunting,

cially under the head "Ireland," in Vol. 76, where the whole subject is exhausted, and treated with consummate knowledge, and great political skill. The knowledge of Irish affairs, and the rare impartiality in treating of them, lead one to suppose that these articles were the productions of that brilliant and versatile intellect which produced "The State of Ireland Past and Present" (1807), being the most comprehensive essay ever written on that prolific source of controversy—Ireland.

and turn a deaf ear to the political philosophy of a Burke ?

The interests of the British power, and the local feelings of the Irish people, were seldom so successfully reconciled as during the brief but brilliant viceregal rule of Lord Chesterfield. He first introduced the principle of impartial justice into Irish government, “holding the balance even between the Catholics and Protestants ; protecting the Establishment, yet never wounding religious liberty ; repressing the lawlessness, yet not chilling the affections of a turbulent, but warm-hearted people ; being the arbiter, but not the slave of parties.”* When that successful statesman was leaving Ireland, he addressed a parting sentence to the Bishop of Waterford, which is as significant in our times as in the middle of the last century—“ Be more afraid of POVERTY than of the POPE !”

* See Lord Mahon’s able character of Chesterfield.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEFENCE OF HIGHFORT.

"I believe that the shooting of one assailant, in valiant self-defence, has more effect upon evil doers than the capital execution of a dozen criminals."—CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE.

Highfort—Sir John Purcell—Story of an Ancestor—Retentive Memory—His Personal Character—His Household—The Midnight Attack—Perilous Situation—Strange Weapon—A Moonlight Scene more thrilling than pleasing—Staggering the Robbers—One, two, and three—Firing at Sir John—The Death-grapple—Wonderful Presence of Mind—The Blunted Knife—The Dead Robber—Retreat of the Gang—A Craven Servant—Sir John's Capture of an Assailant—His Execution—Odd Remark—Cowing the Peasantry—Capture of a Murderer.

As you travel from Charleville to Kanturk, in the north-western portion of the East Riding of the county of Cork, a house is pointed out to you, called Highfort. It stands at a considerable elevation over the road, and is not ill-named. There dwelt Sir John Purcell; and within the walls of that house was offered one of the bravest and most successful defences that one man ever made against a numerous assaulting party.

In the year 1811, Mr. Purcell lived at High-

fort. He was a country gentleman, of respectable family, and widely-spread connexions.* He was a thrifty, cautious man; censured by some of his friends as being rather too penurious in his habits. His memory was very remarkable. On a fair-day at Kanturk, he would take rent from between seventy and eighty tenants, and make no note whatever in a book. He used to place all the monies together in a canvas bag, and no charge could ever be brought against him for incorrect accounts. He gave brief memorandums to the various tenants, but never wrote on a stamped receipt, although he always charged the landlord for the stamps. He had been for some years agent to the Earl of Egmont, and managed the Percival estates in

* Amongst his ancestors was General Purcell, celebrated in the Irish wars of the seventeenth century, of whom O'Connell once told the following anecdote:—

“ During the civil wars of 1641 and the subsequent years, when Rinuccini, the Pope's nuncio, contrived, with the aid of a few mistaken men, to obtain supreme control over the Confederate Catholics at Kilkenny, the army was managed by means of ecclesiastical censures. One day the entire army was excommunicated for marching without clerical orders, and on the next day they were excommunicated for not marching. Affairs were thrown into utter confusion. The enemy had all the advantage. Nor was there any prospect of success, until General Purcell got together another army, ready to obey him in all perils, spiritual as well as temporal, and who were, as he expressed it, ‘excommunication proof.’”

Corkshire. In all public matters he was zealous, and was very vigorous in supporting the laws. No one, from looking at his countenance, would have taken him to be a man of such determination. The expression of his face was benevolent; but the highest courage is often found in those whose general character is apparently most remarkable for its mildness.

The household of Sir John Purcell consisted of himself, his daughter-in-law, and grandchild, a man-servant, and two maids. The place in which he lived was lonesome and unprotected, but he feared nothing. He had not done anything to make him hateful to the peasantry. On the 11th of March, 1811, he came home one night, tired after country business and a long ride, and took a late supper in his bedroom. About one o'clock, and after he had retired to rest, he heard some noise outside the window of his parlour. He slept on the ground floor, in a room adjoining the parlour. There was a door from one room into the other, but this had been found inconvenient, and there being another passage from the bedchamber more convenient, it was nailed up, and some of the furniture of the parlour placed against it. Shortly after Sir John heard the noise in the

front of his house, the windows of the parlour were pushed in, and the noise occasioned by the feet of the robbers, in leaping from the windows into the parlour, appeared to denote a gang not less than fourteen in number, as it struck him. He immediately got out of bed, and the first determination he took being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. In this state he spent little time in deliberation, as it almost immediately occurred to him, that having supped in the bedchamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which he happily found before the door leading into the parlour from the bed-room had been broken open.

While he stood in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bedchamber, he heard the furniture, which had been placed against the nailed-up door, expeditiously displaced, and immediately after this, the door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the

light streaming through three large windows into the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bedroom was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed ; and thus while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moonlight, a body of armed men, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few had their faces blackened.

Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and, in a moment after, one of the gang entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly, on advancing, Sir John plunged the knife at him, the point of which entered the right arm, and in a line with the nipple, and so home was the blow sent, that the knife passed into the body, until Sir John stopped its further progress. Upon receiving this thrust the robber reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed ; and shortly after, another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A

voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stept forward with a short gun in his hand, which had the butt broken off at the small, and had a piece of cord tied round the barrel and stock, near the swell. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and without betraying any audible emotion whatever that might point out the spot which he was standing in, he calmly calculated his own safety from the shot which was preparing for him. He saw that the contents of the piece were likely to pass close to his breast, without menacing him with at least any serious wound ; and in this state of firm and manly expectation, he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall. It was loaded with a brace of bullets and three slugs. As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with the knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated in a moment with similar effect ; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded retired, exclaiming that he was wounded.

The robbers immediately rushed forwards from the parlour into the dark room, and then

it was that Sir John's mind recognized the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to surmount it. He thought that all chance of preserving his own life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had so instantaneously adopted. He struck at the fourth fellow vigorously with his knife, and wounded him, and, at the same instant, received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with. He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed repeatedly at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged.

The floor being slippery from the blood of the wounded men, Sir John and his adversary both fell, and while they were on the ground, Sir John thinking that his thrusts with the knife, though made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, he examined the point of the weapon with his finger, and found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on

the ground, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife ; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two after, he found himself released from it—the limbs of the robber were, in fact, by this time unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave several blows with it, his knife being no longer serviceable. At length the robbers, finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, retired, and employed themselves in removing the bodies ; Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place apart from the house, where he remained a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows, and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up from his bed the man-servant, who, during this long and bloody conflict, had not appeared, and who, consequently, received from his master warm and loud upbraiding for his cowardice. Sir John then placed his daughter-in-law and

grandchild, who were the only other inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out, till the daylight appeared. The next day the alarm having been given, search was made after the robbers, and Sir John having gone to the house of one Maurice Noonan, upon searching, he found, concealed under his bed, the identical short gun with which one of the robbers had fired at him. Noonan was immediately secured and sent to gaol, and upon being visited by Sir John Purcell, he acknowledged that Sir John "had like to do for him," and was proceeding to show, until Sir John prevented him, the wounds he had received from the knife in his arm.

It appeared subsequently that the party had consisted of nine in number. They all had arms. Two of the men were killed, and three more severely wounded! Some of the party ran away, thinking that the house was defended by several persons.

On the 9th of September, in that year, Noonan was hanged at Gallows-green. He died resigned and contrite. He stated, that on the morning of the attack he had not the least intention of going to Highfort, but that he was sent for by one of the party, and that he then

resolved to accompany them. He said that this was the only attack he had ever been concerned in.

I was once present when the question was asked—"Whether there was anything remarkable about Sir John Purcell's manner or appearance?" I recollect the answer: "There was nothing whatever remarkable about Purcell, except his penuriousness. Had he lived like a man of his station, he would not have escaped; but he eat his cold supper in his bedroom, with a solitary knife, and never rang for the servant to take the things away!"

The peasantry afterwards were greatly afraid of him, and none of them would dare attack him. On one occasion, a desperate murder, in the depth of winter, was committed in his neighbourhood. He took an active part in searching for the criminal. One person he strongly suspected, and he visited him at his house. He found the man in bed, ill with colic, it was said. Sir John examined him, and asked him whether he had been out the previous night. The answer was, "No." Sir John asked for his shoes. "They were gone to be mended." "Are you sure of that?" said Sir John, who searched for and found them. Causing the man to be watched,

Sir John went with the shoes to the exact spot where the murder had been committed. The ground was thickly covered with snow ; he compared the shoes with the tracks made in the snow, and found one set of foot-prints to which the marks exactly tallied. A nail was wanting in the heel of one of the shoes, and the impression on the snow corresponded with the deficiency. This was the first link in a chain of circumstantial evidence against the suspected party, who was afterwards hanged, having been convicted upon the clearest testimony.

Sir John Purcell received the honor of knighthood, for his exploit in defending his house with so much courage.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PENAL DAYS.

“ What wonder if our step betrays
The freeman born in penal days.”—DAVIS.

Effects in Ireland of the Revolution of 1688—Reason why there are Two Nations in Ireland—Impolicy of English Rule Illustrated—The First Proposal for a Union—Censure of Slavish Feelings—Unreasonable Expectations—Provident of History—Same Error Common to O’Connell and English Statesmen—Reflections—The Last Instance of the Penal Laws—The Coppingers of Muskerry—Notice of the Family—Catholic Tim and Protestant Tom—Carhue Demesne—Remarks of Lord Clare—The Cousin, a Discoverer—Position of Catholic Tim—His High Spirit and Conscientiousness—Duquery the Advocate—Singular Coincidence—Judgment in the Cause—An Old Proverb Brought to Mind—Keeping an Open House—Moral Courage of Henry Grattan—Character and Life of Catholic Tim—Generous Conduct of Deane Freeman—An Old Property Saved—Cronin of the Park—Jolly Revelling, and its Good Consequences—A Kerry Conformist—Counsellor Falvey—The Ancestor of Lord Monteagle—the MacMahons of Clare—A Spirited Old Maid—Coppering, of Barryscourt—Concluding Remarks.

To rake up past history for materials to exasperate the politics of the present time, is a hateful practice, worthy only of a heartless demagogue, or an extravagant fanatic. But there are occasions when it is useful to reflect upon the enormities of the past. And when wonder is expressed why the social state of Ireland is so calamitous, let the history of the

country, from 1688 to 1829, be examined, and it will appear evident, to any impartial or judicious inquirer, that it is unreasonable to expect that deep-seated evils can be removed in a single generation, even by the wisest laws or the most skilful statesman. The operation of the Revolution of 1688, so beneficial to England and to mankind, was ruinous to Ireland.

It placed all the political power of the country in the hands of the Protestant minority, and seldom was power so abused. The treaty of Limerick was broken, and the estates of the Catholic gentry were confiscated. There was a wide gulf made between the owners of the soil and its tillers. The Penal Laws were avowedly anti-Catholic, and practically anti-social. They not merely persecuted the religion of a great and numerous sect, but they arrested the progress of the country, cast up an enormous barrier against civilization, paralyzed industry, and blasted, for the greater part of a century, the private happiness of the people. The principles on which the property of the country were based became naturally hateful to the great body of the nation. Hence most of our evils. Hence we are two nations still in Ireland—an

Upper Nation, and a Lower Nation. Hence our feuds and discord.

“ Hapless nation—hapless land—
Heap of uncementing sand.”

When England and her statesmen chafe at the present state of Ireland, let them remember that English misrule has been an effective auxiliary to the passions, the follies, and the provincial vices of opposite factions in Ireland. On the 25th of October, 1703, the Irish House of Lords took up the question of a Union with England ;* and again, in 1707,† in congratulating Queen Anne upon the Scottish Union, they besought her Majesty to go on, and extend her favour to all her subjects, till none are excluded *from so great a blessing*. In the same year, the Irish Commons addressed the Queen to similar effect ; but, as Lord Clare well observes, in commenting on this period—

“ It is plain, from the coldness with which the Queen answers the addresses, that her ministers would not listen to the proposition of a union with Ireland, and, in finding a substitute for it, there was a race of impolicy

* Journals of Lords, vol. ii. p. 29.

† Ibid. p. 161.

between the countries. The parliament of England seem to have considered the permanent debility of Ireland as their best security for her connexion with the British crown, and the Irish parliament to have rested the security of the colony, upon maintaining a perpetual and impassable barrier against the ancient inhabitants of the country.”*

Thus, while the Protestant colonists, from 1688 to 1748—from the Revolution to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle—legislated against the civil existence of the Catholics, the British power unwisely declining the proposal of an incorporating union, pursued a policy of permanently debilitating Ireland. Never, surely, was there such a race of impolicy. Ireland suffered for it deeply; and as England had a very large share in prolonging those sufferings, so now even England herself is beginning to experience the effects of her former injustice to Ireland. There are those in Ireland who exult at the sufferings of England. It is the sentiment of helots—of men who are not slaves to England, but to their own gloomy fanaticism, and morbid views of politics. It is right that the impolicy of England, and her former crimes against Ireland, should be explicitly stated and made

* Speech on the Union, p. 26.

known, in order that her awakened conscience should urge her to make any atonement within her power ; but exultation at English suffering is the sentiment of a mere slave, and every manly mind should discard such miserable feelings. The school of Irish nationality, founded in the last century by Flood and Grattan, and brilliantly illustrated by Curran, Bushe, and Plunket, never indulged in such slavish and grovelling malignity.

But, undoubtedly, it would be difficult to find so marked an instance that even in political history there is a retributive Providence, as may be seen in the case of England in her relations with Ireland. Great Britain sways the greatest empire in the world, and it is weakest where she has done most wrong. “Ireland,” said Mr. Coleridge, “is the vulnerable heel of the British Achilles !”

English statesmen are most unreasonable in their expectations that the course of impartial and enlightened rule, which Ireland has (with some exceptions) received since the Marquess Wellesley, in 1822, gave a new turn to the viceregal government, could clear away all the evils inherited from former time. But the error is common to Irish politicians also. This was

the great and disastrous error of the last fifteen years of Mr. O'Connell's career. In his violent opposition to the Whig ministry of Earl Grey, he told the people of Ireland, that “the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs” were the cause of all their evils. He never made any allowance for former evils, or the effects of crimes committed a century ago—the Whig ministers were the cause of it all! Never did any Irish statesman commit a more lamentable *error*, to call it by the mildest word.

From this brief consideration of the mistakes and faults of former generations, let us learn not to be unreasonable in our hopes for Ireland. Let Englishmen be not so extravagant as to expect that we can all at once show the same self-reliance, and cheerful spirit of industry, which they exhibit and inherit, but which in Ireland we certainly do not *inherit*, owing to the operation of the political causes pointed out.

As an example of the deeds which the law of the land sanctioned, down to a comparatively recent period, I will cite an instance which occurred in a family with which I have the happiness of being nearly connected.

About fourteen miles to the west of the city of Cork, on the high road to Kerry, is a small

hamlet, called Coachford. In its vicinity stands Greenlodge, a handsome private residence, with ornamented pleasure-grounds. This demesne is divided by the high road from another property, called Carhue. In the middle of the last century, the lands at either side formed one estate, and the land about half a mile to the west of Coachford is remarkable as the place subjected for the last time in our history to the operation of the Penal Laws.

The family of Coppinger of Carhue was originally settled in the city of Cork, where its members were engaged in mercantile life during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.* In 1620, Alderman John Coppinger was a merchant at Cork. His eldest son purchased the lands of Carhue from Callaghan M'Donogh M'Carthy. The deed of sale, drawn up in law-latin is still preserved. The family intermarried with the Saars-

* This family is now represented by Stephen Coppinger, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of Dublin, for many years Secretary to the Catholics of Munster, and a prominent member of the Catholic Association. So long since as 1819, the name of Stephen Coppinger appears in the list of corporate officers—(Smith's "History of Cork," vol. i. p. 421). Several deeds of office, of the Coppingers, mayors of Cork, in the 14th and 15th centuries, are in the possession of this family, one of the few in Ireland whose papers have been preserved. The Coppingers are of Danish origin.

fields, Roaches, and Goolds, and other of the leading Catholics in the south of Ireland. During the troubled period of the seventeenth century, the proprietors of Carhue appear to have kept clear of the commotion, and to have escaped from the hand of arbitrary power. They retained their property and religion long after the fall of the Stuarts. One member of them, Thomas Coppinger,* became an active Jacobite, and was engaged in diplomatic service on behalf of the Stuart family. His snuff-box, inlaid with diamonds, and containing a portrait of the old Pretender, given to him at Rome, is still preserved by the representative of this family.

The eldest brother of this Jacobite was head of the family, and owner of the estate. His name was Stephen—his brothers being John and Thomas the Jacobite, who died at Gottenburgh, leaving no legitimate issue. Stephen Coppinger married Miss Mary Goold, of Cork, and had by her Thomas Stephen, afterwards known as “Catholic Tom.” His brother John married Miss Rose Gould, daughter of Valen-

* He was one of the great-grandsons of the first purchasers of the property.

tine Gould, of Mallow ; and his eldest son was Thomas John, afterwards known as “Protestant Tom.” The two cousins were distinguished from each other, by taking, as second names, those of their fathers.

So late as 1776, Thomas Stephen Coppinger was possessor of the estate of Carhue. He was, in a direct line, the great-great-grandson of the first purchaser of the property. He was in the possession of some fourteen hundred pounds per annum, or thereabouts. He had been educated at Bourdeaux, where he had passed some time in a merchant’s office, the only kind of education left open to the Catholics, who were then excluded from the bar, and from the Dublin University. He resided at his forefather’s seat of Carhue, built in one of the most romantic parts of the scenery which diversifies the Lee. The place is one of those old and gloomy residences which look as if they had a history connected with them. The house is built on a sort of natural terrace, commanding an extensive lawn, at the foot of which runs the Lee, winding through a wood. There is a good deal of timber on the demesne, which is laid out in the old style. Herc Mr. Coppinger lived, having married a relative of his own, a member of the ancient

family (now extinct) of O'Huolahan. His education in France had refined and enlarged his mind, and in acquirements he was superior to most of his neighbours ; he had a strong constitution, and was remarkable for his agility and skill in all field sports, being noted for horsemanship.

By the tenth clause of the bill passed in 1703, the estate of a “Papist,” not having a Protestant heir, was ordered to be gavelled or divided, in equal shares, between all his children. In 1709, an act, imposing additional severities, was passed, the first clause of which provided that no “Papist” should be capable of holding an annuity for life ; the third clause enacted that the child of a “Papist,” on conforming, should at once receive an annuity from his father ; the fourteenth and fifteenth clauses secured jointures to the wives of Catholics, who should conform ; the sixteenth prohibited a “Papist” from teaching, even as assistant to a Protestant master.

“ In every other nation in Europe (says Lord Clare*), where the reformed religion is established, *it has been the result of enquiry and conviction.* It has kept pace

* Speech on the Union, p. 7.

with the progress of science; and the human mind, revolting from the impositions which had been practised upon it for ages, shook off the yoke of bigotry and superstition. But Ireland, cut off from all communication with the civilized world, and enveloped in dark and impenetrable ignorance, continued blindly devoted to the superstitious errors of the Popish faith. Sunk as she was below the reach of curiosity or speculation, it was equally hopeless and impolitic to call upon the people at once to abjure the religion of their ancestors, and to subscribe to new doctrines, which they were incapable of understanding."

"It seems difficult," continues Lord Clare, "to conceive any more unjust or impolitic act of government, than an attempt thus to force new modes of religious faith and worship, by severe penalties, upon a rude and unlettered people. *Persecution, or attempts to force conscience, will never produce conviction; they are only calculated to make hypocrites and martyrs.*"

The proprietor of Carhue illustrated the truth of the latter part of Lord Clare's remark. He was not a little surprised when his cousin-german, Thomas John Coppinger, announced his intention, in the year 1776, of laying claim to half the estate, and requiring that the property left by the grandfather should be gavelled. Thomas John conformed to the religion of the state, and threatened to file a bill of discovery against his Catholic cousin, Thomas Stephen. His friends gathered round the latter, and many of them advised him to go through the cere-

mony of conforming. In similar cases, there were several who, as it was profanely said, “consented to swallow their scruples and the sacrament together.”

But Mr. Coppinger steadfastly refused to compromise his religious principles. He was a man who would have gone to the stake for his opinions, though without a tinge of fanaticism. His cousin persevered in his claims; the case was brought before the courts of law, and attracted much attention at the time. In 1777, it was argued before the courts in Dublin, and it was not a little singular, that the counsel for the Catholic defendant should have been Duquery,* whose grandfather had been driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Thus the counsel and the client were both sufferers by religious persecution—to Catholic despotism in France, and to Protestant tyranny in Ireland.

Judgment, as a matter of course, was given in favour of Thomas John Coppinger. The estate was divided into equal portions, and with his half he received the demesne of Car-

* O'Connell always spoke of Duquery as being one of the best advocates he ever heard.

hue. The sudden acquisition of the property made him reckless and improvident. What was easily got, was rapidly spent. He lived far beyond his means, and, in the old Irish fashion, maintained an open house. He kept a pack of hounds, and several hunters. His residence was well known to the members of the Munster Bar, several of whom he always invited after the summer assizes at Cork. His means, in a few years, became exhausted, and he was beset with difficulties. He was obliged to give up his place of Carhue to his son, and for many of the last years of his life lived in retirement.

In the very year after* the Coppering estates were gavelled, the law was altered, on the motion of Luke Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, a name dear to the lovers of religious toleration. Thomas Stephen Coppering bore

* It was just at this period that Grattan was nobly braving the prejudices of the time, by heroically espousing the cause of the down-trodden Catholics. How much he had to encounter may be judged of by the bitter sarcasms of Mr. Flood. "I am not," sneered Flood, alluding to Grattan's eulogy of O'Leary, and defence of the Catholics, "the missionary of a religion which I do not profess, nor the eulogist of characters I do not imitate!" Never did any man serve a cause with more "desperate fidelity" than Grattan.

the loss of his property with the greatest equanimity. He built a handsome house on the portion of his property left to him, and brought up a large family there. He was greatly respected by all the gentry of his neighbourhood, and, in the agitation for Catholic emancipation, was active and zealous. His eldest son was for many years secretary to the Catholics of Munster. He lived to a very advanced age, and when his corpse was carried to the grave, there was an extraordinary concourse of persons, anxious to do honour to a sufferer for conscience.

With the Protestants of his neighbourhood, Mr. Coppinger was always on the friendliest terms. At a time when religious bitterness divided society in Ireland, Mr. Coppinger never lost the society of one of his Protestant friends and neighbours. I may add, that between the children of the two cousins there was always the closest friendship, and between the present amiable proprietor of Carhue, descended by the female side from Thomas John, and the descendants of the Catholic branch, there is the warmest and most sincere good feeling. It would be hard, indeed, if the descendants should be held responsible for the acts of an ancestor.*

* My esteemed kinsman, Thomas Stephen Coppinger, of Sandy

Several years before the Coppinger estate was gavelled, the property of Mr. Cronin of the Park, in Kerry, at that time held by Mr. Duggan, had a very narrow escape from a keen-scented discoverer. A gentleman of very ancient family in the county of Cork, a Protestant, and a furious bigot, bore some grudge to Mr. Duggan. This gentleman, whose name need not be mentioned, for his descendants are most estimable persons, determined to file a bill against Mr. Duggan. It so chanced that a kinsman, a Mr. M'Carthy, who had lived for many years in Paris, came to the residence of this foe to Mr. Duggan. He told his relative that he was broken in fortune, and that he was going to America. He was not a little astonished when he was told by his kinsman that there was no occasion for him to despond, as care would be taken to provide for him. "For," said Mr. —, "I am going to Dublin next week, for the special purpose of filing a bill against Duggan. The fellow is a Papist, and I will get his property into my hands, and you, M'Carthy, shall have a portion of it—I should be sorry to see you poor."

Hill, near Macroom, is the grandson of the former proprietor of Carhue, and is now the resident head of the family in Muskerry.

Mr. —— was quite ready to feel for his distressed kinsman, whom he was content to relieve by plundering Mr. Duggan. The intelligence pleased Mr. M'Carthy, who was not very fastidious about the means of acquiring property. It so chanced that he was stopping at Castle Cor, the residence of Mr. Deane Freeman, about a couple of days after the conversation with Mr. ——. While speaking with Mr. Freeman, on his prospects in life, M'Carthy very frankly told Mr. Freeman of the plan struck out by Mr. ——. The news was not very pleasing to Mr. Deane Freeman, who was the old friend of Duggan, the intended victim of the scheming Mr. ——. Though a zealous Tory, Mr. Freeman was a most kind and generous man, and he determined, if possible, to baulk the designs of the plunderer. He went off without delay to ——, the residence of Mr. ——, with whom he was intimately acquainted. He did not say on what account he came, but he adroitly contrived to learn that Mr. —— was resolute in his determination to file a bill of discovery against Mr. Duggan. Mr. Freeman proposed to Mr. —— to travel with him to Dublin. At that time there were no stage-coaches, and the old roads went straight over hills. Travelling in Ireland

was at the lowest point, and, for the sake of safety from robbers, people preferred to journey together in parties. On the very first night, Mr. Freeman and his companion stopped at a friend's house, where there was a merry meeting. The host was let into the secret. The party was ultra-Hibernian in its conviviality—there was no Father Mathew in those days. Amongst the gallant topers was Mr. ——, who was liberally plied by the host, and who was carried to bed, *the next morning*, in a state of insensibility. On the next day he was totally unfit to travel, and the host, acting on Mr. Freeman's request, contrived to delay his departure. Suspecting nothing, he arrived in Dublin some days after Mr. Freeman. The disappointment of Mr. —— may be imagined, on his making a very different “discovery” from that which he had intended, when he found that Mr. Deane Freeman had anticipated him, and had filed a bill in his own name. Mr. Freeman then got Mr. Duggan to make a fictitious sale of the property, Mr. Freeman paying one thousand pounds for the Duggan estates, and Mr. Duggan covenanting, for himself and his heirs, to pay fifty pounds *per annum* to Mr. Deane Freeman and his representatives. The Duggan es-

tates afterwards went into the respectable family of the Cronins, the relatives of Mr. Duggan. Part of that family's large estates are still held on the tenure indicated above. A chiefry of fifty pounds a-year is still paid to the heir of Mr. Deane Freeman. This interesting circumstance laid the foundation of a warm friendship between the two eminent families of Deane Freeman and Cronin, which neither time, nor difference in religion or politics, could efface through successive generations.

In the county of Kerry, a large amount of Catholic property was held in trust by Mr. Falvey, a barrister. That gentleman conformed to the Established Church, for the sole purpose of acting as trustee to those Catholics who feared bills of discovery. The greatest confidence was reposed in him, and he never abused it. Several Catholics, without changing their own religion, caused their eldest sons to be reared up Protestants, and conveyed the estates to them. Amongst those who acted in this way was Mr. Rice, the distinguished Catholic lawyer, who had filled the office of Chief Baron under James the Second. He had been dismissed from the bench, after the Revolution, and returned to practice at

the bar. In company with Sir Theobald Butler and Mr. Malone, he had ably argued, at the bar of the House of Commons, against the Penal Laws. When he saw the evils likely to arise from the code, he caused his son, then of tender years, to be reared in the religion of the establishment. Upwards of a century after, his descendant, Mr. Spring Rice,* rendered, in various ways, most important service to the Catholics, while struggling for full emancipation.

The MacMahon estates, in the county of Clare, now held by Mr. Coppinger of Barryscourt, were once in great jeopardy, as the MacMahons had reason to fear a discoverer. A very spirited, though ancient maiden, a Miss MacMahon, resolved to extricate her family by becoming a Protestant. Before doing so, she consulted a friar upon the propriety of her intentions: he very frankly told her, that if for the sake of lucre she changed her creed, that she would peril her soul. "Here goes, then," she cried; "better at any time that the soul of an old maid should go to the devil, than that the property of the MacMahons, of Clare, should go to the Protestants!" She

* Now Lord Monteagle.

conformed, and saved the property. Pity that so spirited a spinster never found a mate !*

The Penal Laws are commonly instanced as the effect of Protestant bigotry ; but they could not be traced to fanatics. They were dictated rather by cupidity, and a spirit of monopoly — their proper designation was an enactment of civil war. They were totally different in their origin from the Penal Laws of France against the Protestants, which were the offspring of spiritual despotism, and a religious (!) love of persecution. Confirmation of this fact may be found in the “Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation,” the production

* Mr. Coppinger, of Barryscourt, is one of the first commoners in the Empire, and is the head of the oldest branch of the Coppingers. He is one of the very few commoners who retain Catholic advowsons. The power of presenting a Catholic rector to the parishes of St. Peter and Paul, and of St. Anne Shandon, in the city of Cork, is in the gift of Mr. Coppinger, and the right was recently exercised. In the last century it was the custom of the Catholic bishops to ask the representative of the Coppinger family for the nomination, which was usually given to them. In 1820, the right of nomination was disputed by the late Bishop Murphy, and was the subject of an ecclesiastical suit at Rome, when it was formally decided that the right had existed in the Coppinger family for centuries, and the claim was confirmed. The family papers in the possession of the respected representative of this ancient house, are well calculated to throw light upon the social history of the Irish Catholics during the last century.

of the late Matthew O'Conor, a member of a distinguished Irish family, and a man who knew how to blend the national affections of an Irishman with the spirit of a philosopher and the manners of a gentleman :—

“ The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a proceeding even more offensive than the Penal Code in Ireland. It suppressed all the privileges granted by Henry IV. and Louis XIII. ; inhibited the exercise of the Protestant religion ; enjoined the banishment of all its ministers within fifteen days ; held out rewards for converts, and prohibited keeping schools, or bringing up converts’ children in any but the Catholic religion. Dragoons were sent into Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Provence, to confirm this decree. One hundred thousand Protestants, the most *industrious and peaceable subjects* of the French monarchy, fled from the sword of persecution, and brought with them, to Germany, Holland, and England, their arts, arms, manufactures, and resentments. In every field of battle in Europe, they displayed the same invincible valour against France that was evinced by the Irish against England. In Ireland they oppressed the Catholics ; in France, the Irish exiles oppressed the Protestants.”

The persecution committed by Protestantism has generally been of a semi-tolerant character ; it teased its victims, and gave them a crippled social existence, subject to various pains and penalties. In countries *exclusively* Catholic, like Spain and Austria, persecution was always

more active and decided ; the option was only given—conformity or extinction. Hence there has always been more political progress and social development in the Protestant countries. The Catholics of Maryland, however, were the first Christians who gave the world the bright and glorious example of perfect religious freedom. Eternal honour to the memory of the noble Lord Baltimore and his liberty-loving Catholics ! At the present day, in America, in all the Protestant houses of worship, there are separate seats for the coloured population, who are not allowed to mingle with the whites ; while, in the Catholic chapels, the seats are free to all men, without invidious distinction. There is more moral beauty in that simple fact, than in the most splendid cathedral ever reared by the hands of devotees.

The right to differ, and to profess that difference, is the only safeguard against religious persecution. It is the fashion of certain religionists and politicians to cant about “ unhappy differences of religious faith.” So far from injuring the religion of a people, these differences of sentiment serve to keep true religion alive. If these difficulties cause personal animosities, they also give earnestness of cha-

racter, promote habits of inquiry, and supply topics of serious thought ; they keep the mental faculties awake, upon subjects which have an enduring interest for mankind. In the countries where there were no sects, infidelity has been worst. No Protestant country was ever in such an irreligious state as Catholic France, prior to its revolution. It is a great curse to modern civilization, that the literature of France should be so morbid and irreligious. But the French divines have not vigorously grappled, in argument, with the irreligious writers of their country. See the superior triumphs achieved by the English divines against Bolingbroke and Paine ! While Berkeley confuted the philosophical school of infidelity, the common sense and utilitarian infidels were put to the rout by Paley, to whose works there has never been an answer. The Church of England may well boast of the glories of its standard divines. Never was the defence of religion maintained with such versatility of intellect, keen logic, and profound learning, as by the famous thinkers and writers of that distinguished Church.

How pleasing it is to reflect, that those penal days are now only matters of history ;

and how foolish it is to deny that there has been no political improvement in Ireland, since the time when the Catholics were made serfs in the land of their forefathers !

“ They’re gone ! they’re gone ! those Penal Days—
All creeds are equal in our isle ;
Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,
Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
And Time shall veil, in twilight haze,
The memory of those **PENAL DAYS.**”

CHAPTER VIII.

PROVINCIAL AMBITION—GERARD CALLAGHAN.

“La carriere ouverte aux talens.”—MIRABEAU’S POLITICAL WAR-CRY.

Ambition in the Provinces—The Founder of the House of Callaghan and Sons—A Vigorous Character—His Third Son Described—Influence of Circumstances—Irish Pride at Various Periods—Anecdotes—A Scotchman and the Limerick Grandee—Talents for Public Life—Position of the Catholics—The Candidate’s Ideas—Mr. Cobden—The Aristocracy becomes Alarmed—Hostile Prejudices—Private Virtues—Conduct in Parliament—Power of the Local Aristocrats—Views of the Popular Body—Conflicting Ideas—Sketch of Lord Longueville, the Irish Boroughmonger—Interesting Anecdote of Arthur O’Connor—Electioneering—A Desperate Contest—The Wits of Cork—Maginn and his Contemporaries—Volleys of Lampoons—Manners of the Age—Another Contest—Reckless Appeals to Prejudice—Public Spirit Superior to Fraternal Affection—*Quid Pro Quo*—Isolated Ambition—Another Struggle—The Hyder Ali of the Galtees—A Long-Deferred Triumph—A Sudden Reverse—Enormous Cost of Electioneering—Private Life—A Sudden Calamity—Calm Farewell to Life—Regrets of Friend and Foe—Estimable Virtues—Palliation of Political Errors—Review—Contrasted with others—The Injured Whigs—Concluding Reflections.

IT is a mistake to suppose that ambition, in its most violent form, is to be found only in great capitals, and on theatres of national notoriety. In provincial places, the contortions of that stern passion are often to be witnessed ; and he who cares to study the singularities, and morbid energy of character, will sometimes find cases, in scenes of action comparatively confined, where

political ambition, in all its intensity and selfish purposes—in its disregard of toil and hazard—may be noted and analyzed, for the purposes of useful observation.

Gerard Callaghan, once member for the city of Cork, strongly exemplified, during his troubled life, the truth of those remarks. His career possesses strong points of interest, as it was very characteristic of the state of society in Ireland during his life-time.

The O'Callaghans were, previous to the civil wars of 1641, a proud and powerful race. They built several castles, of which the ruins still remain. Their chief district was to the north of Mount Hilary, several miles to the west of Mallow. At the time of the Revolution, the heads of the race were nearly extirpated. One branch, however, prospered, having conformed to the religion of the State—it is now represented by Lord Lismore; another branch exists in the person of Mr. John Cornelius O'Callaghan, the learned Irish scholar and historian.

Another branch of the O'Callaghans in vain struggled with the adverse destiny of the times. They sunk under the influence of confiscations, which they could not counteract by the exercise of talents, either at the bar or in commerce;

for the Penal Laws proscribed the mind no less than the religion of the Catholics. They married beneath their rank, and about the middle of the last century, one of them was engaged in business at Cork.

The son of this trader was Daniel Callaghan, one of the greatest and most enterprising merchants that Ireland ever produced. In person tall and thin, he was wiry and active in body; walked erect, and even proudly; and never showed in his deportment any of that crouching servility which was the characteristic, in those days (1788), of too many of the oppressed Catholics. He was a most superior man, not merely to the class in which he was born, but to most of the favoured Protestants with whom he came into commercial rivalry, and over whom he proudly towered, in the city of Cork, for many years before his death. Though the laws, and the state of opinion, were most unfavourable to the rise of such a man, relying on his own energies he rapidly acquired wealth, station, and even political consequence. “A strong will can gain its rights under any state of society.” So it was with Mr. Callaghan. He began life with a few hundreds, and acquired an immense fortune.

He became a government contractor, and speculated on a vast scale. The government often found him useful ; and, it is said, connived at the practice, which existed for many years, of a special mail bag being made up at Dublin for Mr. Callaghan, by which he received all his letters previously to his brother merchants.

Mr. Callaghan was a Roman Catholic ; he could not, therefore, be a member of the legislature, and contented himself with his wealth. His third son was Gerard Callaghan, a man of varied talents, of much wit and eloquence, but of infirm judgment, and of ill-regulated ambition.

He first came into public notice in the year 1811. He was then a slight young man, rather elegant in his appearance, affected in his manners, and anglicized in his accent. He had been partly brought up in England, where he used to say that “he received a very liberal education, but a very limited diet.” He was master of the principal modern languages ; was a fair classical scholar ; spoke with ease and force, and had a decided taste for improving his mind. All his family were Catholics, and, as a matter of course, he was one also. The state of society in which such a man had to move influenced his character very much. He was brought

up to succeed his father in the mercantile house of “Callaghan and Sons;” but with his liberal accomplishments and refined habits, young Gerard Callaghan appeared rather too much of a fine gentleman for his brother traders in beef and pork. Now, pride and vanity, things which generally exist separately, were mingled (with many good qualities) in young Callaghan’s composition. He thought highly of himself, and was wounded to find that persons, greatly inferior to him in talents and manners, looked down upon him, or superciliously condescended to his acquaintance. The Protestant traders affected to look down upon him as one of the Catholics, or “Papists.” Members of old families, whether Protestant or Catholic, mocked his aspiring dispositions, and sneered at “the upstart.” He dressed like a man of fashion, courted the best society, and displayed the resources of his wealth. But in doing so, he only exposed himself to being sneered at as “the upstart.” Sneers also came in abundance from the Roman Catholics, to whom he then belonged in his professed creed. Men rarely like those who, born on a level with themselves, aspire to superiority of any kind.

Irish pride—the most foolish and most ruin-

ous of faults, because it is nothing better than drunkenness of the mind—has, at various periods of the country's history, taken very different forms. In the seventeenth century, it was chiefly to be found amongst the old Catholic proprietors of the pale, who were English by descent, but who were long-established in the island, and amongst the Irish people generally. The undertakers of Ulster, the Cromwellian marauders, and many of the grantees under Charles the Second, had no other social feeling than the coarse lust of selfish aggrandisement. They naturally ridiculed all family pretensions, and each despoiler might have cried, if he had sufficient of the humanities —

*“Genus et pro-œvos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.”*

But in the early part of the present century, matters were reversed. The Protestants began to talk of “ancient blood,” “very good family,” &c. &c.; and the pillaged Catholics, who had seen the decay of their ancient houses, and who witnessed the pauperism of many high-sprung families, with time-honoured names, began to decry the vaunted advantages of birth and family. The French Revolution increased the

tendency amongst them to democratic politics. Political antipathy to those Protestants, whom they looked on as upstarts, soon begat a desire to disparage all family pretensions. Thus, in such a state of society, a man like Gerard Callaghan was sure to be censured, if he aimed at ambitious objects. Protestants despised him as at once a *novus homo* and a Papist. The Catholics disliked his pretensions to superiority, seeing that he was a man born amongst themselves ; and the mercantile community regarded with envy the monopoly of trade which the energy of the father had conferred on the firm of “D. Callaghan and Sons.”

But Gerard Callaghan was not a man to be sneered down. He had strong qualities of self-assertion, and finding himself jostled by those who arrogated to themselves the exclusive title of “gentry,” he, in his turn, became sneering and satirical ; he had much wit, and he had more audacity. He became *un diseur des mots*, and severely criticized the people who wished to keep him down. He soon acquired a talent for saying cutting things, often redeemed by their wit, and always set off with a *nonchalance*, and careless, easy indifference, to the pain which he gave. A favourite mode by which he

sought to abate the dignity of the provincial magnates of his neighbourhood, was by affecting never to have heard of their existence, or of their families. Thus, when he was once waited upon by a junior member of an old corporate family, puffed up with local consequence, who had some favour to ask, Mr. Gerard Callaghan, thinking that the canvasser was not sufficiently courtly in his manner, coolly asked him, a fellow-citizen of his own, “By the way, Mr. —, aren’t you a Scotchman?”—a question which he addressed to one as much identified with Cork as the “Bells of Shandon.” The rage of the questioned party may be conceived. Mr. Callaghan had mortified him into an enemy for life.

“Be assured,” says Goldsmith, in echoing the opinion of Locke, “that wit is in some measure mechanical, and that a man long habituated to catch at the resemblance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance.” Such was the case with Gerard Callaghan; he became a censorious wit, and did not concur with Sheridan, who makes Maria, in “The School for Scandal,” utter its author’s opinion, “that true wit is closely allied to good humour.” Mr. Callaghan became a proficient

in oblique sarcasm—that species of disparagement which, pretending to have no aim, yet strikes its object right through. Thus, when he was once waited upon by a very consequential country gentleman from the county of Limerick, who demanded the payment of several hundreds for bullocks he had sold the firm, he treated the gentleman with indifference, and acting on the principle, “first come, first served,” proceeded to attend to some farmers who were waiting in his office. The pride of the Limerick grandee was roused; he, who owned so many broad acres, and fattened so many herds of cattle, to wait upon the pleasure of the ambitious Gerard! It was not to be endured. He became clamorous for the settlement of his account. Mr. Callaghan cast his eyes upon the country gentleman, who was a very substantial, red-faced, highly-fed person. He asked him, *more suo*, “Who he was?” The indignant gentleman replied, “Who am I, sir? I’m Mr. Massy, of Bruff, and wish to be paid my account.” He dashed at Gerard Callaghan an indignant look, and expected that the name of the great Massy, of Bruff,* was to petrify the merchant. “Oh, indeed!”

* This is not the real name.

answered Gerard ; and, turning to one of his clerks, said, while staring the country gentleman in the face, “ Bring me *the butcher’s book*,” laying strong emphasis on the word *butcher*. The gentleman was near falling into a fit with passion. He said nothing, however ; if he had done so, Mr. Callaghan would have expressed his surprise at “ the cap having fitted him.”

Manners and ideas have, of late years, been so changed, that it is difficult for persons of this generation in Ireland to conceive the extreme offensiveness of Protestant pride in former days. It has considerably abated within the last twenty years. I may remark, that a new man has more prejudice to encounter in Ireland than in England. Much of Mr. Gerard Callaghan’s sarcastic manner was to be attributed to the supposed necessity for making himself formidable to those who sought to keep him down, merely because he was only a commercial capitalist, who aspired to make a distinguished figure.

A man of that kind became necessarily unpopular amongst those who were superior to him in station ; but Gerard Callaghan was too proud to stoop to the petty arts of conciliation. He de-

terminated to take up a high position despite of the local aristocracy of his neighbourhood, and to be a leading character, in spite of all opposition. Nor was he deficient in the qualities which gain public notice ; he was active and well-informed, and spoke with great fluency. He never concealed his sentiments, and was a lively, clear, and entertaining speaker. But his overweening pretensions raised him up opponents. However, he played a conspicuous part, and for a while satisfied himself with mere local consequence.

But Gerard Callaghan could not brook provincial obscurity. He desired a larger theatre. Parliament was closed against him ; the laws in force against the Catholics were just enough to irritate their pride, but not to restrain their social influence. The honours of the state were most unwisely withheld from them. Their religion was a bar to parliament. Mr. Callaghan saw himself excluded from public life, and his eager ambition coveted station and influence. He resolved to become a Member of Parliament, and conformed to the religion of the Established Church. About the year 1818, he purchased the rotten borough of Dundalk for a large sum of money, and gratified his ambition by writing M.P. after his name.

It was said by his personal enemies, that his preference of the state religion to that in which he had been educated, was simply because it made Members of Parliament. But such was not the whole truth. Without studying the dusty tomes of controversy, Mr. Callaghan appears to have satisfied his mind that the Protestant religion was more favourable than the Catholic to industry, enterprise, and self-reliance. Whether it was from the prejudice of his education in England, or from his acquaintance with English literature, so strongly imbued with a Protestant spirit, or from his own observation of the effects produced by the two religions, he seems at an early period to have imbibed a partiality for the Protestant creed. His convictions, probably, concurred with his ambition. If challenged for a reason for his adopted faith, he would probably have used the same facts as are adduced by Mr. Cobden* to prove the superior social results of Protestantism. But a new man, changing his creed and going into parliament, was exposed to all kinds of insinuation. Interested motives, as a matter of course, were imputed. There are few facts concerning

* In his well-known pamphlet, called "England, Ireland, and America."

human nature so painful, as that what is called “the world,” generally puts the worst construction on the motives of a public character.

When he entered parliament, in 1818, or thereabouts, he drew down odium on himself from a class which had never thought of him before. The great county families of Boyle, King, and the leading commoners, like the Hydes, Hedges-Eyres, and others, had previously monopolised the political influence of the county and city. The families of Hutchinson and Colthurst, also, who made Cork city a rotten borough, were alarmed at the sight of an ambitious merchant writing himself an “M.P.,” and aspiring to influence like themselves. Thus the aristocracy, Whig and Tory, the jealous Protestant gentry and middle classes, and the Catholic democracy of the South of Ireland, beheld in Gerard Callaghan, a bold, selfish, reckless adventurer. They all viewed him harshly; most of them judged him uncharitably. But he despised popularity, and hated the aristocracy. In truth, some of the Irish peers in his neighbourhood were not equal to their lofty pretensions. He despised them for their narrow minds and limited accomplishments. He saw through the narrow jealousies of his rival mer-

chants, and cared little for their esteem. His affections he reserved for his immediate friends, and for his amiable wife and children. There were others also whom he sought to be esteemed by : these were the numerous persons in the employment of the firm. By all of these latter he was beloved for his munificent generosity, his solicitude for their welfare, and a thousand petty acts of kindness, which showed that his heart was generous, if his ambition was reckless.

He was certainly a strange mixture of great talents and vanity, with some absurd and many excellent traits. While he sat for Dundalk he was an active and intelligent member, and took a strong interest in Irish subjects. He was one of the first who loudly complained of the inattention then paid to Ireland. He said nothing about Catholic Emancipation, and professed that peculiar kind of political creed which Mr. Flood introduced into Ireland—namely, a system of popular liberalism, which was not to extend beyond the Protestants.

But he did not long enjoy the honours of parliament. By the death of George the Third, parliament was dissolved, and he was left to hunt for a seat, after having purchased Dun-

dalk for some thousands. He now aspired to represent his native place, "the beautiful city called Cork." His ambition grew with every year.

The state of society and politics was singular enough. Cork had been turned into a rotten borough, in which nearly all public spirit had been corrupted by the lavish outlays of the families of Colthurst, Hutchinson, and Longfield. These families thought they had an hereditary right to debauch the constituency, and share its representation amongst themselves. They looked on Gerard Callaghan, therefore, as an intruding political poacher, trespassing on their preserves. They viewed him with feelings of mingled hatred and alarm. One might have thought that the citizens ought to have supported Callaghan, as a candidate, against their boroughmongers, the Hutchinsons and Longfields. But they did not think so themselves, because the popular party in Cork was very anxious for Catholic Emancipation. Hely Hutchinson was its constant advocate; Sir Conway Colthurst was its consistent supporter. What help to the cause, they argued, would have been such a man as Callaghan—a man born among the Catholics themselves? No;

they very naturally desired to be represented by sound, genuine, hereditary old Protestants, like Colthurst and Hutchinson. Beside, they did not wish that such a man as Gerard Callaghan should possess the government patronage ; and in those days members of parliament had a vast deal in their power.

Having mentioned the family of Longfield, I will here diversify the narrative with an account of Richard Longfield (afterwards Lord Longueville).

It was calculated that he possessed the power of returning sixteen members to the Irish House of Commons. His family was a Norman one—*Longchamps*. One of them attended James the Second to Ireland, and was killed in the action near Drogheda. His wife was a Protestant, and, it is said, was lucky enough to attract the attention of William the Third, who gave her a grant of land for her only son, who was afterwards noticed by the Earl of Inchiquin. Young Longfield got lands from the head of the O'Bryens ; but he afterwards enlisted in the service of the Boyles, political foes to Lord Inchiquin. His grandson entered political life in the service of Lord Shannon, but soon set up for himself. He was a miser in his general

habits, but gambled from a spirit of avarice, and spent thousands at elections.*

He won, at hazard, from Sir Cæsar Colclough, a seat for Enniscorthy for his life, and a seat for another borough, from Sir John Hamilton, for the same term. He planned to oust Sir John Freke out of Baltimore, and to take Kells from Lord Headfort. He purchased Mallow from Mr. Jephson, on the droll condition that Jephson should sit as his nominee. He was created Lord Viscount Longueville. He bought himself the representation of the city of Cork. He was very lavish in his promises of finding public situations and lucrative posts for his supporters; but, as might have been supposed, he did not always keep his word. On one occasion in canvassing the electors, he waited on a gentleman, Mr. P—, who, on two former occasions, had voted for

* When General Arthur Condorcet O'Connor (nephew to Lord Longueville, and uncle to Feargus O'Connor) joined the extreme popular party in Ireland, he was offered, by his noble relative, the reversion of his estates, with the chance of the title of Longueville, provided he would abandon his democratic principles. Arthur O'Connor refused the offer, and never swerved from the profession of his principles. In the month of November, 1847, this veteran democrat, upright and consistent, presided at a meeting in France, for Electoral Reform. Into what bright relief such a character is thrown, when contrasted with the modern democrats of Ireland!

him, in the vain expectation that Colonel Longfield would keep his promise of providing for P—. Out of pique, P— had determined to vote for Hely Hutchinson, and told the colonel so. The latter affected great surprise, and said—

“ Dear me ! I did not think to have lived to see the day when one of the stanch Protestant P—s would be heard to vote for Hely, the Papist !” (So they used to call Hutchinson.)

“ But, Colonel, you have promised so often, and done nothing for me ?”

“ True, *my dear friend* ! for I never yet knew the place that would *exactly* suit you. Tell me that, and you’ll surely have it.”

P— was then set upon what the Orangemen called his “ Protestant mettle,” and replied—“ Why, Colonel, a place at Cove, as tide-waiter, would answer.”

“ Ay ! now I have you !—say not another word.” And taking out a memorandum-book, he turned over a score of leaves, and proceeded to enter the name of P—, who at once cried out—

“ Oh, murder, Colonel ! am I to wait until all the foregoing are provided for ?”

The elector was in trepidation, seeing the numbers already in Longfield's list. But Colonel Longfield was an experienced canvasser, and smiling upon his dupe, turned back to page *one*, saying—“My dear P——, to convince you of my regard for you, *I will interline you*,” and set him down sixth on his list. He interlined him then, and skipped over him afterwards, to his disappointment.

Such men as Lord Longueville and others debauched, for years, the poor electors of Cork. So long, however, as the leading families of Hutchinson and Boyle professed adherence to Catholic Emancipation, the electors of Cork did not care how many of the constituency were bribed. The Catholics were chiefly anxious to have men of birth and talent enlisted in their cause, and coldly regarded the aims of Gerard Callaghan, who resolved to be member for Cork. In 1820, he opposed himself to Hely Hutchinson, a highly honourable Irish Whig, of the good old school founded by **Grattan**. Mr. Callaghan appeared to disadvantage against such a man, who had been for years the favourite of the popular party. He was cried down as an ambitious upstart; but he was callous to all such abuse. Hutchinson and his

friends availed themselves of the Irish prejudices in favour of “ rale gintlemin,” and polled double over Callaghan.

At that time the city of Cork possessed some choice social spirits, many of them uniting convivial qualities to considerable literary accomplishments. Amongst them were Dr. Maginn, humorous, learned, and versatile ; Gosnell, one of the best contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in its early days ; Frank M'Carthy, one of the brightest wits of the Munster Bar ; John O'Driscoll, author of “ Views of Ireland ;” Henry Bennett, a humorist of a high order, author of the witty poem, called the “ The Steamboat ;” Redmond O'Driscoll, a keen and clever journalist ; with many others, men of literary talents. Several of these entered into the electioneering contests of the city with great ardour, enlisting themselves in the service of their favourite, and discharging at their political adversaries lampoons and epigrams. Some of the best of these would not bear reprinting, as their allusions are local, and the reflections too personal ; but a few of them may be quoted as illustrative of the manners of the time. A review of these productions shows the prevailing sentiment of Irish society in those days—a

dislike of a *novus homo*, and a predilection for men of family.

The contest, it will be observed, lay between Hutchinson, a liberal Whig, and a member of a distinguished Irish family; Sir Nicholas Colthurst, a liberal Tory Baronet, with aristocratic connexions; and Gerard Callaghan, a first-class merchant, and the son of a wealthy capitalist. In fitness for parliamentary life, Mr. Callaghan was superior to his antagonists. He was intimately acquainted with commercial affairs, and an excellent speaker. At this election there was no religious element at work, as Mr. Gerard Callaghan was then prepared to go as far as Sir Nicholas Colthurst, on the question of Emancipation.

The aristocrats commenced with deriding the pretensions of the *novus homo* :—

“ A Fop a canvassing would go—
Heigh ho ! Cork city ;
A Fop a canvassing would go,
Whether his daddy would let him or no—
With his ‘ How do do ?
Ah ! is that you ?’
Heigh ho ! the city.

“ Off he set with his quizzing-glass—
Heigh ho ! Cork city ;

Off he set with his quizzing-glass,
And his cuckoo song, when a freeman would pass,

‘ Ah ! is that you ?
How do you do ?’
Heigh ho ! the city.

“ A Grazier he meets, cries your price is too low—
For the county or the city ;
A Grazier he meets cries, ‘ Your price is too low ;’
Says Gerard, ‘ You’ve now but to name it, you know ;
For a vote from you—
Ah ! how do you do ?’
Heigh ho ! the city.

“ Says the Grazier, ‘ I’d like for my cattle, when dead,
Heigh ho ! the city ;
Says the Grazier, ‘ I’d like for my cattle, when dead,
The same price you set on your own calf’s head !
Hah ! hah ! that’s you—
Now how do you do ?’
Heigh ho ! the city.”

For a hundred years the city of Cork had not been represented by a citizen. Its members had always been taken from the younger sons of the local nobility, or from some of the squirearchy. The friends of the new candidate appealed in doggrel to the commercial feelings of the trading classes :—

“ Now Gerard advances with ‘ Trade’ in his train,
With ‘ Old Dan’ by his side, who ne’er laboured in vain ;
His native land’s rights he will seek to obtain,
On St. Patrick’s Day in the morning.

“ Brother Pat, that good fellow, whom all of you love,
 With Richard, as meek and as mild as a dove,
 And Daniel the younger, who is hand and glove,
 With every tradesman among you.

“ Then come forward, my boys, and give Gerard your
 voice ;
’Tis the mercantile man who should be your choice ;
 Delay not support for the son of the man
Who has laboured and prospered among you.

“ *Our citizen Gerard to parliament send,*” &c., &c.

The committee of the aristocrats, fearing that the appeal for “our fellow-citizen” would raise up commercial prejudices in his favour, resolved to stir up religious animosity against him :—

“ Young Gerard starts for town, my love,
 And we will *keep him down*, my love ;
 He ne’er shall bawl in St. Stephen’s hall,
 As member for our town, my love.
 Then awake the city—reflect, my dear,
 ’Tis never too late to select, my dear ;
 Return the writ for Nick and Kit,
 And *turn-coats* never elect, my dear.

“ The Member for Dundalk, my love,
 In Cork is all the talk, my love ;
 For lucre’s seed he changed his creed,
 And now to church he goes, my love,” &c.

The friends of the new candidate assailed separately, in reply, his aristocratic adversaries, who wished to “keep him down.” They attacked Sir Nicholas Colthurst, whose estate was heavily encumbered by electioneering expenses :—

“ Your purse, Master Nick, is now getting slack,
Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la ;
To St. Stephen’s Chapel you will not get back,
Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la.

“ You now are opposed by the son of Old Dan,
Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la ;
A sensible, clear-headed, proper young man ;
Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la.

“ Make up your mind, and return to your home,
Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la ;
To be kicked out by Gerard is surely your doom,
Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la,” &c.

And to Hutchinson they wrote—

“ Who is this comes stalking here ?
How ghastly pale he doth appear !
'Tis jealous Hely, full of fear
Of the new Candidate.

“ Through all his long and tedious speech,
With manners rude, and piercing screech,
He tries the conduct to impeach
Of the new Candidate.

“ Jealous hate has marked his course ;
Conscious of his rival’s force,
He now beats down without remorse,
The new Candidate,” &c.

Mr. Hutchinson was very severe on the pretensions of the Callaghan family. One of the new candidate’s brothers, the late Mr. Patrick W. Callaghan, took offence, and called Hutchinson out. The latter accepted the invitation, and had his finger shot off by Mr. Callaghan’s second fire. They were in the act of taking their places for a third fire, when Mr. Callaghan’s second cried out, “ Oh ! the matter cannot go farther. I perceive Mr. Hutchinson is wounded ! ” “ What, sir,” cried Hutchinson, “ is your friend’s honor satisfied by a scratch like that ? ” holding up his hand in derision, with a finger hanging to it.

Attacking a man because he had not aristocratic ancestors, was a poor mode of resisting the claims of the new candidate. One of the wits of the Callaghan party, not satisfied with the loss of Mr. Hutchinson’s finger, resolved to retort upon that gentleman and Sir N. Colthurst, their uncourteous allusions to family ; and ridiculed their haughty aristocratic pre-

tensions in the following lampoon, which was not without much effect:—*

“As for birth, I need not fear competition with Mr. Gerard Callaghan.”—
SIR N. COLTHURST’S ADDRESS.

“Many a true word is spoken in jest.”—AESOP.

“ There are three candidates in town,
I tell the truth to thee, man ;
And I’d not give a silver crown,
For any of the three, man.
And yet I swear, it is not fair
That all should batter Jerry ;
I’ll let him pass, then, I declare,
And with the rest make merry.”

After some further reflections, the lampoon proceeds to give the pedigree of the proud Hely Hutchinson and the vaunting baronet, as follows:—

“ Squire Hely’s father’s father, then—
And he can mount no higher—
Flourished a hedge-attorney’s pen,
Was surnamed Jack the Liar ;
And plagued the country to the west,
For he dwelt out towards Kerry ;
Now I can’t see, sir, I protest,
How this surpasses Jerry.

* These verses contain a distortion of the pedigrees in question. I print them as exhibiting the modes of political warfare common at Irish elections in past times.

“ His father* was a knowing blade,
 As ever wore a wig, man ;
 And no one plied a prettier trade
 In parts, than this same prig, man.
 A deep-read provost, sir, he was,
 A dashing hussar major ;
 A sergeant learned in the laws,
 A packer and a guager.

“ To law, state, army, and excise,
 His sons got places plenty :
 And to wise Kit he did devise
 His right in this our city.
 Where is the birth, I wish to know,
 In honest Hely’s case, man ?
 His grandsire an attorney low—
 His father a vile placeman.

“ Sir Nicholas, oh ! not a word
 Of Whiteboys, or the like, man ;
 To loyal colonels ’tis absurd
 To talk about a pike, man.
 But whence springs he ? I prithee do
 An answer now afford, man ;

* * * * *

It then concludes—

“ So boasts of birth, we must allow,
 Is nothing but a quiz, man ;

* The celebrated Provost Hutchinson—of whom it was said, that if he got all Ireland for a park, he would beg for the Isle of Man as a potato-garden.

There's none of them is higher than
The meanest scum of earth, sir.
So if we vote for any man,
It need not be for birth, sir."

Mr. C. H. Hutchinson was one of the most zealous Whigs of the time. He was a man of high honour, of great personal spirit, and of talents above the average. But as a speaker he was tedious, and declaimed with monotonous energy ; and there is nothing so tiresome as the monotony of vehemence. It was humorously said, that one of his speeches on Catholic Emancipation, had wind enough to fill the sails of a becalmed fleet !

When Gerard Callaghan lost his election in 1820, he was for a while mortified ; but he resolved to struggle again for it, and succeed in spite of all the foes whom he had made. In 1826, there was a vacancy by the death of Hutchinson, and Callaghan again addressed the electors. He professed, at first, a doubtful kind of politics, and tried to feel the pulse of the Catholic electors ; but they determined not to trust him. The aristocracy also sought to crush him ; and he found combined against him the High Tory gentlemen of the county, and all the Roman Catholic party. He sounded the public mind,

and found that the popular interest would not support him. In that year, politics ran high. The Emancipation struggle filled all minds with fears and hopes. The Catholic Association had grown formidable under the influence of O'Connell. Brunswick Clubs excited the Protestants throughout Ireland.

Baffled in his hopes of being spontaneously chosen by his fellow-citizens, Callaghan cast away all scruples of political conscience. He determined to present himself to the public in a new light, and came out as a red-hot Protestant candidate. He talked of "Independence and Protestantism," and denounced the Catholic Association as "an abominable nuisance." He went to extreme length in denouncing his political adversaries, and made himself very obnoxious by his pungent commentaries on their proceedings. The ultra-Protestant politicians extravagantly praised his moral courage, while the Catholics execrated the infamy of his ambition. He became a hero with one party, and a demon with the other. Vituperation, in all its varieties, was showered upon his head. He was the favourite theme of all the jibing wags of Cork.

He was opposed by young Hutchinson, the son of the faithful friend of the Catholics. The

election lasted for several days. Many Roman Catholic connexions of Callaghan voted with him, and the greatest excitement was caused. At last, the Hutchinson party determined to close the booths, and not to poll any votes, knowing that Callaghan had few voters left. Twenty was the legal number which should be polled to keep a booth open. Seventeen had voted ; no more remained to vote, except non-resident freemen, and two gentlemen of Cork, Messrs. Dan and Pat Callaghan, brothers of the candidate. Mr. Patrick Callaghan was ready to vote for Gerard, if his brother Daniel showed him the way ; but the latter refused, on public principle, to do so. He loved his brother, and even sympathized with his personal ambition ; but his principles forbade him to vote. This conduct was the more striking, as in those days the political morality in Ireland sanctioned, and even encouraged, a man to vote for his friend and relative, no matter what his politics might be.

“ Who are you, sir, and what are your pretensions ? ” was the reply of Gerard, on one occasion, to a physician, who asked his vote for a public office. To that same physician, on the last day of the election, the candidate went, and asked his vote. “ Who are *you*, sir, and what are

your pretensions?" was the doctor's answer. For want of this doctor's vote, the booth was closed. On the next day, some thirty or forty freemen came from Limerick, too late for the poll.

The joy of the people was great at the defeat of Callaghan. The aristocracy was equally rejoiced at the failure of "the upstart." Lord Kingston, and the leader of the Munster Orangemen, Mr. Hedges Eyre, canvassed against him. They could brook a liberal as an M.P., sooner than an ambitious *parvenu*, with a caustic tongue, and with political talents that threw into shade their own hereditary dulness.

Thus Gerard Callaghan was then at cross purposes with all parties. Isolated and ambitious, without any political passions, he assumed the part of an anti-Catholic agitator, and astonished all who knew his history with the audacity of his language, and with his assaults on the Catholic body. He lived at this time in a lonesome house, seated at the top of a hill, near Cork ; it commanded a view of the whole city, and in its solitary elevation and lofty site, preserved a conformity of character with the aspiring spirit that resided in it. The tur-

moil he caused was indescribable. His life was productive of personal animosities and civic discord, to an extent that would surprise, if fully recorded.

Baffled in his ambition, he only bided his time to come forward again at the first opportunity. Nor was the occasion long wanting. In a year after his defeat by Hutchinson, Sir Conway Colthurst died, and Callaghan again stirred up the bile of the aristocracy and the dislike of the people, by presenting himself as a candidate for Cork. Tory gentlemen were applied to by the Liberals to oppose him; but where was the Tory with the purse to encounter “the upstart,” who talked of spending ten thousand pounds on the contest. It was remembered how lavishly he had spent his money in the contest with young Hutchinson, and the resolute purposes of Callaghan frightened the Tories of the county from disputing his pretensions. The Liberals of the city were in despair at seeing the representation handed over to such a man; but where were they to find one able to contend with a man who, infatuated with ambition, would have spent his last shilling for the purpose of domineering over his fellow-citizens. Even the great Whig Peer, Lord Kingston,

had not spirit enough to start a candidate against him.

Sir Augustus Warren (without his privity, for he was absent from the county of Cork) was put up for the city, by the united exertions of Tories and Liberals. But alas ! where, without the honourable baronet's express warrant, were they to get the money to bribe the free-holders ? Sir Augustus Warren was, in many respects, the opposite to Gerard Callaghan, in his personal character. A Protestant, he had no bigotry against Catholics ; with hereditary rank and fortune, he was very liberal in his disposition. But he was not started as a *bona fide* candidate ; Callaghan chuckled over his adversaries, mocked at and abused them ; snapped his fingers in the face of the aristocracy—and was triumphantly returned.*

At last he had gained his point—he had become member for Cork. Was he content ? No ; his ambition was only whetted. It was said that he resolved, if possible, to aim at a peer-

* At this election, the late Earl of Kingston was bitterly nicknamed by Gerard Callaghan. Lord Kingston was a man of violent and overbearing character, and ruled a vast territory with great power, residing near the Galtees. "I fear not," said Gerard Callaghan, "the enmity of this *Hyder Ali of the Mountains*." The name stuck to Lord Kingston.

age. He dreamed of parliamentary honours, and thought that he who had befooled the Irish Protestants, might also befool the British minister. Elated by his success, his ambition became more expansive.

But his hopes were again to be dashed. He had once affronted Mr. Whately, a Cork merchant, and the son of that gentleman had feelings of strong antipathy to Mr. Callaghan. While tar-barrels were blazing for the return of the new members, Mr. Whately quietly said that he was ineligible, as a government contractor ! Joy ! joy ! for the Liberals ! They eagerly got up a petition against Mr. Callaghan, and clubbed their purses for the purpose of unseating him. Subscriptions poured in from various parts of Ireland, and the necessary steps were taken. Mr. Callaghan's friends at first laughed—but the matter was taken up in earnest. A committee of the House of Commons decided against him.

When the decision became known in the south of Ireland, nothing could equal the joy of the populace. They were heartily delighted at the fall of their formidable foe, and the Protestant and Whig aristocrats were equally pleased at the downfall of the "*novus homo.*"

It was certainly a bitter mortification to Gerard Callaghan, to find that all his expenditure and his struggles had been in vain. Seldom was any man subjected to more galling mortification than when he arrived again in his native city, shorn of the honours which he had so eagerly coveted, and which he had dearly bought by the sacrifice of peace of mind, private happiness, and a vast expenditure of money. But rarely did a man bear a reverse with more manly fortitude. And not a few of his personal and political enemies felt something like compunction, when they saw him brought down from his eminence. His nerve and game-cock qualities obtained him, for the first time in his life, something like sympathy with his feelings.

In those days, to be a member of parliament was deemed a great honour. But the value of an M.P.ship has greatly fallen off since the Reform Bill. Persons without great talent, or without legitimate social pretensions—small squires, and low demagogues—have become so numerous in the House of Commons, that to be a member of parliament now-a-days, is not saying much for a man's importance. The tail-members threw great ridicule upon

the supposed dignity of parliamentary life. But in the days when Mr. Gerard Callaghan figured, the representation of such a city as Cork was valued highly as an aristocratic distinction. On the election which took place, consequent on his ejection from parliament, the candidates were Mr. Dan Callaghan, who stood upon the commercial interest, opposed to Mr. Newenham, supported by the aristocratic interest. The election lasted for several days, causing great excitement and expenditure. The late Mr. N. P. Leader, M.P. for Kilkenny, publicly stated that Mr. Newenham (the defeated candidate) told him, that one contest cost him eighteen thousand pounds. In breaking down the domination of the aristocracy over the city of Cork, it was thought that Mr. Gerard Callaghan, and his brother (still M.P. for Cork) spent, from the years 1820 to 1831, little short of thirty thousand pounds. Adding the money spent by Mr. Newenham, the Hutchinson family, Lord Cork, and Sir N. Colthurst, it would be probably found that, at least, sixty thousand pounds were spent upon Cork city elections during these eleven years.

His brother (the present member), who was always extremely popular with all parties in

the city, having become member for Cork, Gerard Callaghan withdrew after a time from politics, and applied his talents to commercial enterprise. During the agitation of Reform, he identified himself with the reformers, and stated that he had always been in favour of reform. At the memorable meeting* in 1832, where Feargus O'Connor told the Whig gentry of the county of Cork, that *he*, with his democratic principles, would rescue Corkshire from aristocratic ascendancy, Mr. G. Callaghan spoke very ably in support of reform. He would probably, by the force of events, have become allied to the popular party ; and there can be little doubt, that if he had been returned to parliament, he would have been found an acquisition. He had great knowledge of the social state of Ireland ; his mind was at once enterprising and practical, and he would have been useful in debates. He would not have been obnoxious to the charges of want of talent and industry, so repeatedly brought, from various quarters, against the modern Irish members.

But, in the very prime of his life, he was cut off suddenly, by an unfortunate surgical

* See "Ireland and its Rulers," vol. i., p. 172.

accident, on which there is no occasion to dwell. He died not many hours after the accident took place, and, on his death-bed, displayed extreme calmness and resignation. His faculties he preserved to the last: he himself comforted the relatives who wept around him, and exhibited, in his last moments, a serene dignity and elevated composure, which, under the trying circumstances of a sudden death, spoke strongly for the vigorous mind and superior nature he undoubtedly possessed.

When the news of his death was told, there was universal regret felt, even amongst his personal antagonists and his political enemies. His serious political errors were forgotten, and he was only thought of as the enterprising merchant, the liberal employer, beloved by all who laboured in his interest, and the warm friend. His domestic virtues were not forgotten, and his stainless, private life, pleaded powerfully against the indiscriminate censure of the harsh zealots of faction. I have seen, even at the distance of many years, the tears glisten in the eyes of those who knew him, as he appeared to his intimate friends and dependants. Whatever infirmities he exhibited were atoned for by the presence of numerous good

qualities. As son, husband, father, brother, and friend, he might have fearlessly challenged a comparison with many of the *soi-disant* “patriots” who abused him by wholesale, many of whom, though shouting for liberty in public, were tyrants in the family circle—harsh, intolerant, austere.

Of Mr. Gerard Callaghan’s public career, it may be said that it was marked by errors which were as great as the energy and boldness he displayed in their support. His talents were varied, yet his mistakes were numerous. He had great powers of argument, but his course was marked by little wisdom; and his sophistry was often as flimsy as his eloquence was forcible. His greatest error was his conduct—quite inexcusable—in pandering to the Protestant prejudices of a party in Ireland, for the sake of gaining an important seat in parliament. That a man of his excellent understanding could have been a fanatic, was utterly impossible.* He stooped to an alliance

* That he himself was not a fanatic, might be easily shown. In 1832, there was a public dinner at the Mayoralty House in Cork. The company was numerous and mixed; several Roman Catholics were present. An Orange politician, with very bad taste, proposed, “Protestant Ascendancy in Church and State.” Of course the proposal caused great offence. Some Catholics left in dis-

with vulgar fanaticism solely for ambitious purposes, and of course such conduct must meet with censure. But let us not be partial in casting that censure. Let us recollect that the same fault has been committed, on a vast scale, for many years, by persons exclusively arrogating to themselves the profaned name of "patriots." Let us not forget the sorry spectacle of men deriding "Repeal" in private, and shouting lustily for it on the hustings. Let us not forget the disgraceful tyranny to which the flower of our modern Whig party in Ireland has been so heartlessly sacrificed. Let us remember a Parnell driven from the Queen's County; a Leader ejected from Kilkenny; a Ponsonby from Youghal; Lambert from Wexford; Lord Killeen from Meath; and the accomplished and intellectual Wyse from Waterford. Let us not forget how much hypocrisy there has been in the modern popular politics of Ireland, before we attack the

gust—others remained to resent the insult. Altercation ensued, and the worst consequences were expected. Mr. G. Callaghan, acting as moderator, humorously proposed to reconcile differences by drinking, "The *memory* of Protestant Ascendancy." The Orangemen present were excessively mortified at their champion's intimation, that their once-vaunted power was dead and gone, and the Catholics were greatly amused.

memory of a politician like Mr. Gerard Callaghan, who pandered to Protestant prejudices without sharing them, just as others have catered to licentious fanaticism, and to intemperate national prejudices—though well convinced of the utter impracticability of the “Repeal,” for which they pretended to be in earnest. The political vices of recklessness and insincerity have unhappily been manifested in other parties besides the defunct faction which wore the blood-stained livery of Protestant ascendancy.

On the whole, the career of Mr. Gerard Callaghan is vividly illustrative of the feelings entertained, in the past generation, towards a new man aspiring to public honours in Ireland. We learn from it how exclusive and arrogant were the old landed oligarchy, both Whig and Tory, when a first-class merchant was scoffed at for presuming to lay claims to represent his native city. We learn from it, also, the servile love of the gentry, and the stupid admiration of blood and high birth, prevailing amongst the masses, when it as much damaged a man at an election to be told that he was “an upstart” (though with the command of a hundred thousand pounds), as to be called

“a turn-coat.” We see in it, also, the extreme difficulty which, under the old *regime*, a new man, no matter how eloquent or able, had to encounter while looking for a seat in parliament. Surely, on the whole, there has been a great political improvement since those days.

It will be better, therefore, instead of chiding the hypocrites and fanatics who have bellowed for Repeal, to recognise in their present (and, I trust, transitory) triumph, *the violent reaction against the old spirit of unbridled aristocratic prejudice, which reigned paramount in Ireland prior to the political revolution effected by the Relief Bill of 1829, and the Reform Act of 1832*. As illustrative of those times now past, I have presented the foregoing memoir to the reader; for the spirit of those days was strikingly revealed in the stormy career of the enterprising Gerard Callaghan.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Ejection of William Gorman—Its Consequences—Maher and his Gang—Character of Mary Kelly—Casting the Bullets—Kate Mullaly—Parleying—Terrorism—A Midnight Scene—The Secret Council—The Gang going forth—The lone Witness—The doomed Cottage—Fire bursting forth—Seventeen Persons confined within—Horrors of the Victims—The Mother and her new-born Babe—The Ruling Passion strong in Death—Mockery of the Villains—An Attempt at Rescue—Government baffled—More Terrorism—Appalling Scene—The Pangs of Conscience—Dreadful Visions—Tardy Confession—Conviction of Gorman—Resources of Government.

WILLIAM GORMAN was an under-tenant of the family of Sheas, residing near the mountain of Slievenamon, in Tipperary, who themselves held the farm, which Gorman tilled, from a head landlord. The Sheas ejected Gorman from his holding. He was a man of strong passions and the most vindictive feelings, and he determined to take vengeance upon the Sheas. He joined a gang of the peasants, who were leagued together under the command of a terrible ruffian named Maher, and they resolved that, without delay, the Sheas should suffer for their ejection of Gorman.

The 20th of November, 1821, fell upon a Monday. On the Saturday preceding, Maher, the leader of the gang, went to the house of a man called Kelly, who kept an inferior kind of public-house, the resort of the worst characters. There whiskey was sold, rustic intrigues were carried on, and agrarian plots designed. The wife of Kelly was not badly adapted for the hostess of such a place, as she had led, previous to her marriage, a profligate life. But though abandoned in her morals, she had still the heart of a woman, and the feelings of the softer sex were not entirely seared within her breast. The place in which the Kellys' public house was located was wild and dreary. The surrounding scenery, with its bleak hills and gloomy glens, looked like a spot marked out by nature for horror.

Maher was by some persons supposed to be intimate with Mary Kelly; but of this no evidence was ever offered, and she always denied it. Upon the Saturday when he entered her house, he retired within a recess, and occupied himself in casting bullets! Mary Kelly beheld his operations, and she guessed for whom the bullets were designed, for she well knew that Maher's bloody gang, at the instance of William

Gorman, were determined to assail the Sheas. Indeed, throughout the neighbourhood, the rumour was general that the Sheas were to be attacked, and they resolved not to be unprepared for their assailants, and well provided themselves with arms. Nor was that all—the farmers in the neighbourhood also armed themselves.

Mary Kelly, on observing the proceedings of Maher, felt moved to entreat him not to take life away. She revolted from the sanguinary spirit of the gang who frequented her house, and had the virtue to remonstrate with Maher, who turned her questions aside, and took no notice of her entreaties. While they were parleying together, in came a cousin of Mary Kelly's, called Kate Mullaly, who lived as a servant in the family of the devoted Sheas. She dropped in merely to pay a visit, and was received with good humour. Maher knew her very well, and chatted familiarly with her upon that evening. Little did poor Kate Mullaly suspect that the bloody ruffian, Maher, had a deep object in conversing with her. He contrived to draw from her an exact account of the means of resistance which the Sheas had provided against attack. She told him the

plain truth, that there was a quantity of arms in the house. In talking thus, she was quite unaware of the importance of her information, and she was also altogether ignorant that Maher had the least design of attacking the Sheas.

After some joking and friendly conversation, Kate Mullaly left the house of Mary Kelly. On her departure, Mary Kelly besought Maher earnestly not to do any harm to Kate Mullaly. He promised that he would not do any harm to her, and that pledge partly assured Mary Kelly, who was too much under the influence of fear to inform the authorities of the projects of vengeance meditated by Maher, Gorman, and their gang. Nor did she know at that time of the horrible atrocities which the ruffians contemplated. She still, however, continued to be greatly alarmed for the life of her relative, Kate Mullaly, for whom she felt strong affection, and her mind was throughout the next day haunted with horrible forebodings.

She feared to communicate her feelings to her husband, as she had no confidence in him, and on Monday night, the 20th of November, 1821, she rose cautiously from her husband's bed, put

on his coat, and stole from the house in the direction of Maher's residence. It was midnight, and she crept timidly along the hedges. She came close to the cottage where Maher lived, and there she stopped. She heard the voices of men inside, conversing eagerly together. Their debating lasted for some time.

The door suddenly opened, and Mary Kelly crouched low behind some bushes, skulking from observation. If she had been seen by any of Maher's party at that time, her life would have paid the forfeit of her curiosity. But, fascinated by horror, and excited to the most intense degree, she braved the perils of detection, eagerly desiring to know the actual end of the tragedy, which she was aware was on the point of being acted. The gang issued from Maher's house, well equipped with arms, and were marshalled in a sort of half-military array. Little did they know that on that gloomy night, and in that desolate scene, a pair of human eyes were gazing at them! Little did they dream that Providence was then mysteriously preparing even an earthly retribution for their fell atrocities! Secure in their numbers, and conscious of their strength, they marched boldly forward in the direction where

the Sheas lived. Mary Kelly marked the murderers, as they passed close to the very spot where she lay concealed. Eight of the party she distinctly recognised. One of those carried two pieces of turf lighted at the end, and he blew upon them from time to time, in order to keep the fire alive.

Then flashed upon her mind the terrible mode of vengeance which the miscreants designed. She shook with nervous terror as she guessed at the intentions for which the lighted turf was taken. Affrighted and horror-struck, she was still impelled by an awful feeling of curiosity, and followed the party slowly from fence to fence. For some time she kept them in view, but soon they got beyond her. She saw that they had gone straight for the cottage of the Sheas, and she stopped on a rising ground from which their residence was discernible. There she remained, awaiting the event which she conjectured was about to take place.

Nor did she wait long before there burst forth vividly a flame from the thatched cottage of the Sheas. It was a windy night, and the fire shot forth rapidly, and the desolate glen was illumined from side to side. Soon there rose upon the wind the shrieks and cries for

mercy of the doomed family of the Sheas. There were within that cottage upon that night not fewer than seventeen human beings ! Gorman, Maher, and the gang had secured the door of the Sheas' house, and prevented egress, the ruffians standing in groups around, as the fire rapidly consumed the house. The inmates were agonised by the two-fold horrors of the fire above their heads, and their cruel torturers outside. They struggled to free themselves, and all rushed to the door, but there was no means of deliverance. The door was fastened from the outside, and in labouring to get out the parties only impeded one another. All within was horror and dreadful agony. They shrieked, they screamed, they raved, and tore their hair. Now some were heard crying aloud to Heaven for mercy, and others, maddened by horror, terribly blasphemed.

But within those burning walls there was one victim whose case was worse than that of all the rest. This was the hapless Kate Mullaly, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy, having been married some months previously. Under the influence of excitement and alarm, labour was prematurely brought on. Her maternal feeling rose above every selfish

consideration. She retired to a corner of the house, and rolled a tub of water near her. There she was delivered of her little babe, while the flames raged furiously around her. Still while her life remained, her last conscious feeling was that of anxiety to save the child. She plunged its little limbs into the water, and held its head up, so as to allow it to respire. On the next morning the burnt body of Kate Mullaly was discovered close to the tub of water. The skeleton of the arm with which she held up the child was found hanging over the tub. The body of the child was found quite whole, but its little head was entirely burnt away !!

* * * * *

The mind recoils from dwelling upon that horrible scene, almost without a parallel—

—————“Animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit;”

but more remains to be told.

When Gorman, Maher, and their gang saw the house of the Sheas in flames, and when they heard the shouting for mercy and assistance, they yelled aloud with savage exultation.

Whether from a desire to add to the terrors of their victims, or from a demoniacal spirit of joy, they fired off their arms, and the glen re-echoed with the noise of their volleys, and the ear-piercing shrieks of the dying family of the Sheas. Mary Kelly solemnly declared, that though she was at some distance from the burning, whenever the wind fell, she could distinctly hear the groans of the dying, as they expired amid their tortures!

Again the ruffian banditti loaded their carbines, and again, with whooping and hurrahs, they discharged them. The noise made by their firing alarmed a farmer, named Philip Dillon, who resided upon a hill not far from where the Sheas resided. He suspected what was taking place, and, gathering as many as he could, went to try and save the Sheas. They arrived when it was too late. Not one was then alive within the burned cottage. The banditti drew up in a rank, and prepared for the meditated assault of Dillon and his party. But Dillon and his friends were inferior in numbers to Maher, Gorman, and their gang. The advancing party feared to attack the murdering ruffians. Both bodies awaited the assault of each other. There was bravado on

both sides ; no struggle took place between them.

The roof of the cottage had now fallen in, and not another solitary groan was heard. Gorman and the gang returned again to Maher's house. Again they passed the very spot where Mary Kelly lay concealed. Again she crouched down, and marked them as they passed. They talked eagerly of the deed which they had committed, and the ruffian, Gorman, made his fellow-miscreants laugh, while he amused them by mimicking the shrieks of the dying, and imitating their appalling groans !

* * * * *

Mary Kelly, terrified, and horror-struck, slowly returned to her house. She was afraid to divulge one word of all that she had seen. She said nothing to any of her family. On the next day a magistrate examined her, with a view to extort from her some evidence ; but she dreaded to make any disclosure, and asserted that she knew nothing of the parties who had committed the dire atrocity. Such was, and even still is, in some districts, the formidable nature of that reign of terror, which

the dastardly assassins can maintain in spite of laws and punishment.

Nor was Mary Kelly the only person who feared to make a disclosure. Amongst the party of Philip Dillon and his friends, was a boy, called John Butler, who was brother to one of the servants of the Sheas. John Butler found that he could give no assistance to his burning brother, but he was most anxious to identify the murderers. He advanced nearer to the flames than any of his party, and succeeded in recognising the person of William Gorman. He then proceeded to the cottage of his poor old mother, Alley Butler, and woke her up with the dismal tidings that her son had been burned to death. What was the poor creature's first reflection after she had indulged her first burst of sorrow? She implored her son John not to say a word of what he knew, lest all the family with herself should also be burned alive by Maher and his infernal gang!

The scene which was presented on the morning of Tuesday, when the mass of bodies was discovered piled together near the door, was so horrible in its details, that a description of them would sicken the reader. The crowds that as-

sembled to view the scene were appalled at the horrible spectacle before them, and the blood ran cold that day through the heart of many a brave spirit. The work of terror was accomplished.

In vain did the government use every effort to discover the perpetrators. Their efforts for nearly one year and a-half proved fruitless!

At last Mary Kelly was the means of bringing the miscreants to justice. She had been horror-struck with what she had beheld, and the terrible scene, with its dreadful results, weighed heavily upon her mind. She shuddered whenever the villain Maher entered the house, and dared not lift her eyes to regard his countenance. Her spirit became broken, and her strength began to fail. Haunted with horrible ideas, her mind became incapable of repose. Sometimes at the hour of midnight she would rise up from her bed, unobserved by any human being, and wander up and down the glen where the fearful tragedy had been acted. Often beside the blackened walls of the burnt cottage of the Sheas, she used to sit until the chill morning dawned. She fancied that the spectre of her relative, poor Kate Mullaly, was dogging her steps, and the horrid vision of the burning

mother, trying to save her new-born babe, was always present to her mind.

Goaded by these dreadful fantasies, she told her secret in confession to a priest, who succeeded in persuading her to give information to the government, and, after much hesitation, she at last gave intelligence of what she knew to a magistrate, Captain Despard, and Gorman, with others of the gang, was prosecuted to conviction, and suffered capital punishment. But for Mary Kelly, there would never have been intelligence received by the government, all whose efforts to discover the murderers had been baffled, notwithstanding that an enormous reward had been offered.

Scarcely any punishment would seem too severe for the miscreants who committed so diabolical a crime. That the law, despite of what is thought to the contrary, possesses dreadful terrors, whenever a government chooses to use its last resources, will be shown in the following chapter. But it must be premised that those terrors ought only be employed in cases of great atrocity, and in times when society is in peril from anarchy.

CHAPTER X.

TERRORS OF THE LAW.

The spiked Skulls—Codrum House deserted—Colonel Hutchinson—The unexpected Attack—The deaf Servant—Mystery of the Murder—Malachy Duggan—His singular Character—His Arrest described—Facts of the Murder—The treacherous Gamekeeper—The Court-Martial—The Corpse exhumed—The Convicts—The Procession to Macroom—Awful mode of Execution—The green Hangman—A new use of the National Motto—Spiking the Skulls—Horrors—A fearful Nuisance—The armed Peasantry—Military Law—Striking Incident—Messrs. M'Carthy and Minhear—The fierce Yeomanry—Illustrations of the Time—Fate of the Gang—The Informer at Home—Curious Anecdote—Reflections—Remarks on Assassination—National Disgrace—Suggestions.

WITHIN the last twelve years, travellers from Cork to Kerry were often startled by the horrid sight of several skulls stuck upon spikes on the roof of the bridewell at Macroom, in the barony of Muskerry. The coach from Cork to Tralee, in summer, generally contains tourists eager to see the beauties of Killarney, and the sight of the skulls upon the bridewell often attracted the gaze of strangers. To their inquiries upon the subject, the same answer was invariably returned, “ Those are the heads of some of the murderers of Mr. Hutchinson.”

But beyond that answer, little intelligence was ever gleaned by the querists.

Of the history of those skulls, and of the reasons why the law outstepped its usual course of punishment, there is no account in print; and few cases that I have met with, in my researches upon past times in Ireland, have interested me more than the murder of Mr. Hutchinson. Of that singular case I will submit an account, illustrating, in all its details, the spirit of the times.

About one mile to the west of Macroom, stands a house upon an elevated site, looking eastward, with a green lawn before it, dotted over with some clumps of trees. The place is called Codrum, and is by no means devoid of picturesque beauty, as the scenery around is wild and striking—the Sullane winding through a rocky vale, within sight of the house, pursuing its way through the romantic park of Mount Hedges. In the year 1800, Codrum was inhabited by a very estimable gentleman, popularly known as Colonel Hutchinson. He was a member of a new family, but was greatly esteemed by the gentry and the people of Muskerry. At the time of the Volunteers in 1782, he held the rank of colonel in that

national militia ; and, when that force was dissolved, the title of colonel adhered to most of its principal officers. Colonel Hutchinson resided at Codrum, and his only companion was a sister. Being very popular, he never was afraid of being attacked ; and, during the disturbed times of 1798, although he was a prominent magistrate, no harm was ever meditated against him. Those who had occasion to pass at night near Codrum, were often surprised at seeing a light burning in Colonel Hutchinson's house, even at a very advanced hour of the morning. He was a late watcher, and seldom went to rest until very long after his neighbours.

Early in the summer of 1800, the house of Codrum and the lawn presented one day a very striking scene. Groups of men, of all ranks, were to be witnessed, conversing eagerly together ; fear and wonder were visible on many a face. A large kitchen window, opening in front of the house, had been broken in, and completely shattered. Within the house lay the dead body of Colonel Hutchinson. His sister could only tell that in the middle of the night she was roused from sleep by the breaking of the window, and the noise of several

persons rushing into the house. Excessively frightened, she hid herself up stairs behind a press, and had not come from her concealment until long after the departure of the gang. Reen, the servant-man of Colonel Hutchinson, solemnly protested that he had been asleep the whole time, and pleaded deafness ; but his words were not believed. "I would not, Reen, be in your shoes for a good round fortune," said one of the gentry to him during the inquest. No evidence could be procured to inculpate Reen, but his person was secured.

The body of Colonel Hutchinson was examined, and a hole was found near his heart, through which it was conjectured at the time that a bullet had passed. His person and clothes were covered with blood.

The question at once presented itself, what was the motive for the murder of so popular a man? Was it for money? No! There were no locks broken ; his bureau was untouched ; his drawers were as he had left them ; and it seemed that the murderers had not made their way up stairs. All that could be observed was, that some of the furniture in the sitting-rooms had been pulled about, and a handsome

looking-glass was smashed into fragments. No money was taken—no valuables were removed. What could have been the object? Was it for revenge? No one knew of his having injured anybody. The old gentleman was remarkably inoffensive, and possessed the good opinion of the peasantry.

The murder of Colonel Hutchinson, and the mystery which hung over it, was a cause of great alarm to the gentry of Muskerry. At that time there was a formidable yeomanry corps, in whose ranks were enrolled some of the boldest and most manly of the gentry—Catholics as well as Protestants. No pains were lost in endeavouring to sift out the cause of the murder, and its perpetrators; and foremost amongst the corps was a respectable gentleman, Mr. Walter M'Carthy*—a gentleman of the most resolute spirit, who held, at that time, the rank of serjeant in the corps of Muskerry yeomanry.

From a variety of causes, suspicion fell upon a man of the name of Malachy Duggan, a very singular character, and a villain of the most designing mind. He was by fortune little raised beyond the rank of the peasantry; but

* Cousin to Dr. Baldwin, late M.P. for Cork.

his energy, his bold spirit, and his natural talents, gave him commanding influence among them. If ever nature stamped ruffian upon a countenance, it was on the stern, swarthy, and sinister features of Malachy Duggan. His frame was muscular and vigorous. He stood six feet high, and his form seemed well calculated to second the character written on his countenance. He had large black bushy brows overhanging his deeply-set eyes, which sometimes glared like those of a beast of prey. His nose was large and prominent, and his mouth and jaws were singularly expressive of animal ferocity. There was also in his face a detestable look of cunning. Rogue as well as ruffian was stamped upon his face.

Such was Malachy Duggan, who wielded great influence amongst the worst spirits of that neighbourhood. At the seneschal's court he was in great request as a juryman. The litigants in a cause used to bribe him before a trial to act on their behalf; and when Malachy was satisfied with his fee, he always influenced the jury strongly in favour of the bribing suitor. If the worst came, he could refuse to bring in an adverse verdict; but in most cases

he contrived to browbeat his brother-jurors into acquiescence with his views.

Mr. Walter M'Carthy was one of the party who suddenly arrested Duggan upon his farm one day, and charged him with the murder. Malachy made light of the charge, and affected to treat it with levity. Mr. M'Carthy was a gentleman of cool character, and did things very quietly. He reminded Malachy, in a half-familiar way, that as he should have to leave his farm for some time, he had better give directions about his farming. "Pooh, sir! sure I will be away only for a couple of days." "Indeed, Malachy," replied Mr. M'Carthy, "it will be a more serious matter than a stay of two days, or two weeks, or two months, or two years." "Do you say so?" cried Malachy, his face growing as black as night. "Be assured of it," quietly returned Mr. M'Carthy. A grim scowl then settled on Malachy Duggan's swarthy features, but he made no further remark. He was then obliged to accompany the detachment of yeomanry to the neighbouring town of Macroom. He mounted his pony for the purpose; but first he cut from a hedge near his house a willow rod, for the purpose of urging his nag. In a

moody spirit he accompanied the yeomanry. Pondering on what course he should pursue, and agitated by conflicting emotions, he little heeded what was passing. One end of the willow rod he kept in his mouth, and was biting it, as if it was a relief to his spirit, which was chafing with anger and nervous irritation. When he arrived at Macroom, a distance of only three miles from his house, the stick was bitten down to the end ; not an inch of it remained.

When Malachy Duggan found that he was caught, and when he learned the amount of the reward offered for information, he thought of making his fortune at one stroke. There were about three hundred pounds offered by the government and gentry of Muskerry, for such information as would lead to the successful prosecution of the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson. Malachy Duggan was not long in making up his mind. He himself, the captain and leader of the gang, who had committed the murder, resolved to turn informer, and give up his comrades to the laws !

It appeared that on the night of the murder, the party assembled to the number of fourteen, led on by Malachy in person. Their object was to rob Colonel Hutchinson, and plunder

his house of valuables, but not to murder him. Colonel Hutchinson had not retired to rest when the party broke in through the kitchen window. He came down stairs at once when he heard the noise, and saw the hall filled with armed men. Some he did not know; but foremost among them he recognised the person of his own game-keeper! This man's name was M'Carthy. The atrocity of his conduct in attacking his master's house revolted Colonel Hutchinson, who unguardedly exclaimed — “What! M'Carthy! are you there, too?” The robbers saw that they were discovered. Malachy Duggan at once cried out, “M'Carthy, do your duty!” The very gun which had been given him by his master, was then raised by M'Carthy, and its contents were sent through the breast of Colonel Hutchinson.

When this bloody deed was done, a panic seized the whole party. The sight of the dead body of Colonel Hutchinson struck them all with fear, and they fled without delay. The search after them lasted for some time; but when it was announced that Malachy Duggan had betrayed them all, and that all their names were given up, they quailed, not without reason. Some of them took refuge in Kerry

and remote districts. But six out of the fourteen were seized at once on the testimony of Malachy the informer. Amongst those six were, a brother of the game-keeper, M'Carthy, and John Duggan, a first cousin to Malachy.

At that time, in the summer of 1800, martial-law prevailed. The prisoners were carried to Cork, and tried before a court-martial. The evidence of the informer Malachy was substantiated as far as possible. John Duggan was not without the ingenuity of the informer, his cousin ; and exerted himself, with some cleverness, to impeach the veracity of Malachy. He denied that Colonel Hutchinson had been shot. John Duggan was by trade a stone-mason ; and he said that the sharp end of his hammer was the instrument by which a hole had been made in the breast of Colonel Hutchinson. It was the same instrument which had broken in the window ; and John Duggan asserted, that if the matter could then be tried, it would be found, on examination, that the sharp end of his stone hammer would fit the hole near the heart of the deceased gentleman, and also the notches in the window-shutters broken in. This statement, plausibly made, with the appearance of circumstantial accuracy, caused much

doubt. Perhaps it had been too hastily assumed that Colonel Hutchinson was shot ! They resolved to have the body exhumed.

Two months had elapsed since the burial of the corpse in Macroom churchyard. But the object of testing Malachy Duggan's evidence was of great importance. The body was taken up from the grave, and the doctor found, on examination, a number of slugs behind the heart. This fact at once sealed the fate of the prisoners, who were sentenced for execution by hanging in the square of Macroom ; and further, in order to strike terror amongst the peasantry, it was resolved that the heads of five of them should be fixed on spikes upon the roof of Macroom bridewell, overlooking the market-place, in order to mark them with posthumous infamy.

One of the six condemned excited pity for his case. This was Callaghan M'Carthy, a brother of the gamekeeper. He was only eighteen years of age, and solemnly protested his innocence. He said most earnestly that all the wrong he had ever committed was stealing some hen-eggs from his mother, and the handle of a spade. It was believed that Malachy Duggan swore against him in order to leave no

male member of the M'Carthy family alive to wreak vengeance on himself for having turned informer.

On the appointed day of execution, the six prisoners were taken with great pomp from Cork to the place of execution. They were placed on horseback, their persons being fastened. Riding up through the streets of Macroom, a singular incident occurred. An old woman threw herself in the way of the cavalcade, before John Duggan's horse, and cried out in Irish, "John Duggan, John Duggan, you owe me six pence!" The culprit, who looked more dead than alive, contrived, though his arms were pinioned, with his fingers to jerk out of his pocket a sixpenny-piece to the old woman. When she was asked why she tormented Duggan at that time, she replied, "Yea, then, sure I wouldn't be after letting it rest upon his sowl!"

The market-place or square of Macroom is a large space in the centre of the town. The cavalry, consisting of the Berwick cavalry and Muskerry yeomanry, drew up at either side of the square. On the west side was a row of trees, and a beam was placed between two of them. From this beam the prisoners were sus-

pended, two by two at a time, the wretches thus seeing their partners in guilt die before their eyes.

One thing was particularly observed by the country people. No priest was in attendance upon the criminals, and thus they were supposed to have died without benefit of clergy. The fact was, that the clergymen had been allowed to attend them in the jail, and only on a part of the journey. When the procession reached the Ovens, seven miles from Cork, and fifteen from the place of execution, the priests were obliged, by order of the authorities, to leave the criminals. This was done in order to enhance, in the popular opinion, the horrors of the execution.

A vast crowd of spectators attended, and the appearance of the executioner and his mode of operation caused no small horror. He was a hideous-looking monster, and was attired in a singular costume. From head to foot he was dressed in a uniform of bright green—the national colour—and around his waist was a broad buff belt, on which was inscribed, in large letters, “*Erin-go-bragh!*” This was the vile taste of Dr. Harding, the sheriff of the city of Cork, who wished by it to show what *Erin-go-bragh*

principles would lead to. The band of Malachy Duggan had, like most of the peasantry, been enrolled amongst the United Irishmen in 1798, but none of them had been particularly known as rebels. The motive of Doctor Harding was to turn everything Irish into contempt. He adopted a very bad plan of making the laws respected ; but in those evil days the principles of law and order were carried out in a most partial spirit.

Of the two first who were hanged was young Callaghan, or “ Cal.” M’Carthy, who was universally supposed to be guiltless. He died protesting his innocence. He and another were hung at either end of the beam. The executioner, in pushing them off the ladder, gave them a violent push, and for some minutes the bodies were swinging round and round, making a most horrid sight. The other four were then hanged in pairs. Next came the bloody and disgusting operation of cutting off the five heads, which the hangman performed with apparent *sang-froid*. The sticking them up on the spikes, over the market-place, was the most appalling part of the proceeding, and even the hangman’s stomach was nauseated by the time he had fixed each firmly on an iron spike. On

descending from his horrid work, the hangman, in his green dress and *Erin-go-bragh* belt—then dabbled over with gore—went hastily into a public-house, and called for a glass of whiskey. He drank it raw, and with eagerness ; but he had scarcely swallowed it, when he was obliged to turn against a wall, and vomited violently.

When the country-people saw the heads of the gang stuck up on the spikes, they were greatly horrified, and terror was struck even into the most audacious amongst them. It made the most reckless amongst them quail, and certainly the sight was most fearful. For several months after, the heads were a source of great nuisance to those of the towns-people who lived in the vicinity of the bridewell. The smell was often complained of, and when the wind was high, pieces of the rotten flesh and some of the hairs were often blown down into the street, exciting great horror and disgust. It was even complained of that, on one occasion, pieces of the flesh had been blown into the pails of the milk-maids coming to market, and great alarm was excited. People almost feared to drink the market-milk, so prone is the imagination to create horrors, when its fears are once excited. The milk-girls were compelled to have their

pails carefully covered. The magistracy refused to remove the heads, and, as I have myself seen them thirty-four years afterwards, there they were left bleaching to the winds of heaven, pecked at by the fowls of the air, gradually rotting away—horrible mementoes of the dread vengeance of the law. The effects produced by them were greater than could have resulted from a hundred ordinary executions. For miles around that neighbourhood the peasantry were awed. It was twenty-two years before any deliberate and wilful murder was committed in the wild district of West Muskerry, so appalled were the peasantry by the posthumous vengeance inflicted on the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson.

The execution of six of the criminals was not deemed sufficient—the authorities resolved to exterminate the gang. The Muskerry Yeomanry continued an incessant hunt after the other persons named by Malachy Duggan, and those wretches were accordingly “upon the run.” Amongst them was M’Carthy the game-keeper, who fired the shot. They fled into the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the country, and led a wandering, miserable life, for several months—a few escaped to America, but

others were not able to extricate themselves. The terrors of the law were denounced against all who should be found guilty of harbouring and concealing any of Colonel Hutchinson's murderers, and in some cases punishment was inflicted with great severity upon the small farmers and peasants who were found to have harboured those flying from justice. The harshness of military law, in all its extremities, was inflicted upon them ; their houses were ransacked, and their furniture broken to pieces and burned. Often was the miserable sight witnessed in Macroom, of poor, bare-legged wretches, dragged into the bridewell by the yeomanry, to be tried and receive sentence for assisting in the escape of the murderers.

To suppose that a yeomanry in such times would act with discrimination and forbearance, would be vain. The evils of military law, and even the excesses of the troops, must, after all, be laid upon those who were the first to begin violence, to preach anarchy, and to break the ties of society. It is better to submit for a season to the evils of military license, than to see our fair island handed over to the sway of confederated assassins, and incendiary disturbers ; of anarchists, and frantic revolutionists ; of mer-

cenary demagogues, and rancorous rhetoricians, inflaming social evils by their vicious declamation. But he who, enamoured of peace, and social progress, wishes well to the cause of law and order, cannot help lamenting the terrible severity which the ministers of justice must often exercise upon the anarchists. I could here present some painful scenes, but will confine myself to one striking incident.

One day a strong detachment of the Muskerry Yeomanry found that they were on the lair of the fugitives. They discovered that some of them had been concealed in a certain hamlet. They accordingly prepared to carry out the military law against the peasants: they ransacked their cottages, and collected all the furniture into a pile, which was soon set in a blaze, its wretched owners standing by in groups; women, reduced to misery, trying to hush their wailing and frightened children; the men viewing the scene with gloomy apathy, not daring to mutter threats of vengeance in the presence of the yeomanry, with their clanging sabres and prancing steeds; and the sight of that yeomanry had become doubly terrible, since the peasantry had beheld the ghastly spectacle of the four heads spiked over the market-place. On that

day, the yeomanry did their work with accustomed severity, when one of them was attracted by an object which he discovered in a small house where goats were sheltered from the mountain storm. It proved to be a feather-bed, which the owners had anxiously concealed. The yeomanry prepared to burn this also, but Mr. Walter M'Carthy (before-mentioned) like most brave men, was a humane one, and remonstrated: "Ah! gentlemen," cried he to his companions, "enough of mischief has been done to these poor people, and be content. Leave the poor creatures their only bed." He had scarcely said so, when *whiz* a bullet passed in a downward direction, close to his ear, striking the earth a few feet from where he stood. He turned round at once, and saw the smoke of a gun issuing from a furze-brake at the top of a rocky acclivity which overhung the hamlet. With the rest of the corps, he was impressed with the idea that the shot was fired by one of the fugitives, and accordingly he determined to arrest him. But that was no easy matter, for the hill was steep and rocky, and, by furze and brambles, offered shelter to a concealed assailant. Pointing to the top of the hill, he asked some of his comrades to accompany him thither;

but lo ! the gentlemen who had been so ready to burn the furniture of the peasantry, and to ransack their cottages, were by no means anxious to peril their precious lives in the expedition of danger indicated by Walter M'Carthy. One of them, it appeared, had hurt his foot ; the horse of another had lost his shoes, and most had various excuses ! Two gallant gentlemen, however, stepped from the rest, and volunteered on the service of danger. These were the late Matthew Minhear, Esq., of Raleigh,* and James Barry, Esq., of Kilbarry. These three gentlemen were Catholics, and like many others then suffered from the injustice of the law. They ascended the hill, taking different lines ; one went straight up, the other two going aslant, and all meeting at the summit. There they found a man with a gun, who fired the shot. They arrested him and another, who, it appeared, was assisting him.

* This is the only family of that name in Ireland, where it has been settled since the end of the seventeenth century. It is a branch of the Cornish Tremenheeres, and by the female side (through the Adderleys of Innishannon — now extinct) is descended from the great Sir Matthew Hale. It is now worthily represented by its excellent head, James Minhear, Esq., of Patrick's place, Cork, eldest surviving son of the gentleman mentioned in the text.

The two prisoners had no connexion with Malachy Duggan's band, further than endeavouring, like others, to help the fugitives. They were excited to fire down on the yeomanry by the sight of their burning property. For this act they were taken to Cork, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to transportation. Their case excited much regret amongst their friends, who, when they were actually in the convict hulk, came forward, and offered, if the convicts were pardoned, to exert themselves all through the country in pursuit of the fugitive murderers. The offer was accepted by government—the two convicts, who had been captured by Messrs. M'Carthy, Minhear, and Barry, were restored to their homes. Then commenced an incessant pursuit, night and day, after the fugitives, the gamekeeper and his brother, who were hunted like wild deer of the hills. Driven from place to place, they took refuge at last in the wild region of Glanflesk, half way between Killarney and Macroom. Here they concealed themselves in the clefts of rocks, and with the greatest difficulty supported life. The country, however, was raised against them, and they were doomed. Some country people,

simulating friendship, prepared food for them one evening, and invited them to supper. The miserable wretches were then ravenous like famished wolves. With fear and trembling they stealthily ventured near a cottage, but would not walk inside, for they feared to be caught in a house. The food was given them, and sitting down, they voraciously devoured it. The peasants sprung upon them on a sudden, and seizing their weapons, knocked the two wretches down with their own guns; they were then bound, and taken prisoners to Cork. They were tried, convicted, and shared the same fate as their companions. Their heads also were set upon spikes, and, in order to mark the gamekeeper, M'Carthy, with signal posthumous infamy, it was resolved to affix his right hand with his skull, in order that all men might know, even after death, the head of the gamekeeper who shot his master.*

Not long after, another of the gang was discovered near Blarney, and he also was tried and executed. Thus out of the fourteen who attacked the house of Colonel Hutchinson,

* Reen, the servant who had affected to be deaf, was transported, on the ground of his having a guilty knowledge of the meditated attack. The evidence against him was not very strong, but his deafness was thought a mere pretence.

nine were capitally punished, and two (Malachy Duggan and his son) escaped by turning informers ; the remaining three got off to America.

Malachy Duggan obtained about three hundred pounds for having delivered up his companions ; and for generations yet to come, his name will be infamous in the neighbourhood where he lived and died. So anxious were the magistracy to obtain information against Colonel Hutchinson's murderers, that Malachy Duggan was treated with great consideration by some of them. One of the magistrates, Mr. S_____, carried his partiality for the informer to extreme length, and was even seen in public walking arm-in-arm with the doubly-infamous Duggan, and on various occasions openly patronised the wretch in a most familiar manner. The execrable Duggan himself had apparently no qualms of conscience for the part which he had played in this sanguinary drama. To use the words of an Irish poet*—

“ Fate, which mischievously form'd his heart,
A nest of perfidy and vicious art,
Involved in adamant its outward frame,
And made him callous to all sense of shame.”

* Thomas Grady, author of “The Nosegay.”

With unabashed front, he returned to his farm near Macroom, after his comrades had been executed, and he appeared in public with careless indifference to what was thought about him. The first day on which he showed himself in Macroom was a crowded market day, and the ruffian was a prominent object of curiosity. He was dressed from head to foot in a suit of grey clothes, which contrasted with his swarthy and gloomy countenance. The fellow, while surrounded by a group of starers, looked up significantly at the row of spiked heads, and chuckling, cried, while a malignant smile lighted up his sinister features, “ Ah ! ha ! there are some of my soldiers up there, drawn up all in a row ! and it’s the proper place for the vagabonds !”

Malachy Duggan lived for a great number of years on his farm, and died in his bed. A circumstance which occurred during the printing of these very pages strikingly shows the odium in which his memory is held. A friend of mine had some servants at his country seat, near Cork, who happened to be natives of Muskerry. Amongst them was a young girl of twenty, who was a remote relative of Malachy Duggan. The girl was of very

good character, and perfectly well-behaved. It chanced, however, that she and the other servants had some difference, and a slight altercation ensued. One of them said, half in joke, “Why really, miss, we’ll be obliged to call you *Malachy*!” alluding to the informer. The word stung the poor girl to the heart. A torrent of invective was conveyed through the single word *Malachy*. She writhed under the allusion to her odious relative ; and before the night came, that young girl, though perfectly blameless, left the house, and started off for her home, five-and-twenty miles away !

The fierceness with which the magistracy pursued the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson, was attributable to the circumstances under which the murder had been committed. He was a perfectly harmless gentleman, and most kind to the poor and humble, and had not a single personal enemy. The treachery also of his own gamekeeper, in attacking his master’s house, was atrocious, even though it appeared that on the night of the murder, the original intention had been to rob, and not to murder. The example of posthumous vengeance on the traitorous gamekeeper and his comrades had a most impressive effect, as I have already described.

Admiring as I do the virtuous labours of the illustrious Romilly, in humanising our penal code, and cordially supporting the views on legislation and politics of the enlightened Mackintosh, it still seems to me that some punishment influencing the imagination of the cowardly assassins, and terrifying them from their dastardly designs, must be employed by the government. The mere hanging up the murderers has no great terror for the assassins. The life of many of the criminals in Ireland is not very dear to them, and they regard its loss without alarm. The erroneous views entertained by many of them concerning absolution, deprive death and judgment of their horrors. A posthumous punishment, such as spiking the head, would scare such dastards more than a dozen hangings. It would appal their imagination, striking them through their fears. One shudders even when suggesting such punishments in the middle of the nineteenth century. But in a country where mediæval ideas are still entertained amongst the populace, and where such execrable deeds as the murder of Major Mahon are done with impunity, exhibiting the blackest ingratitude and most craven cowardice, some effective punishment must be

devised, to strike home to the villain's heart, and scare him from his infernal purposes. I join with the son of our immortal Grattan, in saying, that "for the honour of Ireland" the system of assassination must be put down. Not merely to save society from anarchy, but to rescue our national character from the infamy cast upon it, the assassins must be put down by every possible and justifiable means. In all our tribulations—in all our past feuds and sufferings, we were still esteemed through Europe as a people endowed with wit and courage; and every Irishman who really feels for his country must be galled at thinking of the dastardly system of assassination which in some districts has become habitual. "Multitudes," says Dr. Channing, "never blush!" If they could do so, my countrymen, on contemplating the foul stains on our national fame cast by the assassins, might truly cry, in the soul-stirring words of Cowley:—

"Come the eleventh plague rather than *this* should be!
Come sink us rather in the sea!
Come, pestilence, and reap us down!
Come God's sword rather than our own!
Rather let Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane!
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We grieved—we sighed—we wept—we never **BLUSHED**
before!"

A high legal personage has suggested the plan of Napoleon in certain cases—viz., depriving the criminal of the consolation of religion, and forbidding the assistance of a clergyman in his last hours. But the spirit of Christianity recoils from such a pitiless severity, worthy of the cold and cruel heart of Bonaparte, hardened by the French Revolution. The course followed out against the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson would, in our times, be found effective, without using means like those employed by Napoleon.

For what reader of this chapter, who reflects on its contents—on the lives of misery led by Duggan's gang while flying from the yeomanry ; on the anxiety endured during imprisonment, and their rage on betrayal by the informer ; on their gloomy procession during half-a-day to the place of execution ; on seeing their comrades hanged up before their eyes, their own fate staring them in the face, tasting of the bitterness of death, drop by drop ; on the horror of the surviving fugitives, as the recollection of the heads bleaching to the winds, roosting-places for the carrion-birds, flitted across their minds ; on the ransacking of cottages, and burning of the furniture of the harbourers ; on the trans-

porting of accomplices, and the licence of military law; on the wanderings through mountains, vainly seeking shelter, and hopelessly looking for a friend; on the final capture of nearly all the party victimized by the informer, acting as precursor to the hangman—what reader who reflects on all these shocking particulars, but must be convinced that, however awful may be the savage vengeance of the Thugs of Tipperary, and their abominable imitators, more awful still and far more formidable may be found the dreadful **TERRORS OF THE LAW !**

CHAPTER XI.

A SCOTCHMAN IN MUNSTER.

“Aide toi et le ciel t'aidera.”

Social improvement—Want of energetic Capitalists—Good results of Enterprise—The Town of Fermoy—John Anderson—His personal History—His Industry and large Views—Improves Travelling—A practical Utilitarian—His Views of Society in Ireland—His Manners—Anecdote of his early Life—Honest Pride—A Joke about Scotland—Support of Government—A Cloud on his Prosperity—Testimony of the Aristocracy to his Merits—The Good accomplished by him—A noble Example—Value of Agitators contrasted with such Men—General Reflections—A Rational Aspiration.

PENAL remedies, however absolutely necessary, are far from being the only means of saving Irish society from anarchy. To change the habits of the population—to diffuse industrial ideas, and educate the people, by giving them examples of energy and useful labour—to create feelings of self-reliance, and show what miracles can be accomplished by the resolution to use vigorously the powers given by God—these are the best means for improving Ireland. Example is infinitely better than precept, and the Irish, though not a reflecting people, are very rapid in learning, when judi-

cious means are taken to instruct them. Their lower classes, and even many amongst the higher orders, *should be taught by the eye*. Books and lectures are not the practical modes of teaching an adult population. Let those with capital introduce the new improvements in agriculture, and the other social arts, and actually show palpably the advantages derived from industrial knowledge. Let men of energy exhibit, by practical examples, the true way of regenerating our people, by self-reliance and industry, and the relinquishment of impracticable theories.

One of the great wants of Ireland is, a body of men to create society—to build and improve towns, reclaim mountains, and call forth, in various ways, the energies of the people around them. That description of persons has always been extremely rare with us. The ambition of our most enterprising spirits has, for the most part, been devoted to politics. Great energies have been applied to produce a quantity of brilliant but useless speeches ; and the results of lives, passed in constant excitement and logomachy, are to be sought, not in towns built, highlands cultivated, or morasses drained, but in the dusty files of old Irish newspapers,

full of nothing but speeches and advertisements.

The good which might be achieved in Ireland by a great class that would create industry, can be judged of by a single instance, which I shall here record.

The handsomest country town in Ireland is Fermoy, nearly in the centre of Munster; it is picturesquely seated on the Blackwater, and, with its cheerful aspect and handsome scenery, never fails to arrest the attention of the most careless traveller. The streets are spacious, and the town is tastefully designed. There is a neat square, fine churches for religious worship, and several private residences of respectability in the neighbourhood. The place looks bright and happy, not like the other dreary and dilapidated country towns in Ireland. Two large barracks, built in squares on the northern side of the town, contribute to the imposing appearance of the place.

Fermoy has now seven thousand inhabitants. Sixty years since, the place was a dirty hamlet, consisting of hovels, and a carman's public house, at the end of a narrow old bridge; now there is a cheerful and agreeable town, pleasant society, a good deal of trade, and more

prosperity than might be expected. How was all this accomplished? By the enterprise and energies of one man.

John Anderson was a Scotchman born in humble circumstances, of which he always boasted when raised to mix with the nobility of his adopted country. While very young, he learned to read and write, and attributed the energy of his character to the stimulus which he received from education. He made a few pounds in some humble employment, and settled at Glasgow about the year 1784. There he was fortunate in some small speculations, and by a venture in herrings acquired five hundred pounds—an immense sum to him. He then determined to seek some new sphere, where he might exert himself; and he thought that Ireland would be the best place for him to fix in. The commercial advantages of Cork, with its noble harbour, attracted him, and he settled there. He became an export merchant, and trafficked in provisions, the staple trade of the place. In a very few years he realised twenty-five thousand pounds, and laid it out on the purchase of four-sixths of the Fermoy estate. If he had been an Irishman, he might probably have stopped there, and resolved,

after the fashion of the people, “to enjoy himself” after having made his fortune. He would probably have got a pack of hounds, given dinners daily to hungry *squireens*, earned the reputation of a “real good fellow,” by copiously diffusing whiskey-punch, and living, like a “real gentleman,” in vulgar ostentation. But Anderson was a man of too much energy to settle down in the rotting idleness peculiar to the gentry of the country. Bishop Cumberland’s saying, “Better to wear out than to rust out,” was Anderson’s maxim. Instead of “giving a tone to society,” he aspired to create society where it did not previously exist. He resolved to make a town at Fermoy.

The first thing he did was to build a good hotel, for the accommodation of those travelling post. He added next a few houses, built a square, and, at his own expense, rebuilt the bridge, which had become ruinous. He did not go with hat in hand to the Lord Lieutenant, begging for a share of the public monies. He was resolved to depend upon himself. When he had mapped out his design for a town, he learned that the government were meditating the erection of large barracks in Munster. Mr. Anderson saw the advantage

which the presence of a garrison would be to his rapidly-rising little town, and he at once offered government a capital site, rent free, for the barracks. He made this offer in 1797, when the country was disturbed, and when accommodation was an object to the government. His offer was accepted. Two very large and handsome barracks were built. But Anderson did not stop there. He was not of that pernicious opinion, too prevalent in Ireland, that government should be invoked to do the work of individuals. He saw that the presence of officers would be likely to make a gay neighbourhood, and, accordingly, he built a theatre, and some additional houses, and invited various families with more or less capital, to come and settle at Fermoy. He built for himself a handsome residence, and placed himself at the head of the community which rapidly began to grow around him.

Meantime this enterprising man had not given up his business. He established a bank, and discounted to a considerable extent. To develop the material resources of the country around him became a leading object with him. Travelling in Ireland was very dangerous and expensive. Mr. Anderson determined to reform

it. He established a Mail Coach Company, and the first coach which ran between Cork and Dublin was established by Mr. Anderson. What can show the backward state of society in Ireland more than the fact, that public coaching between the two chief cities in Ireland only dates from half a century back?

Again, what can show the neglect of opportunities by Irishmen, more than the circumstance that Anderson, a Scotchman, and Bianconi, an Italian, should have been the chief improvers of travelling in Ireland?*

In addition to his other works he established an agricultural society. He did not neglect education, and built a large schoolhouse for the town. A military college was also built by him, which was afterwards turned into a public school, and was presided over by the Rev. Thomas Hincks. In every possible way he laboured within his sphere to civilise and improve.

Politics he appeared to think a nuisance more than anything else. In Whigs and

* In most industrial employments in Ireland there is a great want of appropriate skill. The river Lee was for years navigated between Cork and Cove, by clumsy steamers, with a heavy draught of water. A Scottish company placed a small steamer on the river, which plied at all states of the tide, and taught the Corkonians how to navigate the Lee.

Tories—in Nationalists bawling about Irish glory, and Imperialists talking about civilization, he had no faith whatever. He kept clear of their factions and intrigues, and went right on to do the work before him. He continued, however, to have great influence with the ruling powers; for such men always command influence; they have no occasion to solicit it. A minister of state counts himself fortunate when he meets with such a man as Anderson. Thus, though there was no harmony of political feeling between the Irish government and Mr. Anderson, he had always great authority at Dublin Castle. His opinions were those of a rational and progressive Whig, sincerely favourable to liberty of thinking, attached to quiet, and who estimated the good and evil of measures chiefly by their obvious utility. His sentiments, however, he rarely uttered. On one side he saw a narrow-minded oligarchy—on the other, an uncultivated democracy. He witnessed the petty spirit and ridiculous airs of consequence assumed by the provincial gentry, and he beheld the mass of society half sunk in the slough of despond. He did not waste time in stooping to conciliate their prejudices, but he took good care not to

offend them. While society was divided by splenetic controversy, he showed that he respected all forms of the Christian faith. Thus he gave three thousand pounds to build a church for the Protestants; but he also gave five hundred pounds, and a site rent free, for a Catholic chapel.

It must not be understood that Anderson was a man of vast resources. He was probably never worth more than fifty thousand pounds; but he kept his capital in circulation, and allowed none of it to remain unemployed. Industry and enterprise were the sources from which he made his fortune, and by means of which he benefited all the people around him.

The station in society reached by such a man, was, of course, most respectable; his friendship was courted, and his society was sought for. His manners were agreeable and courtier-like, and calculated to make friends. He had no John-Bullish self-complacency—no Hibernian ostentation—and, I will add, no Scotch niggardliness. From his manners in company, it would have been hardly possible to infer his country. He had much more enjoyability than is commonly to be found in Scotch-men, and was fond of relaxing in society.

He laughed carelessly over his humble origin, not, however, without feeling some justifiable pride in the success of his career. On one occasion, in the very height of his prosperity, he was entertaining a large company at his residence in Fermoy. Amongst the party were the late Earls of Kingston and Shannon, and the present Lord Riversdale. The conversation turned on Anderson's great success in life, and Lord Kingston asked him to what he chiefly attributed his rapid rise in life. "To education, my lord," replied Anderson, "every child in Scotland can easily get the means of learning to read and write. When I was a little boy, my parents sent me to school every day, and I had to walk three miles to the village school. Many a cold walk I had, in the bitter winter mornings, and I assure you, my lords, he added, smiling, *that shoes and stockings were extremely scarce in those days!*"

He often indulged in a joke about Scotland. One day he was met by the late Mr. Hoare, one of the Munster Bar, and conspicuous for the pompous formality of his manners. In advancing to greet Anderson, he tried to draw off his glove, which was very tight. "Never mind, Counsellor—never mind," said the other,

“you should never take off your glove, when shaking hands with a Scotchman!”

He was not only quick in conception, but very rapid in explaining a difficulty. On one occasion he was very anxious to succeed in carrying a road-presentment for a new line, which he wished to carry on a level, so as to avoid a hill. The road was traversed at the assizes, and the matter came before a jury. The case was ill-managed—the lawyers only mystified it—and the jury were very thick-witted. The object and utility of the proposed road were not made apparent. Anderson, losing patience, got on the witness-table with his hat in hand, and said, addressing himself to the jury—“Gentlemen, I am *here*, (pointing to the rim of his hat), and I want to go *there* (touching, at the same time, the other extremity of his hat). Which is it better go thus (describing the level circle of the hat), or go this way” (making his finger traverse the crown of his hat)? The jury at once understood his ideas in making the road.

The government so highly appreciated Mr. Anderson, that a baronetcy was tendered him, which he declined. It was then offered to his son, and accepted for him, the present baronet,

and well-known experimentalist in steam-coaching.

But the brightest picture in this world must have shadows cast upon it. Pity, that after contemplating the prosperity and happiness of Mr. Anderson, the reader must be informed of his reverses. As might be conjectured, Mr. Anderson had an extreme love of speculation. He was never happy except when he had some vast enterprise on hands. To an ardent imagination, it is difficult to apply control ; and, excited by his great personal successes, and by the applause which he had honestly earned, Mr. Anderson extended his operations too much. When he saw how much he had accomplished at Fermoy, he reflected how much more he might do with larger means, and he embarked in dangerous speculations. In Welsh mining, he lost thirty thousand pounds ; and on the sale of the Barrymore estates he became a heavy purchaser. But after the close of the war, the price of land fell considerably in Ireland, and recent purchasers were considerable losers. The changes of the currency affected his banking operations, and his career was arrested to the extreme regret of the public in the south of Ireland.

All classes felt sorrow at the misfortunes of Mr. Anderson. As a proof of the estimation in which he was held, the following resolutions, signed by several of the nobility, and the principal commoners in the south of Ireland, merit attention :—

“ *At a Meeting of the Principal Creditors of Messrs. John Anderson and Co., and of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County of Cork, convened at the King's Arms Inn of Fermoy, on Wednesday, the 19th of June, 1816—*

“ THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MOUNTCASHEL

“ In the chair,

“ A statement of the debts due to said John Anderson and Co., and of the assets and debts due to them have been submitted.

“ The committee to consist of

“ DAVID REID, Esq., of Fermoy ;
“ THOMAS WALKER, Esq., of ditto ;
“ SAMUEL PERROTT, Esq., of Cork ;
“ ROBERT DELACOUR, Esq., of Mallow ; and
“ JONATHAN BRUCE ROBERTS, Esq. ;

which was unanimously approved, and their report to be submitted to a general meeting of creditors, on Saturday, the 6th day of July next.

“ It was further agreed that an open committee shall be held here on Saturday, the 29th of June instant, to receive and hear the suggestions and observations of any creditor who may choose to attend it.

“ After which, the following resolutions, proposed by Lord Viscount Doneraile, and seconded by the Hon. Richard Hare, were unanimously agreed to :—

“ Resolved—That we contemplate the embarrassments in which Mr. Anderson is involved, with deep and sincere regret, not only with reference to his misfortune as an individual, whose active, continued, and successful exertions for the improvement of the country, entitle him to the sympathy and esteem of every true friend of Ireland, but viewing his calamity as connected with our common interests, and with those of the public at large.

“ Resolved—That the melancholy necessity for Mr. Anderson’s suspending his payments, is to be attributed chiefly to circumstances which have exposed him to a variety of heavy, unexpected, and improbable losses, against which no human foresight or precaution could guard, and that the pressure has been severely augmented by the sudden, unforeseen, and unexampled fall in the value of landed property, from the sad effects of which scarce any man in the community can feel himself exempt.

“ Resolved—That having witnessed the rapid advance of civilization and improvement in the South of Ireland, for the last thirty years, and the persevering spirit of enterprize and intelligence with which Mr. Anderson has, for that period, supported and promoted it, we cannot but impute the progress of prosperity in an eminent degree to his services, and while we deplore the consequence of his exertions being for the present withdrawn, we indulge a confident hope that the disposition which our government has manifested to protect and encourage the industry of Ireland, will deem him signally entitled to their patronage and remuneration.

“ Resolved—That from our long knowledge of Mr. Anderson’s upright intentions and honourable dealings, we are fully persuaded that the arrangement of his affairs

will be aided by every possible exertion on his part, and by the devotion of his acknowledged talents and capacity for business, to the true interests and security of his creditors, and we gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity to declare that the misfortunes by which Mr. Anderson has been so unexpectedly overwhelmed, have not, in the smallest degree, lessened that high respect which we have always felt for his character, or diminished our ardent wishes that the country may not be deprived of the benefit still to be derived from a continuance of his exertions.

“ (Signed) MOUNTCASHEL, Chairman.

“ Edward D. Freeman.	“ Ennismore.
Jos. Deane Freeman.	Richard Hare.
Richard Woodward.	John Smith Barry.
Robert Delacour.	John Hyde.
Francis Drew.	William Stewart.
William Hill.	Richard Aldworth.
Clutterbuck Crone.	Robert Courtenay.
Jonathan B. Roberts.	R. Warren Gumbleton.
Shannon.	George Courtenay.
Doneraile.	John M. Wrixon.
Bantry.	“ &c. &c. &c.”

The good, however, which Mr. Anderson had accomplished, did not terminate with his reverses. He left behind him, in the handsome town of Fermoy, a noble monument of what can be accomplished by one man possessed of energy and talent. The intellect of Mr. Anderson was not very remarkable—it was probably inferior to many of his idle neighbours. His superiority

lay in his moral qualities—in his determination to succeed, and his resolution never to be idle. He was no heartless adventurer, bent on self-aggrandizement—no speculator upon the passions or follies of his fellow-men, using them as stepping-stones to power. He was a creator and a civiliser—a man who left behind him a splendid example of what industry and enterprise can achieve in a land where the vanity of the rich and high-born, and the slothfulness of the humble and the lowly, seek every possible excuse which their fond imaginations can invent, for idleness and poverty. Ah, ye landlords ! who are perpetually invoking government—and ye agitators ! railing at Great Britain, why will you not take a lesson from an Anderson, and apply yourselves to the work before you, of reclaiming not the land of Ireland from barrenness, but the people thereof from squalid indolence, beggarly dependance, disgusting poverty, and shameful waste of the powers and opportunities with which the God of Nature has so plentifully endowed them ? The value of a hundred landlords in Ireland, consuming rents, and careless of social development, I will not calculate ; nor will I place the probable value upon a hundred agitators, bawling and bellowing from year's

end to year's end. But when I look at the bright and cheerful town of Fermoy, so picturesquely seated on the Blackwater—when I think of its recent origin, and how one man, without the help of parliament, or speech-makers, made that large and handsome town, I cannot help reflecting what a vast deal of good would result from the scattering of a hundred Andersons through Munster and Connaught—a hundred men, self-reliant, and enterprising—free from petty prejudice, and superior to the coarse passions of the time—a hundred strong men, too proud to look to parliament for alms, too pure to seek for gain in ministering to the delusions of the people !

Nor is that all which such a career as Anderson's should suggest. We are eternally told in Ireland of the evils of past times—of the cruelties of England at such a time; of the bigotry and of the tyranny of the Protestants in such a reign; of the tumult and rebellions of the Catholics at another time. All these past evils are pleaded to stop the censure of present apathy and of contemporary indolence. But what were these horrors to a man like Anderson? Did he turn aside from

his work, to melt with “patriotic” sensibility over retrospective miseries and historical woes? He never troubled himself about these ideal evils; he treated Protestants and Catholics as he found them, with honesty and plain dealing, and all due courtesies. He never canvassed for the applauses of the mob, nor courted by small arts the favour of the provincial gentry. Never cringing to the ruling powers, he was never their factious opponent. He never cried, like certain persons, “Do this for me, or else —”

Such are the men that Ireland wants. May her own sons, so rich in generous and noble qualities, waken up from idle dreams and fantastic designs, and manfully apply their energies 'in the beautiful country where God has placed them !

CHAPTER XII.

THE IRISH NOBILITY—IMPERIAL NATIONALITY.

Injustice done to our Nobility—English Prejudices—Reign of George the Third—Story of Lord North—Proper Rule for Estimating the Irish Nobility—Nationality of Scotland Contrasted with the Irish—Antiquity of our Aristocracy—The Fitz Geralds—De Burghs, and O'Bryens—The Branches of the House of Ormonde—Anecdotes—The Economic Test applied to the Irish Nobility—Its Famous Men—Marquess Wellesley—The Boyles—Ponsonbys—Pakenhams—Merits for which certain Irish Noble Houses have been conspicuous—Macartney—The Earl of Moira and the Hutchinsons—Question of Race—Reflections—The Duke of Wellington—Observations on his want of Irish Feeling—Anecdote—Testimonies on the Duke's Irish Birth—Folly of forgetting it—Mr. Pitt and Imperial Nationality—Moral Power which our Nobility might assume.

THOUGH in former times the aristocracy of Ireland had too much irresponsible power, it is not just to impute the evils of the country to its rule. No portion of the Irish community has been more unjustly made the subject of wholesale condemnation than the titled aristocracy of Ireland. The pride of England, and the prejudice of the democratic Irish, have alike concurred in defaming the historical character of our nobility. It has been treated of by English writers as if its titles were the mushroom growth of the Union, and Irish

demagogues have exhausted their venom in maligning the families which visibly represent the historical existence of the Irish nation. Denounced in their own country by the rabid tongue of political scolds, they have been derided in England by the purse-proud lords of cotton and the loom.

In the reign of George the Third, every possible means was taken to degrade the peerage of Ireland. English generals and admirals, of second-rate rank, were made peers of Ireland, although they were unconnected with the country by the ties of property and birth. “Sir,” said Lord North to an English gentleman, “I cannot give you any hopes that his Majesty will allow you a private gate into the Green Park, but, if you like, I will have you made an Irish peer!”* Before the revolution of 1782, the increase of the Irish peerage was felt by the Irish aristocracy as an insult and a grievance. When Mr. Grattan was inflaming the Irish public with his denunciations of the British power, he specially alluded to the peers—“Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century—that power which shattered your looms, banished

* Wraxall.

your manufactures, *dishonoured your peerage*, and stopped the growth of your people." After the revolution of 1782, the English government created several new peers, in order to obtain a hold upon the Irish legislature. The trafficking at the Union helped to complete the degradation of the peerage. But there the evil stopped. The crown was expressly fettered by the Act of Union in its power of creating peers. Three peerages of Ireland must become extinct before the crown has the power of issuing a new patent for an Irish peer. By this provision, the dignity of the order has in some degree been secured.

In judging of any social body in Ireland, whether we look to the gentry, or the Protestant Church, or the Catholic priesthood, we must, in fairness, recollect the strange and anomalous position of the island. It is too much to expect that the Protestant Church in Ireland should rival, in learning and renown, the Establishment in England, where there has been peace for a century and a-half. Vain would it be to suppose that the Catholic priesthood, hunted and degraded in the last century, and vulgarised in our times by exclusive selection from one class, could possibly

produce men to compete with those Catholic orators and doctors, whose splendid eloquence and comprehensive learning shed lustre on the old French monarchy. If in the same way we will allow for the force of circumstance, "*ce grand mot de circonstance*," in determining the character of an order, we shall find that the nobility of Ireland has families and names upon its roll, which redeem it from the censures of its libellers.

That the nobility of Ireland is a mere mushroom body, can only be supposed by those who take the last popular print for an authority. In point of fact, the historical existence of the Irish nation can be best traced in its nobility. The nationality of Scotland was vigorously upheld by its monarchy. The royal line of the Scottish kings went far to present a common rallying-point to the clans and various orders of that people. In Ireland, from 1172, our nationality had no native monarchy established over the island to fall back upon. The leading social powers were our nobles, and great chiefs, and the church. Our aristocracy, whether Catholic or Protestant, thus became more influential over our national fortunes, than if, like the Scotch, we had possessed a royal house to

typify, to the popular imagination, the historical existence of the nation. Our nobles became divided like our people. And yet, despite of all their errors, whatever romance and brilliancy is to be found in Irish history, is most visible in the singular fortunes of our great leading historic families.

The nobility of Ireland is not of the fungus kind its vilifiers assert. What houses in England or Scotland, still possessing high place and consequence, can show pedigrees so ancient, and for several centuries so well authenticated, as our famous Fitzgeralds, our warlike Butlers, and our far-descended O'Bryens? What one family in England has so important a historical story to narrate—one so singularly diversified in stirring incidents—so illustrated by chivalric characters—as that of our brilliant and glorious Geraldines? Through centuries, that great race produced men of courage, of noble spirit, and aspiring purpose. In the last century, its energy and talent were abundantly represented by the versatile and brilliant Earl of Shelburne—next to Chatham, the first statesman of his time*—and most of its virtues were manifested by the lamented Lord Edward Fitz-

* Such was the opinion of Lord Camden.

gerald. In our day, we see the hereditary qualities of the race, in the courtesy—the candour and princely munificence of the accomplished Lansdowne,* the most consistent and least selfish of living public men. What English race can show so many existing and ancient titles as our wide-spread and oft-ennobled Butlers? There is the great parent house of Ormonde,† so prominent in English and Irish annals—so identified with the Stuarts in their struggles for their heritage—a race which, like the Geraldines, has been prolific in brave and shining characters; the second Earl of Ormonde, called “the noble earl;” the sixth earl also, of whom Edward the Fourth said—“If good breeding

* The Duke of Leinster and the Marquess of Lansdowne descend from a common ancestor. Both of the Marquess of Lansdowne's parents—the late Earl of Shelburne, and Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory—were Irish by birth, as well as descent. An original life of the first Marquess of Lansdowne would be a great acquisition to political biography. His character has suffered from the enmity of Edmund Burke, whom I would as little trust in his account of Lord Shelburne, as of Warren Hastings.

† Theobald, fourth le Boteler, or Butler, obtained from Edward the First, for assisting him in his Scotch wars, the prizage of wines in Ireland, which grant was purchased from Walter, late Marquis of Ormonde, by Government, in 1810, for the sum of £216,000, and the contract was ratified by Act of Parliament (31st May, 1811).

and liberal qualities were lost in the world, they might be all found in the Earl of Ormonde;" and the great duke of the seventeenth century, are familiar to every one versed in Irish History. There are not fewer than six ennobled branches of this great house—viz., the Marquess of Ormonde, the Earl of Carrick, the Earl of Lanesborough, the Viscount Mount Garrett, and the Baron Dunboyne. For personal courage shown on all occasions, and transmitted even to our generation, the house of Mount Garrett may challenge comparison with any family in Europe. Even to this day, the peasantry of Kilkenny pay reverence to the martial qualities of the scions of the house of Mount Garrett.* All the Butlers have for centuries maintained a name for heroism. In fact, as the Geraldines were said to be "Hibernicis Hiberniores," so, in energy and in conquering courage, the le Botelers, or Butlers, have been more Norman than the Normans themselves.

In the splendour of ancient aristocratic descent, the O'Bryens can vie with any family in Britain. In 1542, the House of Inchiquin re-

* A member of this family, in canvassing an Irish county at the late general election, boasted that at least fifty of his ancestors had perished in rebellion!

ceived the earl's coronet, in exchange for the hereditary kingship of Thomond. This far-descended house is one of the few native families of the aboriginal aristocracy to be found amongst our aristocracy. It authentically traces its descent to a line of princes, springing from Brian Borhoimhe. A history of the O'Bryens, including the branches settled on the Continent, would be most interesting and curious. Up to the last century, the descendants of the O'Neills survived, and the great house of Mac Carthy, shorn of its title, which has been conferred on the Trenches, is still represented by the family of Carrignavar. No Norman houses in England have better pedigrees than our De Burghs, De Courcys, Talbots, and St. Lawrences—families which have produced several chivalrous characters, and whose annals afford many interesting subjects to the chronicler or novelist.

But “the age of chivalry has gone—that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.” An institution, now-a-days, must have a palpable utility, and orders of men, like theories of commerce, are estimated by the test of “production.” Even tried by this standard, the nobility and high aristocracy of Ireland can

safely court comparison with any privileged order in Europe.

What noble house in Britain has given more distinguished names to philosophy, literature, and the fine arts, than the famous family of Boyle? In one generation, what family of the English aristocracy exercised more world-wide influence than that of Wellesley? The language of servile adulation has been exhausted on him whose conquering sword delivered England from Napoleon, but enough of praise has not been accorded to the great Marquess Wellesley, the true founder of the glories of his house—a man of dazzling qualities—of accomplishments brilliant and profound, and of creative energy—all alive with the “dash” and buoyancy of Irish nature. The Marquess Wellesley was a choice specimen of a great Irishman, preserving, in spite of his cosmopolite education, a character “racy of the soil.” If he had many of the weaknesses, he had abundantly the virtues of the Irish.

The Ponsonbys have been honourably conspicuous in the senate and in the field—their integrity in the one, and courage in the other, have been attested by successive members of that house. The Pakenhams have always been dis-

tinguished for courage. More than one Earl of Rosse has been eminent for the scientific and literary accomplishments, and enlarged views, which distinguish the present holder of the title. The General of the Irish Volunteers was not the only Lord Charlemont whose virtues were the theme of popular praise. The house of Fitzpatrick gave shining ornaments to the polite society of Europe. Courtly manners, and a commanding presence seemed heir-looms in the House of Upper Ossory. Long before its blood was commingled with the rich stream of the Howards, the family of Agar produced men of bright parts and brilliant qualities. The Dillons have been witty as well as brave. The Mathews were renowned, not only for their hospitality, but handsome faces. Even Swift forgot his moroseness, and ceased to be a cynic while he sojourned at Thomastown Castle; and in our times, the family character of the Mathews breaks out with hereditary force in the liberal manners, the winning suavity, and untiring benevolence of Father Theobald Mathew. High personal courage, not less than devotion to the public cause, has characterised the heroic family of Hutchinson. The gallantry of the present Earl of Donoughmore was not less ma-

infested in his spirited assistance of Lavallette, than in his arduous post as Lord Lieutenant of the blood-stained Tipperary. Lord Pery, the ancestor of the Earl of Limerick, was, according to Grattan, the parent of Irish agriculture. It was an aristocrat, Gardiner, Lord Mountjoy, who first vigorously espoused the cause of the persecuted Catholics in the last century.

The Forbeses (Earls of Granard) have had many amiable characters in their race. The same qualities have often appeared amongst them as were discerned in the Lady Catherine Forbes (afterwards Marchioness of Donegal), the subject of Swift's beautiful eulogy :—

“ Then would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame,
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid ;
Nor need you on the Graces call—
Take qualities from Donegal !”

The Hills (Marquess of Downshire) have been conspicuous for energy and resolution ; their influence was civilizing, and their example beneficial. The late marquess had many prejudices, but he was an excellent man ; a great improver of Irish agriculture ; a nobleman of enlarged ideas and munificent nature. The

mother of the Wellesleys was a Hill. The Brabazons (Earl of Meath), an old Norman family, have always been honourably known in their order, and have, at various periods, enjoyed public esteem. The Achesons (Earl of Gosford) have been conspicuous for high spirit and political independence, and their talents have been favourably known. The Barnewalls (Baron Trimleston) bravely adhered to a falling cause, for which they had heroically suffered. The Coles (Earl of Enniskillen)—the Stopfords (Earl of Courtown)—the Blackwoods (Lord Dufferin)—have produced brave admirals and generals.

In diplomacy and in colonial government, the British power boasted of no more successful man than the brilliant and versatile George Earl Macartney. He succeeded in nearly every object he attempted. He was almost the only eminent man of his generation upon whose merits Pitt, Burke, and Fox were unanimous. He was a high specimen of Irish character—honourably covetous of a bright name, good-humoured, generous, and brave. His “Account of Ireland” will well repay perusal. It is very curious, as being the only literary composition upon the country from the

pen of a Chief Secretary. It is remarkable that, writing long before 1800, he advocated the necessity of a legislative union, and the emancipation of the injured Catholics. He was a man before his time, superior to his contemporaries in foresight and humanity. There are few Irish public men whose memory is so respectable as that of George, Earl Macartney.

What peer in his day was more distinguished for a brilliant union of noble qualities, than that distinguished Irishman, Francis, first Marquess of Hastings? Ardent, generous, and brave, with all the graces of an attractive character, he was admired not less than loved by all who knew him. Passionately attached to his friends, always affectionate, and often imprudent, his character was thoroughly Irish. In every quarter of the globe he signalled his name. In the American war he was regarded as the bravest man in the army. At Bunker's Hill, according to General Burgoyne, he "stamped his fame for life." Few more dashing military exploits were performed than Lord Moira's saving the Duke of York, in his retreat through Brabant. Seldom was any man more popular in Ireland than the Earl of Moira; and in Scotland, while commander of the forces, he was equally a fa-

vourite with the people. Although a thorough loyalist, his affability, public spirit, and humanity, so endeared him to the Irish, that the United Irishmen hoped to draw him into their cause. In parliament he was, for many years, an effective oppositionist; and, at a subsequent period, his admirable government of Bengal obtained him great applause. Amongst her colonial rulers and diplomatists, England would find it difficult to point out three more brilliant and able public servants than the Irish Marquess of Hastings, the Irish Marquess Wellesley, and the Irish Earl Macartney.

See the services of the Irish Hely Hutchinsons! The real name of this family is Hely (or O'Haly), and is of old Irish extraction. Provost Hutchinson, for many years member for Cork, was one of the first characters of his time, and had great influence over affairs. He took uncommon pains with the education of his six sons, into whom he infused a high and manly ambition. Amongst the aristocratic advocates of Catholic Emancipation, none ever served that cause so much as the eldest of those sons, Richard Hely Hutchinson, first Earl of Donoughmore. With great force he supported the cause of the Catholics. In

1788, he said, in the Irish House of Peers—“ If those whom I advocate are formidable, chain them to the land by passing this bill, and you will bind them closely to the state.” In 1795, replying to the Roman Catholics, he said—“ You have adopted my family and myself as your hereditary advocates; it is our post of honour, and we will not desert it.” His death, in 1825, was deservedly lamented by the Catholics of Ireland, whom he served with extraordinary zeal, almost rivalling the ardour of Henry Grattan in their cause. Like Grattan, he expired in their service. His physicians told Lord Donoughmore that his journey to England must prove fatal. “ Be it so,” he replied, “ I can merit no death so honourable or so agreeable.”

His next brother, Lord Hutchinson, was one of the best generals in the service. After the death of Abercromby, he successfully terminated the Egyptian campaign, and was raised to the peerage upon his own merits. His next brother, Christopher, was one of the most zealous Whigs in the House of Commons. Alone of his family, he was opposed to the Union, and was the first person who ever mooted the question of repealing it. Like all

his family, he was a zealous friend to the Catholics. Though individuals, like Grattan or O'Connell, may have rendered more special service to Emancipation, certainly no one family ever served that cause so faithfully as the Hutchinsons.

It is in vain to disparage the aristocracy of Ireland. Let their pretensions be fairly examined, and allowance being made for the political circumstances of the country, it will be admitted that it has produced a host of distinguished names. Enough has been stated to show that the Irish nobility is not obnoxious to the charge of want of antiquity or ability. But there is a mode of disparaging the order, adopted by some persons, which merits notice. When the talents and abilities of particular families are recited, the English objector cries, "Oh! these are English families!" and insinuates that all the brilliant houses of the Irish nobility belong by right to England.

This mode of disparaging the Irish nobility is very ridiculous. Let the English titled aristocracy be subjected to a similar rule of criticism, and their glories must be attributed to France or Holland, or whatever countries their forefathers came from. If a residence of a

couple of centuries in England were enough to make a Norman or Saxon family be counted with the English, why should not a similar rule hold good in the case of an English family settled in Ireland? If the Wellesleys, Boyles, Ponsonbys, and other families are to be reckoned as English, then the Seymours should be counted as Norman, and the Bentincks as Dutchmen!

“Pooh!” says an English cockney, “Wellington is an Englishman, and not an Irishman. His family originally went to Ireland from England some centuries ago.” How truly absurd it would be to say, “Well, really the energy of those Dutchmen is surprising! Look at Lord George Bentinck! See the vigour with which he devotes himself to politics, and fags in a new career.” Lord George a Dutchman, because his ancestor came over with King William the Third! It is not more absurd than to say that Wellington is an Englishman, because some centuries ago his forefathers lived in England!

Some English writers have studiously disparaged the Irish race, and in doing so, have done serious injury to the connexion of the countries. The domineering Englishman, who talks of the superiority of his countrymen, is a far more

dangerous Repealer than the swaggering Irishman, vaunting of Old Erin, and railing against the Saxon. This question of race is the very last topic that English writers and politicians should have broached. It would startle those writers if the real facts of the descent of the greatest Irish criminals were known. I could enlarge upon this topic, and give some singular illustrations, but it is the most dangerous of all themes; and the chief statesmen of England have wisely set their faces against the public discussion of a topic, the discussion of which would finally lead to bloodshed. The fallacy of referring Irish evils to Celtic causation, is one very likely to be wiped off in blood. It cannot be too often reiterated, that the cause of Irish evil is moral, not physical.

It is a matter of universal regret amongst all the Irishmen who are friendly to a union of the Islands, that the Duke of Wellington never wore his laurels as an Irishman, and that he never, like his illustrious brother the Marquess Wellesley, gracefully avowed his connexion with Ireland. His bearing himself as an Englishman on all occasions—his never alluding, in a passing instance, to “my native land”—his coldness to his warm-hearted coun-

trymen—have caused much pain and regret. But, in a political point of view, his adoption of England as his country has done great mischief. It suggested to Irishmen ideas of national inferiority and degradation. It introduced a bad fashion of affecting anglicism amongst the Irish gentry, thereby widening still more the breach between the owners and tillers of the soil. It set a painful example of estrangement, and the studied coldness to the land of his birth, was almost unnatural. Of poor Ireland, he

“Never to himself hath said,
That is my own, my native land.”

The Irish are a people of warm hearts and vivid imagination. “Their genius,” said Grattan, “is affection”—and the coldness of the Duke about Ireland has given them much pain. When he made a celebrated speech, in which he frequently used the words “As an Englishman,” an Irish wit exclaimed—“The Duke reminds me of a countryman of mine, who was accosted by President Jefferson in the United States—“Well, Paddy, and why have you come to America?”

“By Gor, yer honour, I jist come over to be a native!”

Though the Duke himself seems to forget

that he is an Irishman, others in high position have often publicly reminded him of the fact. Sir Robert Peel, in his great speech in 1834, on the Repeal of the Union, reminded the Irish members that it was a countrymen of theirs who drove the French from Spain. Mr. Grattan, in 1818, alluded to the Irishry of the Duke, in his vivid, poetical style—

“Behold! from a misty speck in the west, the avenging genius of these countries issues forth, breaks the spell of France, and in his own person stops the flying fortunes of the world—rights the globe—and then retires in a flame of glory; and when the human race is in amaze and admiration at his courage and originality, he turns school-divine, fights a battle about extreme unction, and swears against the companions of his fortunes and victories!”*

The Irish are not to be blamed for being sore on the Duke’s indifference to his native land. When the rabble of London broke the windows of Apsley House, he felt sorely grieved, and was certainly more sensitive to the outrage of a mob than was becoming in so great a man. He felt the insult more keenly, coming, as it did,

* In 1822, the Marquess Wellesley, at a public entertainment in the city of Dublin, assured the company, in strong terms, that the Duke was a thorough Irishman, and felt the most ardent affection for his country. Pity it is that the Duke himself never set the subject at rest, by a kindly allusion to his native land.

from his adopted countrymen ; for it was not the Irish who, upon an eighteenth of June (!), in the capital of England, pelted the conqueror of Napoleon ! It was certainly not from fear of the Irish that "*le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*" shrouded his town mansion with ball-proof blinds. The great Duke felt the insult offered to him by the English mob, and if so illustrious a man felt sore on such a point, have not the Irish cause for vexation, when they behold the Duke coldly forgetting his connexion with their country ? The Duke was angry when the English mob insulted him, and the Irish feel the Duke's oblivion of Ireland as an affront to them.

In these remarks, it is far from my purpose to offer any censure upon the Duke of Wellington. To blame the errors of so august a character and so illustrious a hero, is a wretched prerogative, not coveted by me. I make these comments for the illustration of a principle. An Imperialist and a Unionist in my opinions, I cannot help thinking that centralization has been carried too far under the Imperial system. That some feeling of Irish nationality should be maintained, is a matter of absolute necessity. Nature, and the history of six centuries, with the efforts of orators and writers, have left a

feeling of nationality impressed on the public mind of Ireland. A distinct political nationality it is not in the power of that island to obtain. Any politician capable of reasoning upon facts, must see that a Repeal of the Union would be disorganising, and destructive of all elements of civilization in Ireland. But the spirit of nationality is like liberty, and may exist under various forms. Abstract nationality, like abstract liberty, is nowhere to be found. Like freedom, it inheres in sensible forms—in one country, in literature and manners; in another, in politics and actual power; modified by tradition, sentiment, and a certain vague social sympathy. The spirit of nationality in Ireland is sentimental rather than political. It springs rather from personal pride, than from great public purpose. The feeling exists in that condition which indicates to the statesman, that Ireland must be governed on the principles of an Imperial nationality. Such was the view of Mr Pitt. In his masterly speech on the Union, he enlarged upon the alliance of the countries, and beautifully alluded to the different moral features of the islands:

“————— *Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.*”

The great men born in Ireland and educated there, who win honors under the British power, and refuse to call themselves Irishmen, do more to forward anti-English feeling, than the avowed Repealers. They provoke sentiments of hostility, and suggest ideas of Irish shame and degradation, which prolong bad feelings, and rouse local prejudices. If the Union is to last, it must be carried on with feelings of sympathy; and how should Ireland feel any interest in English power, if Britain will pay no respect to Irish pride?

Let the nobility of Ireland avoid following the example of a cold, tame Anglicism. Their mission is to represent with dignity the existence of the Irish people; to stand before the empire as the aristocracy of the Irish nation; to civilize the manners, and elevate the character of the provincial Irish gentry. In performing that function, it ought to wear its honors as Irish, and manifest some feelings of local affection. The whole Irish people want to be more effectively represented than they have been, in the British Empire. Under the influence of the demagogueism which has reigned paramount in Ireland for the last fifteen years, the character of the Irish members in the

lower house of parliament has scandalously degenerated. The reputation of the Irish senators was never at a lower ebb than at the present time ; and it is remarkable that the honor of our island and its fair fame, have been most sullied by the very members who affect an ultra-Irish patriotism.

At such a time the nobility of the island should come forward with energy and spirit, and redeem the tarnished lustre of the Irish name. Let them feel their position with proper national pride, and nobly vindicate their order, as well from the vituperation of native demagogueism, as from the malign asperity of hostile criticism. Let them disdain to cringe with supple servility to the British Minister, and pass unheeded the noisy abuse of the low demagogues who cater to the popular tastes in Ireland. Let them remember that they belong to an order with proud names emblazoned on its muster-roll. The nobility of the Fitzgeralds and the Butlers, the De Burghs, O'Briens, and De Courcys, has no reason to blush for its descent. The order which boasts of the Wellesleys and the Boyles ; of the worthy Ponsonbys, and the right gallant Hutchinsons and Pakenhams ; of the patriot Charlemont, and

the conqueror Wellington ; of the brilliant Moira, and the versatile Macartney ; of the courtly and high-spirited Fitzpatricks, Mathews, Dillons, St. Laurences, and other families conspicuous for knightly qualities ; of Roscommon, of Rosse, of Dover, accomplished in literature and science ; of generous patrons, kind neighbours, and civilising landholders, like the Hills, the Stewarts, the Forbeses, and the Achesons—such an order may communicate to its representatives a sentiment of noble feeling and conscious pride, and may naturally be expected to bear a proud part in influencing the councils of the Empire. Let it remember the land from which it springs, with which its fame and fortunes are connected ; let it assume the mission of a lofty and elevated patriotism, and by brave actions, conceived in a noble spirit, vindicate the character of Ireland, and purify our public life from the degrading influences which, for some years past, have been too prevalent in the politics of our loved and unhappy isle.

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